

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND★

October

15^c
NOW
20¢ in Canada



Marlene
Dietrich

Charles S. Sigel

DIETRICH
Declares Herself!

EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW—
SEE PAGE 22

Mae West's Secret Self

—Joan Crawford Talks About Tomorrow

What I Think of Bing! By Dixie Lee Crosby

AMAZING INTRODUCTORY OFFER!



BLONDEX
WAVE-SET POWDER . . .35

BLONDEX
HAIR TONIC . . . 1.00

BLONDEX
FACE POWDER . . 1.00

3 BARS BLONDEX
COMPLEXION SOAP 1.00

TOTAL \$3.35

\$3³⁵ VALUE—for only

99¢
ALL CHARGES PREPAID

New Beauty for BLONDES

. . . with these special aids to loveliness

Why blonde hair, fair skin need better care

NATURE blessed you when she made you a blonde. But there's one big drawback . . . blondes fade more quickly! Blonde hair, fair complexions are fragile, delicate and easily injured—need special care to stay alluring.

You can't trust to ordinary preparations. For just as ordinary harsh soaps ruin dainty silk undies in no time—ordinary skin and hair preparations will as surely injure blonde attractiveness.

Blondex, created by a well-known cosmetician, has become the largest-selling preparation for the care of blonde hair in the world! And now, new Blondex products have been added—forming a complete beauty kit especially for blondes. To get you acquainted with them, the maker offers you *all* the products complete for the astonishingly low price of 99¢.

Here's what you get

1. BLONDEX WAVE-SET POWDER . . .
Actually makes hair look 2 shades lighter. Does

not leave that "stuck together" stringy look you get with ordinary wavesets. Molds blonde hair in soft flattering curves. Trains permanents. Not sticky—leaves no dandruffy flakes.

2. BLONDEX HAIR TONIC . . . Blonde hair is apt to look thin, lifeless, dull unless given proper care. Blondex Tonic keeps blonde hair healthy and beautiful, free from dandruff, thick, lustrous and lovely—without any darkening or discoloring whatsoever.

3. BLONDEX FACE POWDER . . . Most powders are too coarse-grained for the blonde; they tend to clog the pores and roughen the fragile skin. But Blondex Face Powder is of exquisite fineness and delicacy. Gives the smart dull finish that enhances fair-skinned loveliness. Delicately perfumed.

4. BLONDEX COMPLEXION SOAP . . . Made from the finest vegetable oils, combined with almond cream and other soothing and healing ingredients, delightfully scented. Leaves the skin fresh and clear, exquisitely soft and smooth.

Introductory Short Time Offer

For a limited time only you can get all these fine

preparations, actually worth \$3.35, for only 99¢! You'd pay more than that for almost any one, if you were to buy them separately. With the super-quality Blondex Beauty Kit goes this money-back guarantee: If you are not delighted with it, every cent you pay will be willingly refunded.

Hurry! Take advantage of this money-saving offer now. Fill in and mail the coupon below together with the small sum of 99¢ and you will receive the 4 Blondex items—the only complete beauty outfit created especially for blondes.

BLONDEX LABORATORIES, Dept. 310,
27 West 20th Street, New York City

Please send me the 4 Blondex beauty preparations—regular full size—for which I enclose 99¢, all charges prepaid. (C.O.D. 20¢ extra.)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Keeps Her Silver Shining . . .
But her Teeth are Dull...her Gums Tender
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

THIS young lady certainly isn't going to allow her silver to become tarnished and dull. But wouldn't you think she'd give her teeth as much care—do something about *their tarnished look*?

She cleans her teeth. Of course she does! But where she falls down is in failing to realize that *brushing the teeth is not enough*.

Her gums are flabby, touchy, un-

healthy. They tend to bleed. Any dentist would tell her that her gums must be restored to health.

For not only can dinginess of the teeth be traced to "pink tooth brush"—but gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea may follow. Your very soundest teeth may be endangered.

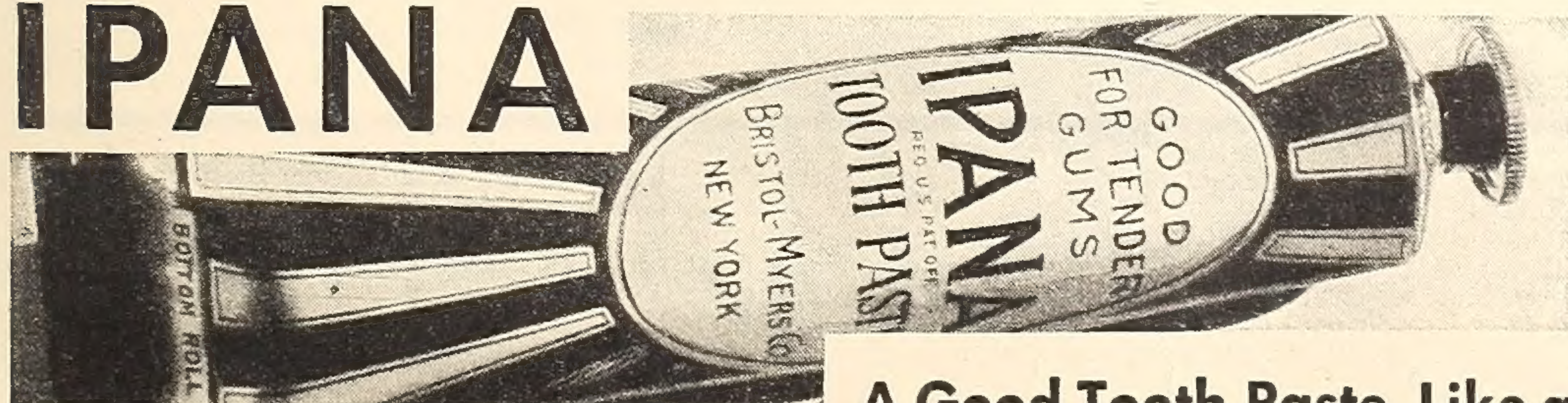
The quickest, surest way to combat "pink tooth brush" is to get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. After cleaning your teeth with it, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

massage it directly into your gums. Soft modern foods do not stimulate your gums—but the ziratol in Ipana, with the massage, makes up for this lack of exercise.

Ipana and Massage *Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"*

You can depend on this: as your gums become firmer, your teeth will become brighter. Within a month after beginning with Ipana and massage, you are well on the way to being rid of "pink tooth brush."

IPANA



VISIT THE IPANA EXHIBIT
A CENTURY OF PROGRESS
 General Exhibits Group—Bldg. No. 4
 Chicago, June—October, 1933
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH

A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

An Important Announcement!

Vicki Baum,
Author of "Grand Hotel," in
Next Month's SCREENLAND!



Don't miss the next issue. There will be an original and exclusive story by Vicki Baum, one of the most vital of all modern writers. Subject, Hollywood—and Miss Baum's reactions to the fascinations of filmland and film personalities.

As author of "Grand Hotel," which was a sensation on the stage and screen, and a best-seller in book form, Vicki Baum won the widest acclaim accorded an European author in years. Hollywood, of course, signed her to write motion pictures; and for the past two years Miss Baum has been turning her talents to the screen as well as to novel and play-writing. Now she has consented to write for us and we point, with pardonable pride, to that next issue, in which her celebrated by-line appears.

Leonard Hall in SCREENLAND!

It's popular-author time in this magazine family! We're happy to introduce to you with the Constance Cummings-Benn Levy story, in this issue, Leonard Hall—the priceless Bad Boy of screen writers. Mr. Hall has a devastating and highly amusing method of pricking the movie bubble. He may break a few of your cherished illusions about Hollywood but he will do it so charmingly that you will ask for more. And you'll get it, because Leonard Hall has promised to write for SCREENLAND every month now. As managing editor of *Photoplay* he worked with the late dean of screen publishers and editors, James R. Quirk; and he brings to his new writing all of the wit, the style, and the knowledge that has made him a "name" in the screen field.

October, 1933

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Move your feet?

"NO!" says MAE WEST, speaking of the "Midway," the dance she does in her newest picture, "I'M NO ANGEL." "It's not a dance of the hands and feet, but a dance of the Midway. I throw discretion to the winds and my hips go North, South, East and West." Come up and see me, "I'M NO ANGEL."



He Pets!

GARY COOPER says it with pets instead of with flowers, for his pet gifts amount to a very large sum annually. In "ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON," he says it with something else in his slow caressing voice as he thrills FRANCES FULLER in a way that will thrill you.

"A Good Number!"

.... I should say, 'numbers'.... the best I have ever sung," says BING CROSBY, Paramount's latest star, of the songs he sings in "TOO MUCH HARMONY" in which he appears with Jack Oakie, Skeets Gallagher, Judith Allen and Harry Green. If you thought him fascinating in "College Humor"... just listen to him in "TOO MUCH HARMONY."



"Boy, She's Stacked!"

The exclamation came from a visiting college youth as his eyes took in CLAUDETTE COLBERT on the "TORCH SINGER" set at the PARAMOUNT Studio. When you see "TORCH SINGER" you'll see what he meant... a stunning figure gorgeously gowned.

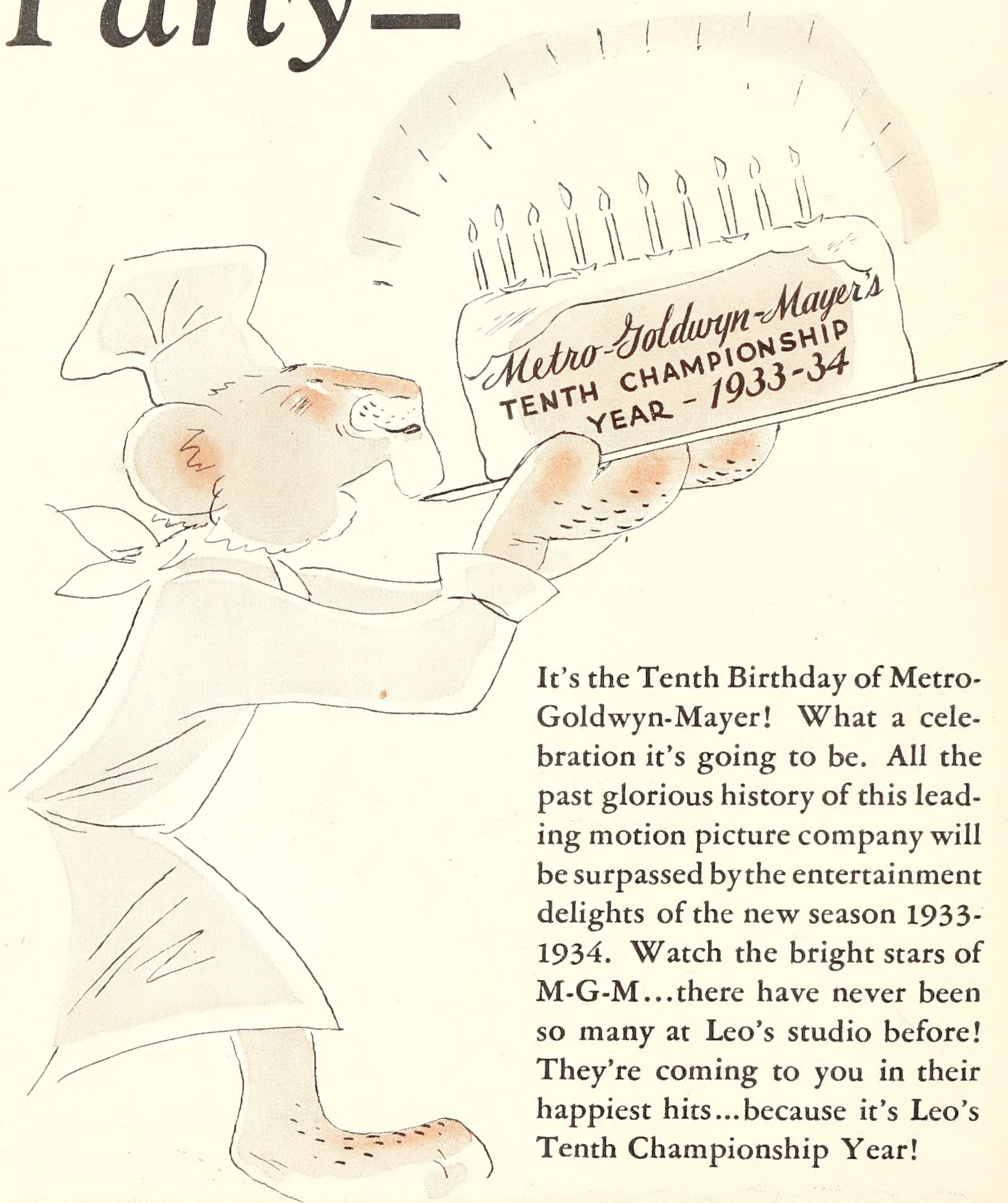


Watch for I'M NO ANGEL, TOO MUCH HARMONY, TORCH SINGER, ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, all Paramount Pictures at your theatre soon.

IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN



YOU ARE INVITED to Leo's Birthday Party—



It's the Tenth Birthday of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! What a celebration it's going to be. All the past glorious history of this leading motion picture company will be surpassed by the entertainment delights of the new season 1933-1934. Watch the bright stars of M-G-M...there have never been so many at Leo's studio before! They're coming to you in their happiest hits...because it's Leo's Tenth Championship Year!



ALL THE HAPPY M-G-M STARS WILL BE THERE!

JOHN BARRYMORE
LIONEL BARRYMORE
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN CRAWFORD
MARION DAVIES
MARIE DRESSLER
JIMMY DURANTE
CLARK GABLE
GRETA GARBO
JEAN HARLOW
HELEN HAYES
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
RAMON NOVARRO
JACK PEARL
NORMA SHEARER
LEE TRACY
ED WYNN
Stan LAUREL-Oliver HARDY

*And these other
M-G-M personalities*

Elizabeth Allan
Tad Alexander
Nils Asther
Alice Brady
Charles Butterworth
Mary Carlisle
Irene Cattell
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Nelson Eddy
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
C. Henry Gordon
Lawrence Grant
Margaret Hamilton
Russell Hardie
Jean Hersholt
Phillips Holmes
Jean Howard
Walter Huston
Otto Kruger
Myrna Loy
Ben Lyon
Willard Mack
Margaret McConnell
Una Merkel
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
May Robson
Ruth Selwyn
Martha Sleeper
Lewis Stone
Franchot Tone
Lupe Velez
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Robert Young



**COMING TO
DELIGHT YOU!**

NIGHT FLIGHT (starring
Clark Gable,
Helen Hayes, John & Lionel Barrymore,
Robert Montgomery, Myrna Loy)

★ ★ ★
JOAN CRAWFORD
in "Dancing Lady" with Franchot Tone.

★ ★ ★
SHOW WORLD (starring
Alice Brady,
Frank Morgan, Jimmy Durante, Jackie
Cooper, Madge Evans, Weber & Fields
and many more).



THE CAST:

Marie Dressler
John Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jean Harlow
Lionel Barrymore
Lee Tracy
Edmund Lowe
Billie Burke
Madge Evans
Jean Hersholt
Karen Morley
Phillips Holmes

DINNER at 8

*From the Sam H. Harris stage play by George
S. Kaufman and Edna Ferber. Produced by
David O. Selznick. Directed by George Cukor.*



**Filmed in Arctic
Wilds—Bigger than
"Trader Horn"**

*From the novel by Peter Freuchen. Directed
by W. S. Van Dyke.*

METRO
Goldwyn
MAYER

The Public Be Heard!

Get "In the Money"!
Write Your Letters!



Beautiful, distinctive, and appealing in a "different" way, Diana Wynyard has completely captured the hearts of her new American public. She's this month's favorite among our rave-writers.

WHAT A GRECIAN "MAMA" COULD DO!

(First Prize Letter)

One of the first leading ladies in the world was Helen of Troy. She was a great beauty, but not a good actress. Refusing to "Buy Grecian," she went to Paris for her clothes, plunged two great nations into war and launched a thousand ships with her face. Yet in spite of her bad acting, no leading lady, except Eve, has been more talked about down through the centuries than Helen. The reason is that she possessed beauty, vicacity, and "It."

The same thing applies to many leading ladies in moving pictures today. It has not been necessary for them to have good acting ability. The populace hastens to view them upon the screen because of their pulchritude, pep and personality.

One could name several such leading ladies in pictures right now. But would

it be nice to accuse them of not being good actresses?

Fred B. Mann,
5959 Kenmore Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

GOOD, CLEAN FUN! (Second Prize Letter)

Constance Bennett: Rose petal dipped in arsenic.

Lilian Harvey: Continental glass of milk.

Lupe Velez: Pepper up your nose.

Katharine Hepburn: The glow of a cigarette in the dark.

Mae West: Cleopatra poses for a spin-ach ad.

Johnny Weissmuller: Romeo in rompers.

Lilyan Tashman: Aunt Sophie's night out.

Adine Travis,
1627 So. Carson,
Tulsa, Okla.

How direct and to-the-point are your thoughts? Can you speak your mind on a topic briefly and concisely, without hemmings, hawings, introductions or conclusions?

SCREENLAND is giving you a chance to try—and is making it worth your while! We're offering eight monthly prizes of \$5 each for the best letters of fifty words or less on any movie topic you may wish to discuss. Here's an interesting, amusing, and—if you're good at it—profitable test of your straight-thinking powers. You can say a great deal in fifty words, or you can say next to nothing!

Pick your own subjects; trot out that movie question you've had on your mind and tell us and the producers about it. Or, if you prefer, confess your feelings about your favorite star. But remember—keep your letters within fifty words! The eight prize-winning letters will be printed each month, with as many more as space permits.

In the August issue we asked for your ideas on the subject, "Which is more important in a female star: beauty or acting ability?" Seldom has a question called forth more ardent debate. The beauty-lovers sprang to the defense of their favorites, the "art-above-all" school cried for genius first, pulchritude second. It looks very much like a draw, but the best letters are reproduced herewith, so that you may pronounce your own verdict.

And now sit down and send us your "pithy paragraphs!" Address your letters to "Public Be Heard" Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 W. 45th St., N. Y. C., and mail to reach us by the 10th of each month.

A BACK SEAT FOR BEAUTY? (Third Prize Letter)

It's the intangible qualities that go to make the genuine artist. If an actress has intellect and personality she radiates a magnetism and inner fire that is more lasting and fascinating than physical beauty. Real beauty, like happiness, comes from within. Famous beauties who are short on talent have a short-lived popularity and are soon forgotten; while the art of Bernhardt and Modjeska will live forever. Garbo's indefinable personality and charm

(Continued on page 11)

I LOVED A WOMAN . . . SO DID MANY MEN!"



Together...the mighty Robinson and the divine Francis... because at last the screen has found a story big enough for both—a heart drama that hits like the shock of worlds colliding! Everything you'd expect to happen when the screen's woman of fire wraps her arms around the screen's man of thunder!

The story of an all-consuming passion . . . crashing all barriers! . . . Defying all conventions! . . . Sweeping a man and woman on to the desperate destiny of those who play against the rules!

EDW.G.ROBINSON

surpassing even his great triumphs of the past in

"I Loved a Woman"

A First National Picture with a cast of stars including

KAY FRANCIS

Genevieve Tobin . . . J. Farrel MacDonald . . .
Henry Kolker . . . Robert Barrat . . . George
Blackwood . . . Directed by Alfred E. Green

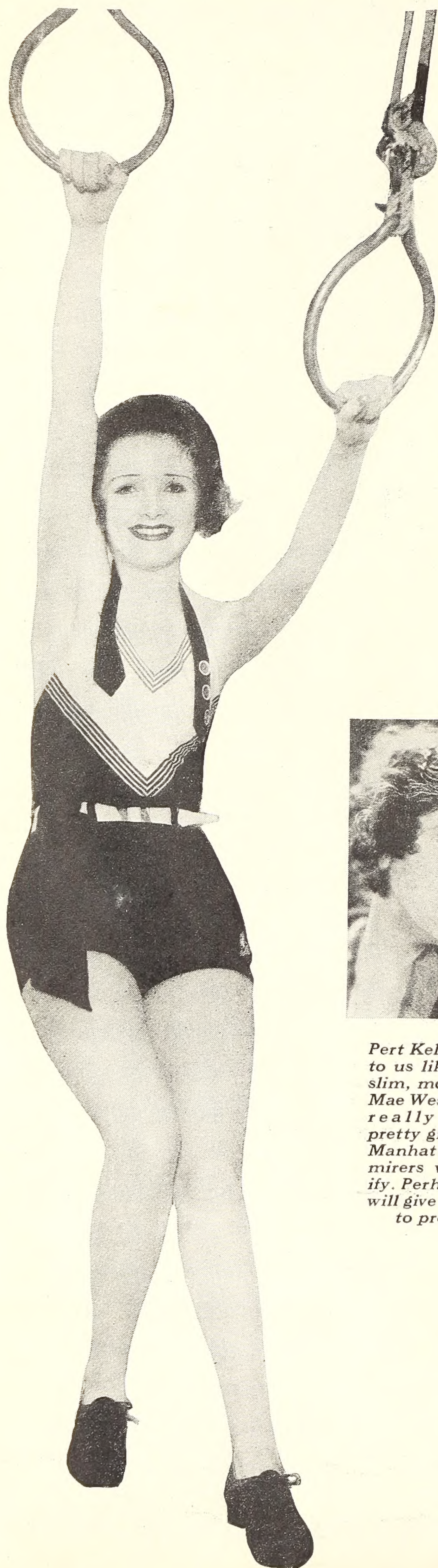
Another
WARNER BROS.
Hit . . . Coming
to your theatre
soon

SCREENLAND

Honor Page

Pert Kelton Swings into Stardom!

THIS Pert Kelton is something new on the screen! She has a rowdy personality and a rather raucous voice—but she also has some of that exuberance with which Mae West has packed 'em into the movie theatres lately. In Constance Bennett's current film, "Bed of Roses," Miss Kelton is a sort of comic *Sadie Thompson*, with modern improvements. She rolls her eyes, swings her hips, and almost steals the show from the star. A well-known singing and dancing comedienne on the New York musical comedy stage, Pert graduates to flicker fame in this one picture. Let's see her in a rôle giving her grand naturalness a chance to shine.



Pert Kelton looks to us like a new, slim, more comic Mae West. She is really a very pretty girl, as her Manhattan admirers will testify. Perhaps RKO will give her parts to prove it.



There is no more amusing treat for motion picture fans than a scene in which a newcomer steals up on an established star. This happens in "Bed of Roses," starring Constance Bennett, and with—very much with—Pert Kelton.

The Public Be Heard

Continued from page 8

permeate every character she portrays because the fires of genius burn within her, beauty being the least of her assets.

Beauty, therefore, is only incidental, while talent is the first requisite of any leading lady if she is to bring sincerity and realism to the characters she depicts.

Corinne Childers,
506 Clement Ave.,
Charlotte, N. C.

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS"!

(Fourth Prize Letter)

People talk of the wonderful beauty or the superb acting of this or that movie star. But think of the part played by the musical score in some of our most intensely emotional pictures.

Is it the beautiful heroine's wide, horror-stricken eyes that make you feel that gripping suspense, that icy terror that clutches at your heart? Or is it the wild cheering of the mob that works you into that jubilant wave of ecstasy when the triumphant soldiers return from battle in a war picture?

I believe it is neither of these. I believe it is the accompanying music, with its shivery trills, its exciting, suspenseful climaxes, or its soaring paens of victory that determines whether one should feel suspense, terror, sadness or gayety.

Dorothy Jolly,
148 Pearl St.,
Holyoke, Mass.

DISTINCTIVE DIANA!

Long may she reign! Diana Wynyard, most beautiful and sophisticated actress on the screen, possesses that greatest single asset—individuality!

Miss Wynyard's appearance and acting combine nearly every feminine perfection. Dignity and excellent diction are only two of her admirable qualities. I hope to see her frequently in pictures, as I am extremely devoted to her—and may she always remain as natural as she is today! Should all the laudatory adjectives in Webster be placed before Miss Wynyard's name, I should still consider her underrated.

Kay Morrison,
8 Perkins Ave.,
Reading, Mass.

HOMAGE TO QUEEN GRETA!

Is Garbo through? Certainly not; she's just begun! Before she sailed for Sweden the press wrote of practically nothing but "Garbo, please come back!" Now she has returned, we read nothing but destructive criticism about her. What's wrong?

Garbo is a great actress. She proved it in "Grand Hotel." Obviously miscast, yet she gave one of the most beautiful performances ever seen on the screen.

How many good stories have the producers given her? A scanty few. All the others were merely backgrounds for the exploitation of the woman, not her ability. Why not give her good rôles for a change?

Here's a suggestion: *Queen Elizabeth*. Who else could play it—a severe woman, striking but not beautiful, tragically human. An ideal subject for a movie. Maybe then Garbo could laugh up her sleeve at the cynics who say, "Garbo's through."

Jane De Priest,
111 29th St. N. E.,
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

(Continued on page 87)

REDUCE

WAIST AND HIPS **THREE INCHES** IN TEN DAYS OR
...IT WON'T COST YOU ONE CENT!

NOW YOU CAN BE
YOUR SLIMMER SELF
without Exercise, Diet or Drugs!



THOUSANDS OF WOMEN
HAVE FOUND THIS THE IDEAL
WAY TO REDUCE!



We want you to try

THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
at our expense!

"I REDUCED MY WAIST AND HIPS 9 INCHES," writes Miss Jean Healy... "I reduced from 43 inches to 34½ inches"... writes Miss Brian... "Massages like magic"... writes Miss Carroll... "The fat seems to have melted away"... writes Mrs. McSorley.

• So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

Massage-Like Action Reduces Quickly!

• This Famous Reducing Girdle will prove a great boon to you, for now you can be your slimmer self without strenuous exercise, diet or drugs! The girdle is ventilated to allow the skin to breathe and works constantly while you walk, work, or sit... its massage-like action gently but persistently eliminating fat with every move you make.

Keeps Your Body Cool and Fresh

• The Perfolastic may be worn next to the skin with perfect safety, for a special inner surface of satinized cloth protects the body. So soft and smooth, it prevents any friction. So porous, it actually absorbs perspiration. This "inner surface" keeps your body perfectly cool and fresh.

Don't Wait Any Longer... Act Today

• You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely in 10 days whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results... and your money will be immediately refunded.

THE COUPON BRINGS YOU FREE
BOOKLET AND SAMPLE OF THE
VENTILATED PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, INC.

DEPT. 4410, 41 EAST 42nd STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Reducing Girdle, also sample of perforated Rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card



"I REDUCED MY HIPS
9 INCHES"

writes Miss Healy

"Since last May the Perfolastic Girdle has reduced my hips nine inches. This reduction was made without the slightest diet."

Miss JEAN HEALY
299 Park Avenue,
New York City



"I REDUCED MY HIPS
from 43 to 34½ INCHES"

writes Miss Brian

"I... measured 43 inches through the hips, and weighed 135 pounds. In one year I was down to normal, weighing 120 pounds, measuring 34½ inches around the hips."

Miss B. BRIAN
Hotel Victoria
New York City

YOU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

THE "GOOD TASTE TREND"
IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!



She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!



Copyright, 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

CAMAY the Soap of Beautiful Women . . .

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to Ruby Keeler

DEAR RUBY:

Don't you care!

It was about time that somebody proved that Chivalry is Not Dead in Dear Old Hollywood. And I want to thank you—and all the movie fans want to thank you, too.

When your husband hauled off and hit a certain columnist because you cried, I cheered! I mean it. I think it's all perfectly grand. It has been a long time since an honest emotion like that hit the screen colony, and it takes an inspiration like you to do it.

And it gives me an opportunity to tell the folks that Hollywood hasn't gone quite to the dogs after all. You see, the cash customers have been writing to me ever since the news broke that Mary-and-Doug were no longer the Great Love Team of the Ages. This news busted a lot of public illusions wide open—because after all, Hollywood, which Knew It All the Time, is only a small slice of the world; and there were many who still believed that Cupid was cooing at Pick-fair. They remembered Joan and Young Doug; and Ann Harding and Harry Bannister; and heard about Bill Powell and Carole Lombard. And they began to wonder just what was so wrong about Glamorous Hollywood.

But now I can tell 'em it's all right. When a famous entertainer can get mad enough, just because he sees his pretty wife in tears, to tear into a Broadway tattler, there's hope for Romance in Hollywood. Dry those tears, Ruby. You're a lucky girl.

I want to tell you right now that you have revived my somewhat shop-worn illusions. When I first began to hear about you after "42nd Street" I can tell you frankly I didn't believe it. You *couldn't* be all fresh and dewy like that—not a girl who had battled her way to success



from New York night-clubs. It just couldn't be true. Then I met you—and believe me, I brought my best microscope. Right off I admitted you were just as pretty as predicted—with quite the loveliest voice I'd ever heard; and the biggest and bluest eyes with the blackest Irish lashes. And you behaved more like a Spence School girl than a Broadway dancer, and you were unbelievably modest—"of course," you said in that exquisite voice of yours, "of course I can't *do* anything so I don't know why people should want to come to see me on the screen." And when Al joined us, and right there in that smart restaurant gave you a big hug, and beamed at you, and told you he'd be at your mother's for a corned-beef-and-cabbage dinner, I began to glow like an old softie. And I began to believe in you, too—and I joined the chorus singing, "That Ruby Keeler is the nicest, the most natural, and the most refreshing girl in pictures—and if they give her the right parts, she can be another Janet Gaynor or Helen Hayes—only 120% prettier."

You're the heroine of Broadway-to-Hollywood's very best romance, Ruby—and if a display of fisticuffs is necessary to keep you happy, then let Al go to it. He gives you rubies to match your name and sapphires to match your eyes—and if he wants to take an occasional poke at a columnist, don't you mind. It's refreshing, and it's real, and it's spontaneous—and how Hollywood needs a little of *that*!

P.S. Give my best to Al.

Delight Evans



Joan Talks

about Tomorrow!

Crawford herself answers all your questions about her future. Don't miss this—it's NEWS!

By
James M. Fidler

FOR the first time since her divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., *Joan Crawford has talked about tomorrow.*

I do not intend to convey the impression that Miss Crawford has not talked at all heretofore, for she has said plenty! I do mean that until now she has divulged no concrete particulars about her future plans.

Now Joan has given me permission to proclaim certain facts. I have the exclusive privilege of revealing Miss Crawford's future aims. I am certain they will amaze and please her admirers.

Joan Crawford's plans do not include marriage!

She anticipates single-blessedness "from now on." With a near-savage shake of her head that rioted her long bob, she informed me that her first marriage was also her last. Of course, minds of mice and men (and women), oft change, but so forcible is Miss Crawford's denial of all conjugal intent, rumors of her contemplated marriage to Franchot Tone, Ricardo Cortez, or any other of her multitude of suitors must be peremptorily dismissed.

There is absolutely no hope that Doug, Jr., may ever re-wed Joan.

From her positiveness, I can only gather that her wedded life proved to be a farce—a dismal, tragic farce. Now that the curtain has dropped, Joan has no desire

to sit through a second act.

I asked Miss Crawford to tell me what new interests are filling the hours that were once devoted to her husband. "What are you planning to do in future years, if you will not marry?" I persisted.

In reply, she told me that one important idea in her mind is the perpetuation of her name. Joan realizes that despite her current fame, the public will quickly forget her when her career is completed.

"Tell me the name of just one famous actor or actress of fifty years ago," she abruptly requested.

I was unable to comply.

"I want to be remembered when I am gone," Joan said. "I know that my work in motion pictures will not commemorate my name, therefore I must evolve something else. Perhaps I will endow an orphanage, a public park, or an institution devoted to charity."

I will not be surprised if Miss Crawford's final answer to her laudable plan is the endowment of a charity clinic. I make this prognostication because I know that even now she maintains four rooms in the Hollywood Hospital. There extras and indigent studio workers may find free medical attention. Joan's own doctor devotes his services to patients Joan sends to these quarters.

I asked Joan if she had any (Continued on page 92)



International
Benn Levy, the brilliant young English playwright, and his
bride, Constance Cummings, the American movie actress,
who were married in London. Don't they look happy?
They are!

The Man Constance Cummings Married

The bitter-sweet story, never before
told, of romance more fascinating
than fiction. *Exclusive!*

By
Leonard Hall

LONDON, ENGLAND—Miss Constance Cummings, American film star, was married to Benn W. Levy, young British playwright, at the Chelsea Registry Office today.

THIS modest paragraph, tucked cozily away in American newspapers last July, sent us film fans into a case of joyous jitters!

So Connie Cummings, one of the loveliest of the screen's junior misses, was married—undoubtedly to the man of her choice. Hey-nunny-nunny! Love Had Found a Way, and it led right smack to the door of the license bureau in old Chelsea! We sentimental sillies heaved a gusty sigh and looked dizzily up at the same moon that was smiling down on the love-birds' Venetian honeymoon.

Yet few knew that back of the romance of young Benn and pretty Connie was the shadow of another love affair that had budded, but never flowered.

Nor did they know that the former lady of Levy's heart was the opulent Diana Wynyard, gentle beauty of

"Cavalcade." A tenderer, even sadder, romance was never confectioned by a moon-maddened slave of the pen. And this is its first telling.

Who is this youngster whom Connie Cummings met, loved, married?

Benn Levy, at 33, is one of the cleverest playwrights of our time. He is practically an artistic twin of that other wonder-child, Noel Coward, author of "Cavalcade," "Private Lives," "Design for Living" and other fortune-bloating plays and pictures of the day.

Six months separate them in age. Both were drawn to the theatre while still in short trousers—both have written many successful plays—both eat, drink, live the world of make-believe. Even in his student days at Oxford young Levy had one eye on trigonometry and the other on a manuscript.

When his first piece was accepted, Levy dove head first into the theatre, and has never come up. Hits flew from his smoking typewriter—"Springtime For Henry," "Art and Mrs. Bottle," others. At the tender age of 30 he was a settled London success—managers mistered him, fawned upon him, asked how "the new one" was coming on.

"Lady Diana" *at*



This is home to Diana Wynyard. The lovely actress has a huge studio in Chelsea, London, where she lived before Hollywood claimed her, and which is still her favorite home between picture engagements. It's a charming place, isn't it?

And then *The Girl in the Pink Dress* crossed his line of vision!

For the first time in fifteen years he forgot the theatre.

He was in love, up to the hubs. And he didn't even know her name!

Levy had written another play—the most ambitious of his life. "*The Devil Passes*," he called it—dubious dope for the strait-laced Lunnion theatre. It pictured His Satanic Majesty visiting an English country house disguised as a young and handsome clergyman and reshuffling the jumbled lives of the inmates.

Young Benn fretted over this play. It just had to be right. He looked over the available supply of London leading women, and cried into his tea. Oh, for some one young and fresh and unspoiled! Levy rambled London in a mental fog, walking under taxicabs and into mirrors.

Then, one memorable night, the haze lifted. In the promenade of a London club, Benn Levy saw *The Girl in the Pink Dress*.

It was Diana Wynyard, but Levy didn't know it.

He only knew that he had to have her for "*The Devil Passes*."

And even as he stood there moonstruck, *The Girl in the Pink Dress* was lost in the crowd.

Exclusive pictures of La Wynyard, the British beauty, in her own English home between pictures

Benn set out in pursuit of this sumptuous, statuesque girl with the bloom of youth upon her. Finally he found her! She was a young, almost untried actress, with her laurels yet to win, but Levy proposed to provide her with those laurels, though fifty fire-snorting dragons barred the way!

And he did.

Fate had decided that she was to be the leading woman in "*The Devil Passes*," and she was—briefly, in London. When the piece was brought to New York, Diana Wynyard made her Broadway debut in the rôle. That night the critics dipped their pens in toilet-water and whooped for the advent of another fine and lovely young actress on the pestered American stage.

And then what? It was dollars to old bottle-caps that Hollywood's lynx-eyed sleuths would have her name on a contract before you and I could say "gin



*Miss Wynyard as she appeared with Basil Rathbone in "*The Devil Passes*," a New York stage success of two seasons ago, which secured the success of Benn Levy, the playwright, and won for Diana a Metro movie contract.*

Home

and bitters." Sure enough, one of Fox's bright young men had her lassoed and tagged "Hollywood" in no more than a fortnight.

While these interesting matters were in motion, Cupid had drawn a bead on Mr. Levy and shot him full of arrow-holes.

It was six to one and six to the other, during those brave fall days on Broadway, whether Benn was prouder of the success of "The Devil Passes" or by the sudden vogue of the beaucheous Wynyard among Those Who Know.

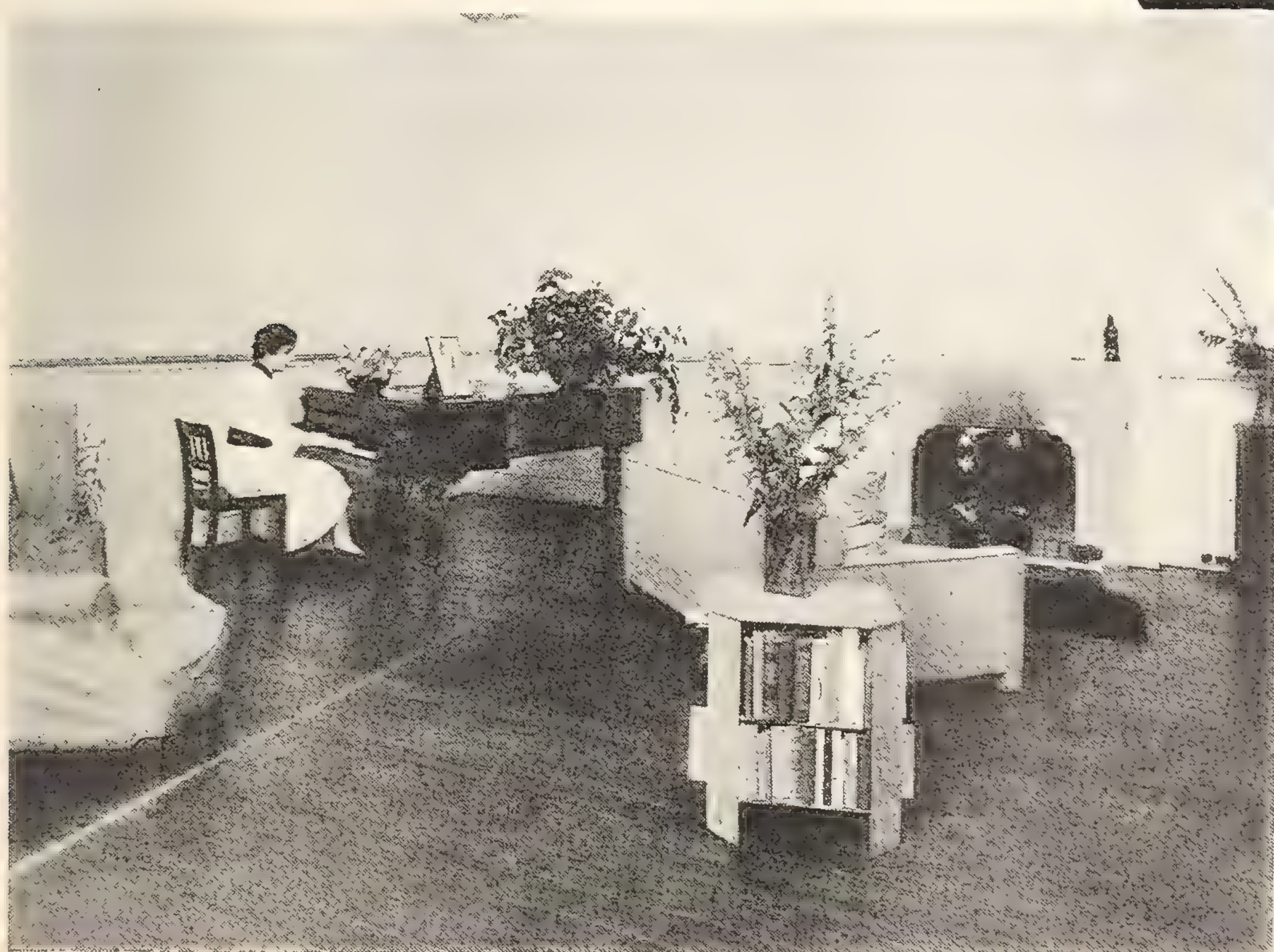
He was plenty in love, this boy. The Girl in Pink was now his leading lady offstage and on. Friendly wagers were offered, with few takers, that these twain would be one ere the frost was on the punkin.

Off to Hollywood swept Diana, to begin her career under the Kliegs, and off to Hollywood trekked Levy, to labor in the Universal script-factory.

Came "Cavalcade" and another Wynyard triumph in that master-picture. To Metro-for "Reunion In Vienna" with the still persuasive Mr. Barrymore.

And little by little no more was heard of the Wynyard-Levy romance. In fact, Hollywood has never hinted that it knew of its existence. To the great sorrow of us moon-calves in the know, Fate made a football of a lovely love-story.

Photographs of Miss Wynyard at home by Fox, London, exclusive to SCREENLAND



Another glimpse of "Lady Diana" in her London studio. More interesting than any movie set! Flowers, flowers everywhere—perfect setting for the grace and simplicity of the star of "Cavalcade" and "Reunion in Vienna." Above, an informal home picture of Miss Wynyard.

There were family scruples involved, we heard. The young folks saw that it just wasn't to be. There was love—and there was a mess of other things that strangled and smothered the tender passion. So the final curtain fell upon the romance of Diana and Benn, as dreamy and tender a story as ever was played before footlights or between book covers.

There must have been plenty of heart-burnings, in those days. But the world rolled goofily on—as it has a droll way of doing.

Then, suddenly, the bells ring out in London—bing! bong!

The organ lets loose a few bars of "Lohengrin," and Constance Cummings, spinster, and Benn W. Levy, neither of (Continued on page 93)

Presto! Change-O!

"It's fun to be fooled but it's more fun to know"—by special permission of the copyright owners!

**Courtesy Camel Cigarettes*

REMEMBER the fairy stories wherein magic wands were waved, fatal brews swallowed, or enchanted food eaten?

The waving, swallowing or nibbling was invariably followed by the changing of princes into beasts, ducklings into swans, gentle little girls into proud and haughty ladies, or plain maidens into raving beauties.

Hollywood's spell seems to be something like that.

Once upon a time, Gary Cooper was a simple cow-hand from the cattle ranges, Joan Crawford was a hey-hey dancing gal who won cups at contests, Greta Garbo was a shy, slow-spoken person who didn't know what to do with her hands, and Alice White was a red-headed kid with a funny nose.

Not now! Not now!

Gary, whose sole contribution to the speech arts used to be "Yes, ma'am"—or more frequently "No ma'am"—who seemed to feel at home only on a horse's back, who was so shy that his lips twitched and ruined dozens of close-ups in his first "society" picture—Gary has become the last word in sophisticates, the darling of society; whose clothes are copied; mannerisms aped, and whose steady gaze from the silver sheet sends little shivers up and down the spines of worshipping fans.

The magic wand had another effect on Joan. It changed her from a flamboyant, slightly over-dressed flapper to the exotic, perfectly gowned, picture princess of today.

The potion must have been very strong in the case of Greta Garbo, for who could have guessed that the bashful, homesick, over-grown girl who arrived here in Mauritz Stiller's train would turn into the mysterious, elusive, glamorous creature imitated all over the world?

When Alice White first stepped into the picture, she was accused of looking like Clara Bow. There was the red hair, for one thing, and the abundance of pep and curves and what-not, for others.

Now the hair is platinum blonde, the curves have been worn down, the nose that used to worry her has been remodeled. But the "pep" is still there. Maybe she brings it forth more consciously now, for the Alice who used to be naïve is cynical, with a bitter wisdom learned



Globe Photo

Above and to the left, the girl who was first known to Hollywood and the M-G-M lot as Lucille Le Sueur, until a national publicity contest changed her name to Joan Crawford. The close-up shows those eyes, marvelous then as now; but the idea in mouth make-up was far, far different!

from that old training school, life.

Sometimes Hollywood seems to go in for re-designing features, as in the case of Alice's nose.

Clark Gable and George Raft, according to report, have had their ears, which were said to stand out too prominently, pinned back. It would seem

that George's is the better job.

Janet Gaynor's teeth, they say, didn't please those in studio authority when they signed the former extra girl, but nobody can complain about them now.

Janet, however, indignantly denies that Hollywood has any magic wand or any potent drink that alters those who venture within the gates.

"It's life that changes you, not Hollywood," she insists. "I was so young when I came to Hollywood that I simply grew up with it. I don't think I'm more cynical than if I'd lived somewhere else. I think it's your nature that decides whether you'll be cynical or not.

"I don't think my ideals have changed, either. Life changes some of them, of course. You know, one ideal

What Hollywood has done for—and

— Movie Magic!

We present Hollywood's own magic acts, by famous stars. The transformations of the century!

By
Ruth Tildesley



And now—change-o!—La Crawford, the world's most famous changeling! She changed her figure, her coiffure, her features—with the aid of make-up expertly applied—her complete personality. See, in the close-up at the right, the details of Joan's new make-up, particularly the lips.

is shattered and you build up another to take its place. Nobody stands still."

Now and then Hollywood deliberately picks up a player and remodels him, inside and out.

And announces it!

As in the case of Mimi Jordan—one-time Miriam.

Miriam came to town a sophisticate, reserved, aloof, with hair falling below her waist and an abnormal sense of dignity.

Mimi emerges from the shadow of the wand as a bobbed-haired, smiling, friendly, gay and carefree maiden, with what she calls a "baby-doll" expression.

"Hollywood has changed everything about me—fancy that!" she cried. "Take clothes: I used to wear dark dresses and suits, expensive furs, specially designed hats, because I was a sophisticate and inexpensive things looked cheap on me. I believe the lowest price I ever paid for a dress was \$59.50.

"Now that I'm transformed, I can wear wash frocks and sports dresses, sweaters and skirts and little dollar-



ninety-eight tams, if you please. How soothing to the pocket-book!

"And take money:

"I don't seem able to keep one cent in my pocket. I'm always losing money and I don't seem to mind, though I used to worry frightfully over the least shilling. When I was in show business, I'd anticipate my weekly checks and could hardly wait to get them when they were due, but now, if you can believe it, I sometimes forget to call for them for days!

"Hollywood has given me a marvelous sense of humor, too. I look around and see people taking themselves so seriously and being so weighty about every least little thing that concerns them, and I think: 'You'll get like that if you don't watch out!'

"I'm determined not to develop a swollen head, so I develop a sense of humor.

"But the best thing Hollywood has done for me has been to teach me that there is just a short time for a girl to be frivolous and to do the silly things that are part of a girl's heritage. I used to be afraid to be silly, but my new personality makes me braver."

The big joke about the change in Mimi is that it was all designed by Fox Studio in order that she might play a harum-scarum rôle in "Shanghai

Madness"; and when she was all transformed and everything, they didn't give her the part!

Then there's Bette Davis.

When Bette arrived in Hollywood, she was a demure, retiring little thing who looked as if she was scared of her own shadow.

Out came the magic wand. It was discovered that the trouble with Bette was that she had a "blonde soul." Her pale brown locks were thereupon lightened and Bette suddenly acquired, with the bright hair, an independent spirit. Now she looks sophisticated, she is a girl with a mind of her own, and she steps ahead steadily.

Why Hollywood concentrates so often on hair is one of those things no fellow can find out.

to!—some promising material!

Try Hollywood's Tricks on

Well, will you just look at this little girl! Sweet, naïve, and oh, so demure! Read, in this story, what Hollywood has done for Janet Gaynor—though Janet herself denies it.



Janet, as she is today—the most glamorous ingénue in the whole, wide world! “I was so young when I came to Hollywood that I simply grew up with it,” she says.

They've just bobbed Dolores Del Rio's crowning glory, and changed the smooth-haired Latin beauty, whose looks were once so individual that she could never be mistaken for anyone else, into another modern girl.

Dolores has been changed in other ways, too.

When she came to Hollywood, she was a naïve, friendly little soul who believed in everyone. Today she is difficult to approach, a bit scornful, not exactly suspicious—perhaps cautious is the better word.

Strange how often the sorcery of the film city seems to work against simplicity and friendliness.

The cordial smile that is Maurice Chevalier's on the screen was in use also off the screen when the Frenchman first came to town. He laughed and joked all through my first interview with him. But now he often goes about with an expression of deep gloom.

Ann Harding was the special pet of all the press because she seemed so genuinely interested in writers, so ready to coöperate, so “real” a person, so untouched by the sham and guilt of moviedom.

Perhaps it was her private trouble that altered her. I don't know. It seems that she has, for one reason or another, fallen into Hollywood's trap and begun to take herself too seriously.

Robert Montgomery has been accused of “going high-hat.” But that's not true.

The secret of any change in Bob, I believe, is too much work and no play. Since last September he has had not even a day between pictures—sometimes working on two pictures at the same time—and for some three months exhaustion has brought on insomnia so that he has all he can do to get through the work without adding to the gaiety of the company, as he used to do.

The baby daughter, now over two months old, has been awake when her father was on hand just four times since she was born. And this to a man who knows from sad experience how frail a baby's hold on life can be, is hard indeed.

When he has had a promised vacation, I think events will prove that here is one who has not been transformed

but only grown a few years older in Hollywood.

The magic spell, in the case of John Barrymore, turned out to be Dolores Costello. John's lovely wife.

When John came to the film city, he was a wry and



We consider the picture above, and the one directly of Hollywood's magic! Here we have Bette Davis before little stage actress into a movie star. And, right, the brighter hair, dazzling eye make-

Your Own Personality!

This soft-eyed, dreamy Latin beauty in the big hat was the first Mexican girl to "crash" Hollywood in a big and remunerative way. Señorita Dolores Del Rio, ladies and gentlemen, as she looked when she first came into motion pictures.



Now Hollywood has "transformed" Dolores into the brisk modern woman you see in this new picture at the left. Some don't like the change—do you? Certainly there's a new fire in those lovely eyes, a certain animation, a fresh vitality.

witty devil, who delighted in tormenting those he met, who played practical jokes, and went to great pains to shock his interviewers.

But now that the soothing influence of Dolores has



opposite, here, the most amazing of all illustrations the movie wonder-workers transformed her from a shy same girl after the "magic act," with acquired poise, up, daring gown. It can be done!

been working for several years, the one-time talk of Broadway has become a sedate and courteous host, the very paragon of interviewees—although nothing can change the witty Barrymore tongue.

That young Prince Charming, Buddy Rogers, hasn't turned into a Beast—far from it—but he has definitely altered that wide-eyed boyish personality that won him the nickname, America's Boy Friend.

He's older, of course, but it isn't added years, it's knowing all the answers that has altered him. He's not shy now, he's slightly bored, a bit world-weary.

Once upon a time, Norma Shearer was an eager little girl who longed to wear red shoes on Hollywood Boulevard because all the other girls did.

She was a dewy little thing, then, with hair that blew into her eyes.

It doesn't blow into her eyes now. Norma is the best-groomed woman in Hollywood, charming but sophisticated. If she wanted to wear red shoes, anywhere, she'd do it; and when she did it, it would be supremely right.

The legend is that Elissa Landi has always been regarded as cold, aloof, and disdainful; and that, wishing a nice, warm, human, passionate star, her studio undertook to wave wands and give her brews and viands to accomplish the desired end.

The glowing Landi we now have, they regard as a direct result of their efforts. But as for me, I've always thought her a vivid person, full of color and glamor. And I was the first writer to meet her in Hollywood.

Marlene Dietrich's taste in dress has suffered a sea-change, whether or not the exotic frau has undergone a metamorphosis.

When she was presented to the press in this town upon her arrival, she wore a floppy picture hat and a rather dowdy frilly gown, in a season of smart and simple sports clothes. It's no secret that the Dietrich's attire today consists usually of men's costumes from tuxedo to lounge suits. Yes—Hollywood does things for 'em—and to 'em!

DIETRICH

Extra, extra! The only magazine interview granted by Marlene in Europe! Read about her plans, her startlingly frank opinions



The lovely "Legs" Dietrich of the films—softly, seductively feminine.

AT FAIR Versailles, basking peacefully a few leagues from Paris, there is a very swank, very smart, very exclusive hotel called the Trianon Palace. It is named for the nearby historic piles where once the ill-fated Marie Antoinette spent gay moments pretending to be a farmer's daughter. But the hotel has two distinct advantages over the palaces from which it takes its title. The plumbing is strictly modern. And it shelters a real, live Queen, instead of being shrouded in drowsy, sun-webbed memories of one long dead.

For at Versailles, in the Trianon Palace Hotel, surrounded by husband Rudy Sieber and a cordon of guards, Marlene Dietrich, Queen of the Screen, holds her Court. And the beauty and the chivalry of Paris clamors for admission to the charmed circle of her presence. Presentation at a Buckingham levee, invitation to a White House soiree, a season pass (tax exempt) to the Paramount theatres, these are simple to attain in comparison to an interview with Mar-lay-na. Here, in SCREENLAND, she speaks for the first and only time during her stay in Europe. And from her own seductive lips here is the reason for her silence.

"It is not easy for me to meet people. I am always embarrassed and ill at ease. I do not carry my heart on the tip of my tongue. So it is difficult for me to know what to say. And many of the questions that one is asked are either quite terrible or quite silly."

She speaks sincerely. And when one considers that she is on a holiday, there can be no great criticism of her decision to barricade herself against a host of inquiring reporters that would reach from the Arc de Triomphe to Napoleon's Tomb. But despite her reticence, where Marlene goes the Press follows. At a Parisian premiere, an unostentatious Dietrich was spotted in the audience by a lens man camouflaged in a box for the purpose. She attempted to out-manouver him by veiling her face in a handkerchief. But the picture-snatcher finally won the day by pretending to abandon the chase, and then, suddenly, like a Jack-in-the-Box, hopping out upon the stage. Boom! Flash! And he got his gal. Wherever she goes, it's the same story. And it gets a bit tedious.

Reminded that the Press has been kind to her, Marlene bows a gracious acquiescence.

"That is true. But it is my idea that an actor is entitled to rise or fall by the quality of his art and his pictures. I cannot get accustomed to the idea that there is any public interest in the fact that such-and-such an artist has tea at such-and-such a place. And with whom. I do not see that this is legitimate news.

"You say the press has been friendly, and I agree. That is why I was simply amazed at the unkind attitude

"Yes, I like trousers, and I

Declares Herself!

By

Herbert Cruikshank

of the New York papers during my last short stop there. Perhaps there was a misunderstanding. But I feel that I was cruelly and unjustly criticized.

"As you know, I had only a few hours before sailing, and as it was impossible for me to see all the plays, I hurried from theatre to theatre trying to see the best bits of several. With such a schedule I had to leave each during the progress of some scene. And to my amazement I was accused of discourtesy toward the players. That was not fair. Nor was it fair for reporters to attack me without investigating."

I recalled that there had also been criticism of the star for concealing those famous legs of hers in the voluminous folds of trousers. Now to ask a girl about her pants, whether she wears 'em, whether she doesn't, if she will or if she won't, well, there are other questions easier to ask, and equally to the point. However, here's what Marlene has to say about it.

"I fail to see that there is anything unusual about wearing trousers. Many other women have worn them. In Hollywood they are quite common. In my pictures I am costumed in all sorts of frills and feathers, and away from the studio it is a relief to get into sensible clothes. Yes, I like trousers, and I shall continue to wear them."

In Paris, however, the star sticks to skirts. It seems there is a law. And no matter what a gal's inclinations may be, her boyish spirit must be curbed when it comes to donning the lower half of a masculine outfit. All this, it is said, was gently intimated to Marlene by Monsieur the Prefect of Police shortly after her trousered arrival. And Marlene took the tip. But the topper to the tale, as they tell it along the Rue de Castiglione, is that Madame, the wife of Monsieur the Prefect of Police, besieged Marlene to attend her fete as guest of honor, and please, oh please, to wear ze pants! Marlene accepted. But Marlene left her pants behind. That is to say, she wore skirts.

But in tweeds or chiffons, this changeling star is the idol of the Continent. Whether she appears in trim, mannish, tailored grey, with masculinely cuffed and linked flannel shirt, a loosely knotted cravat at her throat, appropriately shod, and with the famous soft chapeau slouched boyishly over one smouldering, come-hither eye, or whether she affects pure feminine fascinations, with daintily slippered feet hidden in soft, clinging skirts, with flowers at her shoulder, and her shapely head carefully coiffed, Marlene is utterly fascinating. Paris knows, admits, and admires.

No woman deserves the description "orchidaceous" as does Mar-lay-na. She defines the word perfectly. Like an orchid there is nothing "natural" about her beauty. She is no rosy-cheeked milk-maid type. Nor is she a bounding, sunkist, hundred percent American product of the great out-doors. She is a carefully cultivated, exotic, almost too perfect product. Her haunting pallor,



Wide World

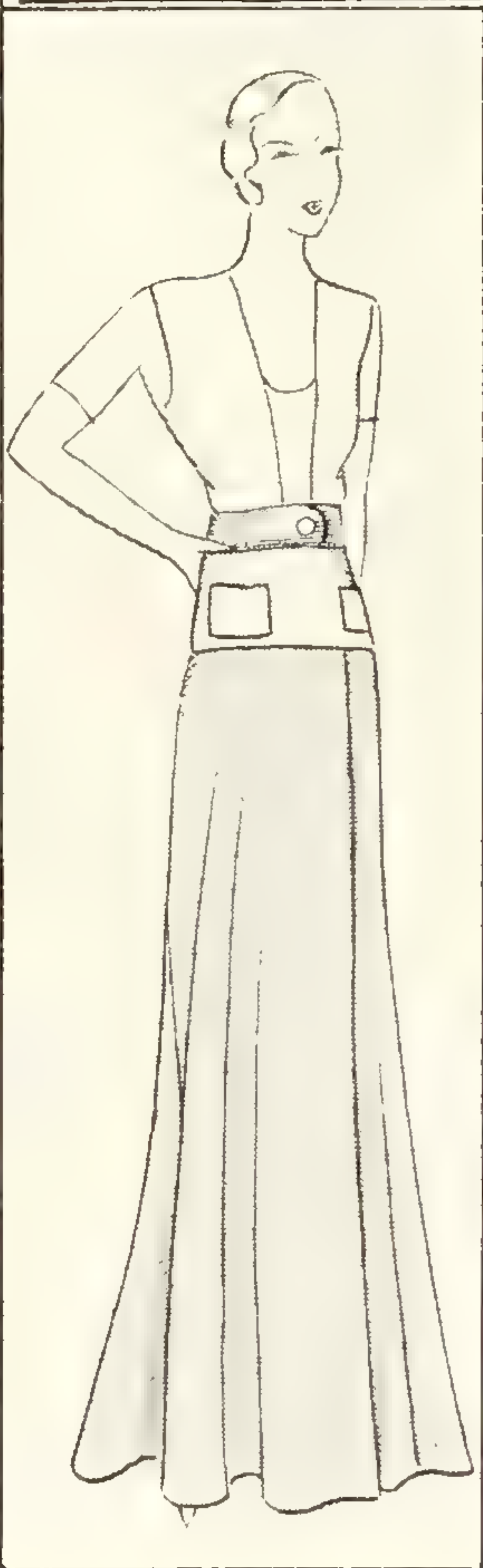
Dietrich as she arrived in Paris during her current vacation abroad.

shall continue to wear them." *Dietrich*

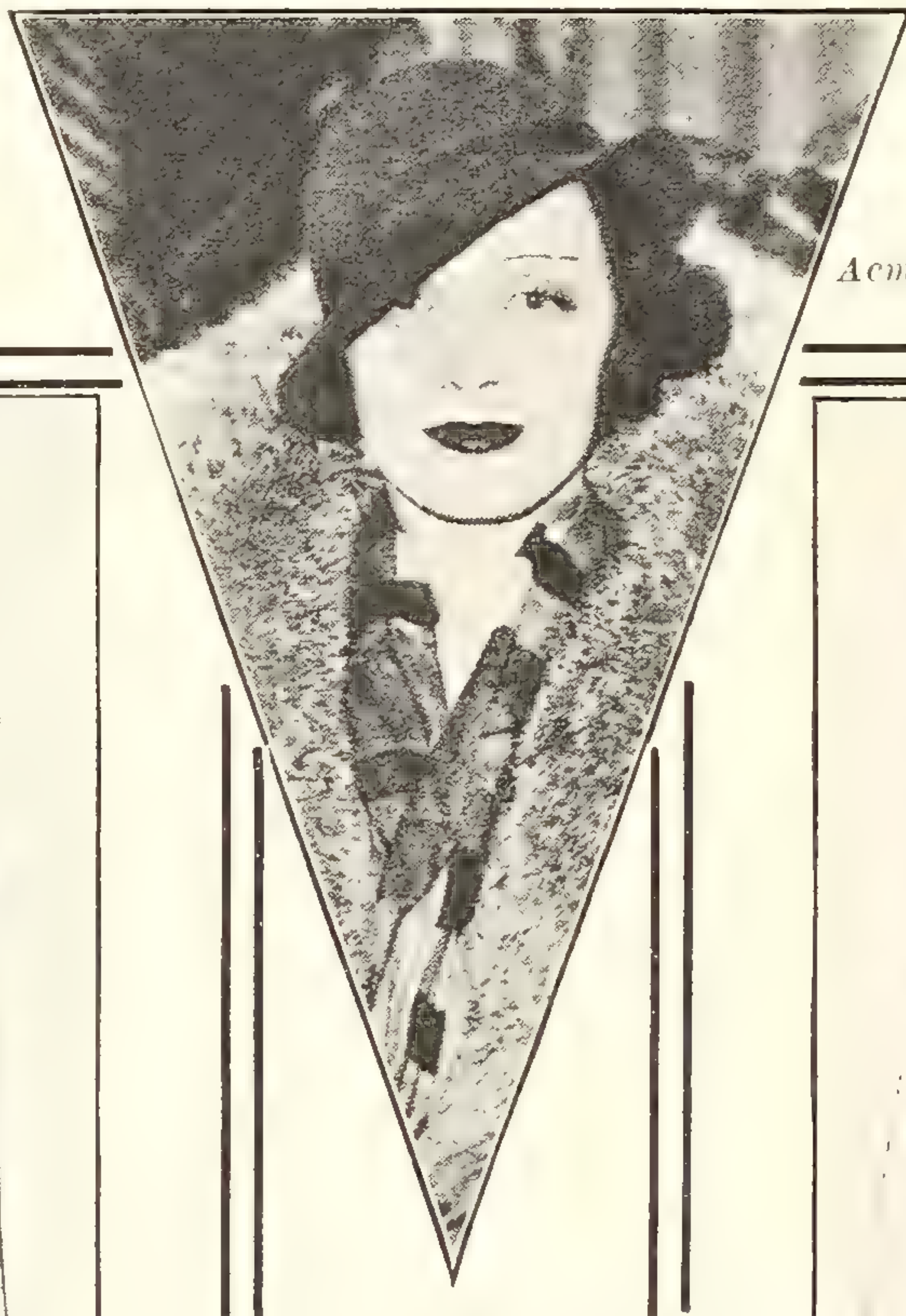
See Marlene's new clothes! Exclusive, last-minute sketches of fashions designed for Dietrich in Paris by Lucien Lelong



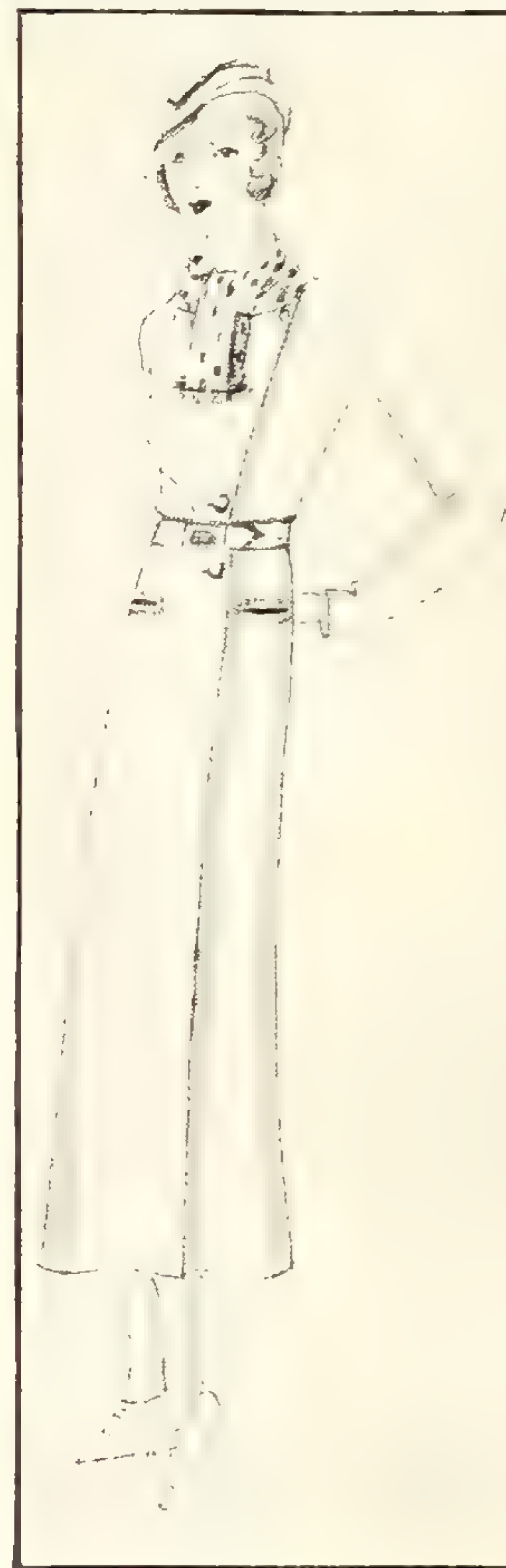
Above, evening gown of black marocain, with band of pleated white marocain.



Right, pajama costume of brown woolen, with little coat.

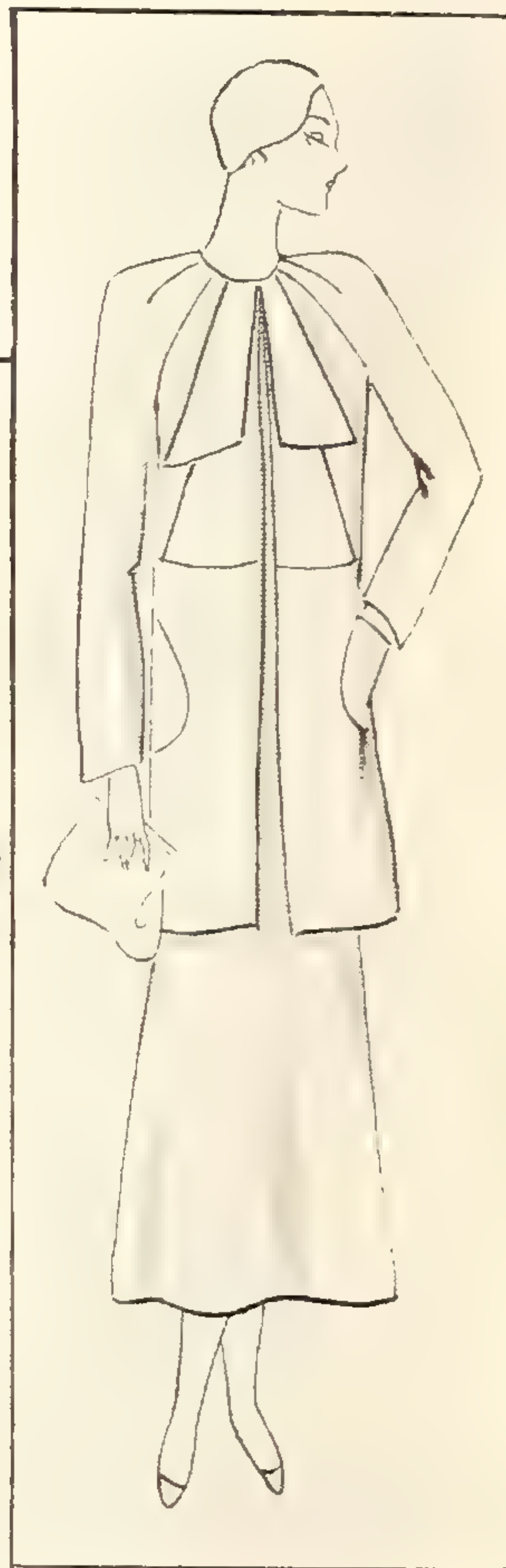


Dietrich is credited by Parisian fashion authorities for "bringing back" feathers for trimming. See this black satin wrap. Here's advance fashion news with a vengeance—these clothes are just being made as you read!



Above, more brown! This time a swagger coat.

Left, brown afternoon dress with a red scarf.



fairly slashed by carmined lips, the sweep of sooty lashes that fringe her hypnotic eyes, the marvellously pencilled brows, the blood-dipped beauty of her finger tips, the careful carelessness of her hair, all combine in a triumph of artistry.

Yet the languor that should accompany this ensemble is no part of Marlene's personality. She moves briskly, decisively. She clicks her heels in true Prussian precision upon introduction, and extends a cool, firm, strong hand that returns the pressure of a solid grip. Her eyes meet yours, direct, unwavering, soft, yet with a green glint of cynicism lurking in their grey depths. Her voice is utterly lyrical. The words it utters reflect a mentality masculine in its incisiveness. Like a boy she crosses one long leg over its mate. But those legs are divinely feminine! Which set of characteristics make the true Dietrich? My guess is neither—and both. In any event they form a combination that is irresistible.

At present she is having fun in Paris. And on the Riviera. And, indeed, wherever she goes. Long, low motors sweep her and her entourage through the adorable, leafy boulevards of the French capital to tea at the Ritz or at Laurent,

to the theatre, to Les Ambassadeurs, or a dozen different night-spots such as keep Paris gay twenty-four hours a day—or, at least, a night.

As Marlene, in person, is a Parisian sensation, so are her pictures. It is not a question of "have-you-seen-her-latest," but of "how-many-times-have-you-seen-it." And if the answer doesn't admit a half-dozen visits to the theatre, you don't belong in our set. This goes for the mondaines, the demi-mondaines, the semi-demi-mondaines, and the women who sell white orchids and cabbages amid the mingled fragrance of flowers and onion soup that pervades the great, dawn market called Les Halles.

Upon the authority of Messrs. Ike Blumenthal and Frank Farley, the astute and erudite gentlemen who keep the Continent safe for Paramount, and *vice versa*, you may have it that the socially elect of the beautiful, brilliant city plead for projection-room previews of Marlene's new ones.

Nor is this hysteria confined to Paris. In visiting Vienna, Marlene was at the mercy of enthusiastic crowds that actually threatened her safety by thronging around and (Continued on page 83)



Ex-redhead Rogers, now brightly blonde, is signed for stardom. You'll see her in "Rafter Romance" with Norman Foster and in "Sweet Cheat."



SHE'S "IN THE MONEY"!

She sang "The Gold Diggers" song so well everybody believed it!

HOLLYWOOD, as you may have heard, is rich in luscious blondes more cherished for their beauty than for their brains. At first and cursory glance, Ginger Rogers might be placed in this category.

Upon concentrated observation and lengthier conversation, however, it becomes obvious that such classification would be rank injustice to the intelligence and talents of the erstwhile carrot top.

Ginger Rogers belies both her appearance and her mannerisms. Beneath her crown of synthetic gold is a mind as active and alert as that of any captain of industry. And as capable of accomplishing its purpose.

Many of these things I had heard from mutual friends before ever I met Ginger. More, I learned while having luncheon with her in Hollywood's favorite rendezvous. A much-interrupted luncheon, as Miss Rogers' friends are legion and most of them paused at our table to chat with her.

To begin with, she was quite late. When she breathlessly arrived, she attracted just the proper degree of attention. Wearing a brown tweed suit, square-shouldered and double-breasted, tan shirt with high collar and man's cravat of soft green, brown felt hat tipped rakishly on one side of her pretty head, she was the cynosure of all eyes as she made her way over to the booth where I was waiting.

"I'm sorry to be so late," she apologized in greeting.



By

Laura Benham

"But as I didn't have to be at the studio today, I slept late. I'm just going to have my breakfast now."

She gazed dubiously at the menu for a moment, but with real self-control ordered only a baked apple and coffee. "I have to watch my weight," was the familiar observation. Then, glancing around the room, "It's swell to have a day off to do with as one pleases," she remarked.

"Of course I don't want too many of them—I had that experience soon after I arrived in Hollywood the first time. It wasn't pleasant." She smiled gaily but a shadow lurked in the depths of her bright blue eyes as she recalled those days so fraught with hope and expectancy—and disappointment.

The Charleston was responsible for Ginger's theatrical career. Born and reared in Fort Worth, Texas, she surprised relatives and friends by winning a Charleston contest held in one of the theatres of that robust village.

The prize was a six-weeks vaudeville engagement on a local circuit and so well did Ginger acquit herself on her initial tour that upon its conclusion she was tendered a contract for bigger and better appearances in some of the larger cities of the middle west.

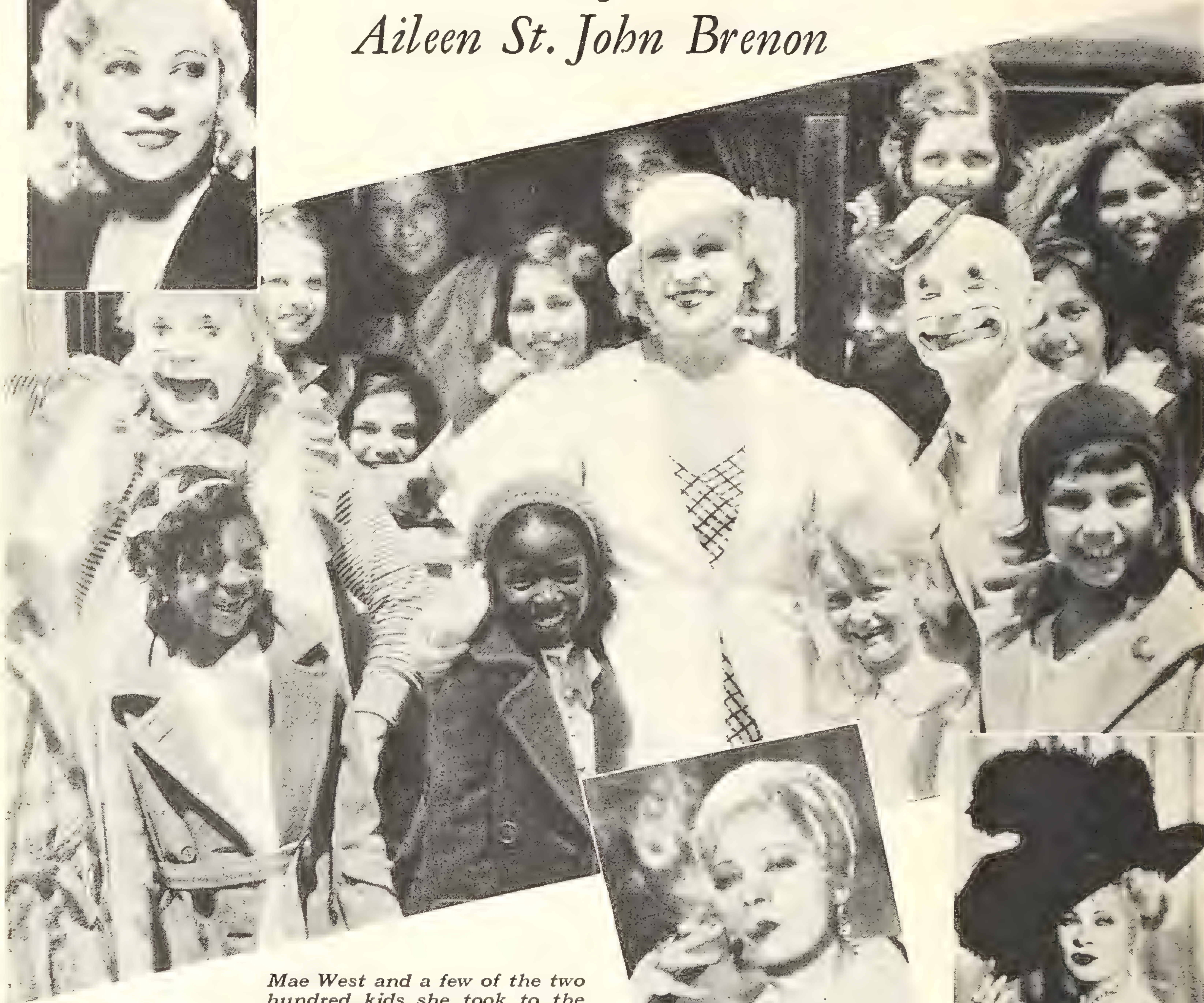
This led to an engagement with a well-known orchestra in Chicago. When the orchestra was booked to appear at the Brooklyn Paramount Theatre, Ginger went along too, feeling that at last she was nearing Broadway.

Her expectations were realized, (Continued on page 78)

Mae West's

By

Aileen St. John Brenon



Mae West and a few of the two hundred kids she took to the circus.

MAE WEST leads a double life—yes, she's that kind of a girl! There are things in her life you've never even heard about, and that she'd never dream of mentioning. She's tight-lipped, that's what she is, about her personal affairs.

You know her only as that easy-to-get, hard-to-forget gal, who says she got that swaggering gait of hers "walkin' over men."

But after you've been around her a while you find there are things about her you've never known before—never even merely suspected—and she's very reticent about this secret life of hers.

I asked her one day to tell me something she had done to help a girl along. She couldn't think of anything at all.

"I don't know much about girls," she said, as she drew her maroon velvet *peignoir* about her lily-white and shapely shoulders.

Strangely enough, a young woman came into the dressing-room just then. She was wearing a new dress. "It's swell," she said to Mae, "to be wearing a dress I didn't have to take."



"I'm No Angel" is the title of Mae West's new picture. These close-ups of Mae show her in various screen moods. When she's good she's very, very good; and when she's bad, she's better! That's one of La West's own lines. She has a million of 'em!

Secret Self!



"You'll do!" That's Mae West's new phrase—current edition of "You can be had!" She uses the new line in "I'm No Angel" in a scene with Cary Grant.

It developed that this was one of the girls from Welfare Island, where Miss West was a visitor for ten days at the government's insistence because of a certain play she appeared in. The young lady had become addicted to drugs, and the drug habit led to shoplifting. Miss West heard about it, and gave her some money in the hope of building up the girl's morale.

The first thing the girl did was to buy herself a dress. A man had followed her into the dressing-room. He gave Miss West his card and they drew aside. Before he left, Miss West had agreed to pay doctor's and nurse's fees and hospital bills amounting to several hundred dollars, in an attempt to cure the girl of the drug habit. The man was a specialist, but Miss West had been loath to give the case into his hands without summing him up herself. She has learned to size people up at a glance.

When the pair had gone, Miss West looked like a naughty school girl caught mauling the larder.

When she was a vaudeville headliner some years ago, a performer named Dan Makarenko frequently appeared on the same bills with Mae West. He was an important figure then, in the world of the four-a-day. But entertainment tastes shifted from vaudeville to the deluxe motion picture theatres, and Makarenko used to be seen often around Broadway and 46th Street, New York's mart for vaudevillians.

While she was in New York recently, Miss West encountered her old acquaintance of the variety shows, and

Scoop! SCREENLAND turns the searchlight of truth on the easy-to-get, hard-to-forget gal—and reveals certain secrets never before published



Two democratic stars meet at the Paramount studios—Mae West with Billy Sunday, the evangelist.

sensing his predicament, promised to find some film work for him in Hollywood.

She did not forget.

Makarenko, now in Hollywood, will appear in an important rôle in her new Paramount picture, "I'm No Angel."

Here's a girl who tells her own story. She had just served a term in jail for taking things that did not belong to her.

"The few dollars they gave me when I was freed didn't last very long," she said. "Broke again, I decided upon a bold step.

"Mae West was playing at the Paramount. I had read about her, and I felt she would help a girl in want.

"I waited at the stage entrance for her one night. When she got out of her car, I approached her. She looked like a real person. She was kind enough to listen to me and immediately invited me to her dressing-room.

"Once there, I told Mae West my story. She didn't ask me any questions, but simply said she understood. She gave me \$10, and let me sit in her dressing-room to get warm. She told me if I ever needed any more to come to see her.

"I wonder if Mae West realized how great a sum that \$10 seemed to me! I left her after almost kissing her hands in gratitude. And since that night, things have seemed so much better."

Mae West swears that nobody remembers a good girl, and that you've got to be bad to make the world give you a break. Well, listen to this:

She gave her first Hollywood party the other day.

"Come on, boys," she said, with that husky, insinuating drawl of hers, "let's go!"

(Continued on page 90)

"Thanks, SCREENLAND! Thanks, Cagney!"

a free trip to Hollywood for the reader who could write the best letter on whether he likes Jimmy "tough or tender." I was very fortunate in winning the contest and thereby obtaining the chance to visit the movie colony.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles, I was luxuriously installed in the beautiful Ambassador Hotel and from the first moment I stepped into the lobby my glorious adventure began. The hotel itself breathed an atmosphere of

excitement and magnetism which, I later learned, seemed to typify the whole of Hollywood.

The next day proved to be a continual round of adventure in meeting players and acquainting myself with the studio life. This day was spent in the Warner Brothers Studio, and everyone I met, from executive to extra, sought to make me feel right at home. This feeling of friendliness dominated my entire visit.

Of course the logical beginning for my tour was on the big stage where James Cagney was starring in a new musical, "Footlight Parade." I truly had the greatest thrill of my life in meeting Jimmy and in realizing that I was in the studio and actually watching a picture being made.

No words can give a true description of James Cagney. He is the most real and the most understanding man that I have ever met. We had a long heart-to-heart

One of the big moments of the trip! Our contest winner, Lamar C. Rowland of Libby, Montana, enjoyed a heart-to-heart talk with Cagney.

Getting a kick out of Hollywood. Gloria Fayth, high stepper in "Footlight Parade," performs for our guest.

SOMEONE once said that ninety-nine out of every hundred boys have, at one time or another, the ambition to become President of the United States. I am afraid that I must be the hundredth as I have never had the longing to possess that coveted honor. Instead, I have wished and hoped for something far dearer to my heart—to be a motion picture star.

Since the time I was a little kid, hardly able to read, I have followed the movies and the stars up and down their famous yet uncertain paths, always hoping (but never daring to believe) that some day I might visit Hollywood and meet the men and women who have shaped my life.

At last my prayers were answered and my ambitions realized, for through the courtesy of SCREENLAND and Mr. James Cagney, I was given my chance to see Hollywood from the inside, looking out.

SCREENLAND, with the co-operation of Cagney, offered



Hobnobbing with Eddie Robinson. Lamar calls upon the famous star on the set of "I Loved a Woman." Robinson is giving his young visitor a few pointers on movie-making.

So says our contest winner, relating the thrills of his visit to Hollywood

By
Lamar Rowland

talk. I vowed that if ever I may become a movie star (which is now my highest ambition), I want to be just as unaffected and as much of a "real fellow" as I found Jimmy Cagney to be.

When I determined to write about my visit, I decided to give my impressions of the people I met, pointing out both the good and the bad qualities in each, but try as hard as I could, I was not able to find, after all my contacts, one deficiency in the character of Jimmy Cagney.

He took me to lunch the first day and at our table were Frank McHugh, Hugh Herbert, and Edward G. Robinson. These men were all very kind to me and because they were so very interesting and full of fun, the noon hour passed far too quickly.

After lunch, I again went on the set and watched Cagney, Ruby Keeler, Joan Blondell, and many others rehearsing for one of the dance numbers in the picture. This was all very entertaining to me and I find myself impatiently awaiting the release of "Footlight Parade," when I shall see on the screen the scenes that I saw being photographed.

In the afternoon a studio executive took me on an excursion through the rest of the studio. He explained the technical side of pictures and accompanied me through all the departments, pointing out the duties and responsibilities of each.

I was amazed at the thoroughness that goes into the production of motion pictures. The research department has books and material from all over the world. Each minute detail of a picture is carefully studied so that everything in scenes will truly depict the countries or periods represented.

The property department was perhaps the biggest surprise of all. There are buildings and buildings of furniture, costumes, and minor accessories. For instance, on



"Miss Keeler, Mr. Rowland." Cagney introduces his protégé to the lovely Ruby, in her character as a shy little stenographer, on the set of "Footlight Parade." Later on Lamar got a glimpse at Ruby as she really looks!

Right, a friendly chat on the set with Bette Davis, no less, was another of Mr. Rowland's memorable experiences in Hollywood.



The young contest winner, aided by Joan Blondell, examines the workings of a studio camera between scenes of "Footlight Parade."



The "socking star" took our young hero under his wing and showed him all over the studio in person!

one floor are hundreds of lamps, covering every era in world history, and all ready for use at a minute's notice. Each piece of property is marked and catalogued so that an entire house, from basement to attic, can be furnished within the short period of an hour. This goes to show that making movies is not merely acting before cameras, but beneath the surface are years of experiment, research, and rehearsal before pictures can be completed.

After my departmental tour, I visited a set where Eddie Robinson and Kay Francis were working in "I Loved A Woman." Then I again met Joan Blondell and Ruby Keeler. These two exceedingly gracious young ladies displayed the same feeling of friendliness toward me that I had experienced from the male stars whom I had met.

Nice talks with them closed my first day at the studio and I returned to my hotel with the understanding that I should come back next day (Continued on page 85)



Wide World

A famous family with a sense of humor! Dixie Lee, Bing Crosby, and the baby, Gary Evans Crosby. They call him "Gunder" for fun! And he hasn't cried yet when Bing croons lullabies to him.

THIS is the opportunity that comes once in a lifetime—the chance every woman dreams about—to tell the world what she really thinks of her husband—to even up old scores and pay him off for all the indignities he's heaped upon her—the jibes and insults she's endured. She always thinks (if he happens to be a celebrity) if "his public" could only see him as I do! And here's my chance! Yet, as I sit at the typewriter I suddenly realize there are precious few scores I have to pay off to Bing.

I can't truthfully say we've never had an argument but I *can* say they all came during The First Year. It took us a long time to adjust ourselves to each other, even though we were deeply in love. But even when things looked blackest for the success of our marriage, we never quarreled!

Bing Crosby

Dear Delight:

I suppose every man wonders what his wife really thinks of him but, ye gods! I never dreamed it would be anything like this.

There ought to be a law not only against women who make "gross misstatements" but against guys like Dick Mook. He put Dixie up to this and that while under the influence of a quart of my very best champagne. How am I to retain any "glamour" on the air or screen when my wife has given away all my secrets?

Anxiously yours,

What

"Here's the chance every woman dreams about," chortles Dixie, "to tell the world what she really thinks of her husband!" And if you think Dixie doesn't tell all, just read the story. The Croon Prince of screen and radio is "exposed" for all time!

If one of us did something the other didn't like, the Injured Party just walked out and the Left-Behind One never knew what had happened. I went home to mother more times than I can remember and Bing used to go to that mythical place men call "The Club" so often he must have met himself going and coming.

Everything's just ducky now, though, and I think we're more in love today than when we married—and Beatrice Fairfax had nothing to do with it, either!

About the only time we ever really quarreled was when, as a young bride, I got ambitious and made a chocolate cake for him. We were living at the Essex House in New York at the time. Bing was making records and personal appearances all day and broadcasting most of the night so I had to occupy my time somehow. He's inordinately fond of sweets (no, dear public, he *doesn't* call me "Sweets" or "Honey") and I intended surprising

him. I slaved over the thing all day.

When he came home that night I proudly led him in to see it—brown and shining in all its glory. He swears he accidentally dropped it and I might have believed him if the janitor hadn't 'phoned up and told us to stop throwing things out the window—that we'd knocked two of his men unconscious.

I Think of Bing!

To make matters worse, the very next day one of the chorus girls at the Paramount, instead of writing him a fan letter to let him know how she felt about him, decided to say it with cake. He came home lugging that monstrosity she had concocted and I had to sit there in outraged silence while he ate every crumb of it—and me devoutly wishing he'd choke on every mouthful he swallowed.

It's the only time I ever felt like going into Everywoman's theme song—"Nobody knows what I go through." He's often tried to make amends by begging me to stir up another one but a Lee is not to be trifled with—particularly when she departs so far from type as to cook—or try to.

He's the most gullible person in the world, with the possible exception of Dick Arlen. I used to see girls who not only knew the score but every trick of the game that would run it up, roll their eyes at him—and other men, too—and then he'd come home and say, "Isn't she sweet? It's refreshing to meet a girl as innocent as that!" Innocent, my eye! Those dames could have given Peggy Hopkins Joyce cards and spades and still beaten her. But I could never convince Bing. He says one of his philosophies is that every girl is innocent until proven otherwise. From Bing's viewpoint the virgins of Bali and Stamboul are no more numerous than those of his acquaintance.

He's got no more dignity than our dog Snoopy. The other night Dick Mook (the same who writes for this magazine) was up at the house. He's always telling Bing that his best record is "Chances Are." Bing never made a record of that song but it happens to be Dick's favorite and he's always throwing the hooks into Bing about it. So this night Bing said—very gravely—"I haven't a copy of my transcription of that song in the house but I'll get one of the broadcasting companies to play it for you."

With that he went to the 'phone, called up one of the stations that plays records, and asked them to put it on the air. When he told them he was Bing Crosby the announcer at the station thought he was being kidded and instead of letting it go at that and hanging up the 'phone, Bing sat there for nearly half an hour singing into the receiver in an effort to convince the guy it was really he!

Most stars would have got highly indignant but Bing thought it was a good joke.

But then everything's a joke to Bing. One day last week he decided about nine in the morning we should have a party that night. Dick volunteered to catch us some crawfish. It was getting on in the afternoon and he didn't have time to go home to change his clothes so he asked me for some old togs of Bing's. In the words of my illustrious husband "I don't know from nothing about men's clothes" and I gave him a pair of trousers and some shoes that must have looked old because they were badly in need of polish. When he got back about seven o'clock Bing was there to greet him. He started improvising a song—"Home with the scaly spoils"—and then he

By
Dixie
Lee
Crosby



caught sight of Dick's costume. His voice quavered but he kept bravely on. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget the expression on his face. I'd given Dick a pair of \$32.50 trousers and a \$28 pair of shoes to go fishing in!

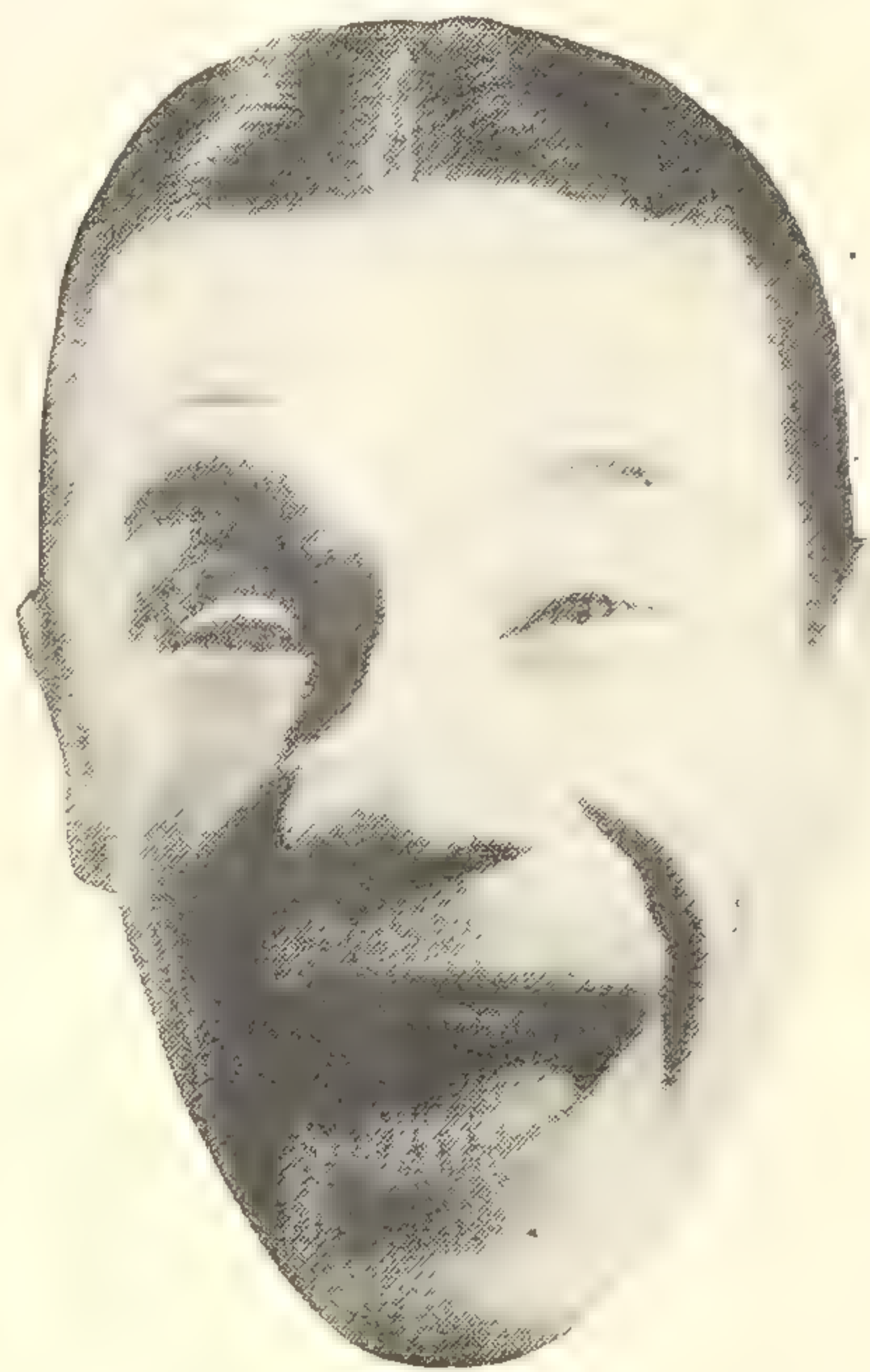
Incidentally although this has nothing to do with Bing, you should have seen your contributor. Bing is a little more—er—ample around the (Continued on page 88)



Dixie says when the neighbors tell her they like to hear her husband sing, she asks them to let her know the next time they hear him so she can listen, too—it's a Crosby family joke that Bing's never home long enough to finish a number. But this is a nice picture, anyway!



The big-mouthed, big-hearted Joe E. Brown of today—below and at left—contrasted with the earnest lad of seventeen at the right. Joe was still a "child wonder acrobat" at that age. His success was honestly earned!



Joe E. Brown's *Real Life Story*

Chapter I.

LIFE'S most triumphant experience came to Joe E. Brown at the tender age of nine. That day he came back home with the circus!

From the deep-cushioned comfort of his Beverly Hills home, Joe E. Brown, famous screen star, proud father and devoted husband, reviews the thirty years of his circus and theatrical career and admits life has never supplied him another thrill like that.

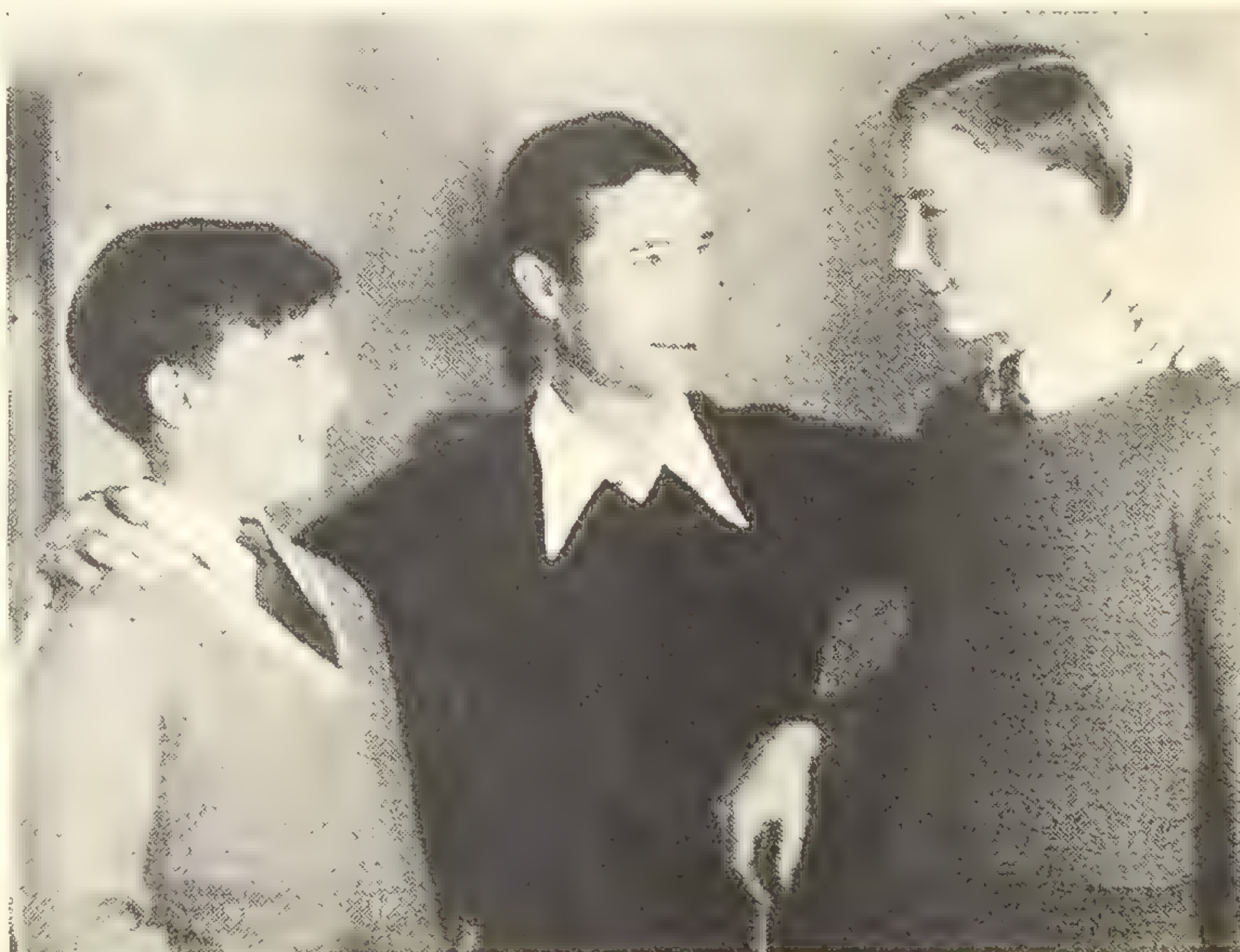
That day Joe would not have traded places with any other boy in the world. The homesick weeks of the long summer, the rough treatment, the scanty food, the abuse and punishment he had absorbed,—all these were forgotten when he saw the pride in the eyes of his family and the envy on the faces of his school chums.

Contrary to many stories, Joe E. Brown did not run away from home to join a

For the first time the beloved comedian gives you the true account of his life and career!

As told to

Carlisle Jones



Joe's sons will never have the heartaches that Joe had. Joe, Jr., and Don are growing up in Beverly Hills, where their father is a leading citizen.

circus. What really happened was this:

The Brown family, mother, father and seven children, lived in one half of a double house in the Irish settlement district in Toledo, Ohio, known as "The Hill."

The other half of the same house was occupied by a Jones family, almost as numerous and equally poor. Joe was not the seventh child of the Brown family, another common mis-statement in stories about the comedian, but the middle one. George Jones, who lived next door, was two years older than Joe and his best friend.

For a long time George, who was ten, had been talking about joining a circus. He knew a man, a Mr. Ash, whom he had met at the old Valentine Athletic Club in Toledo, who was planning to form an acrobatic troupe for circus work, and George believed he might be able to get a place on it.

He confided as much to Joe, who, up to that time, at least, had shown no special aptitude for tumbling or acrobatics generally and Joe excitedly extracted a promise from George to get him a place too if the chance came.

It was March and Mrs. Brown was doing the annual spring house cleaning. During the process, which was prolonged for several days, a leather couch was moved from the living room to a side porch. Joe found that by standing on the high end of the couch and making full use of the springs under the leather, he could turn a back handspring, better known among boys as a "flip-flop."

He practiced until the couch was returned to the living room and his mother put a halt to the proceedings. The next day at school, Joe called a number of children about him on a cinder path, promising to show them a new trick. His favorite teacher was watching from her school-room window. He took a great breath, leaped high in the air, and came down head first in the cinders. The teacher helped dig the ashes out of Joe's scalp and for a time Joe's circus ambitions went into a decline.

Then one night George Jones brought home amazing news. Mr. Ash needed another boy, a smaller boy, for his act which was to be known as "The Five Marvelous Ashtons." Joe, said George, could have the place if his parents were willing. They would be gone all summer and the pay would be one dollar and a half a week.

The Brown family was poor. The boy's pay for the summer months—there was never any question then but that Joe would return to school in the Fall—would help out in the purchase of needed groceries and clothes. Mr. Ash brought over a contract which was read to the whole assembled family and signed with enthusiasm by everybody concerned."

"I remember how excited we all were," Joe recalls, "and how happy I was. I went singing around the house all day and laid awake all night. I was the happiest kid in Toledo."

During the few short weeks which Mr. Ash devoted to rehearsals in the Valentine Athletic Club, Joe found that his partial success with "flip-flops" on his mother's leather couch had not exactly (Continued on page 80)

Right, when Joe was learning to be a comedian! See the grotesque make-up? The man is Frank L. Prevost, who taught Joe E. Brown the tricks of the comic's trade.



Below, the only picture in existence showing the original "Five Marvelous Ashtons" in all their glory. The little boy on the left is Joe E. Brown, soon to be billed as "Joe, the Boy Wonder." His pay was \$1.50 a week!



Three of the "Five Marvelous Ashtons" as they appeared at the close of their first season with the circus, about the time of Joe Brown's first triumph.



From rags to riches—a real American success story! Joe E. Brown, movie star, stands on the lawn of his luxurious California home ready to tell the world that all his struggles and hard knocks were worth while.



"YOU CAN'T JUDGE
HIM BY ORDINARY
STANDARDS
HE WAS TOO BIG"



**... AND THIS PICTURE IS *TOO BIG*
TO JUDGE BY ORDINARY STANDARDS**

That's why an entirely new method of screen production had to be devised to tell it. Drama so amazingly unusual, so powerful that present day methods were inadequate to bring it to the screen. Presented in NARRATAGE — talking pictures newest wonder — forever revolutionizing screen entertainment. Marking the biggest step forward since the introduction of sound and another great triumph for FOX FILM. Watch for your theatre's announcement of this sensational picture.



THE POWER AND THE GLORY

SPENCER TRACY • COLLEEN MOORE

RALPH MORGAN • HELEN VINSON

A JESSE L. LASKY PRODUCTION

Directed by William K. Howard

Story by Preston Sturges



Joan the Gorgeous! In her new film, "Dancing Lady," she has two leading men, Clark Gable and Franchot Tone.

Inspiration!



"Quite comfortable, thank you!" Franchot is as keen for the outdoor thing as the next man, but when he finds a congenial nook he refuses to trifle with his luck! So here he sits in his living room, and defies you to lure him out of doors!



Here's an enticing view of the Tone living room. You can almost feel the cool restfulness of its white and pale beige coloring. The walls are white, the furniture, draperies and rug are beige, and white Venetian blinds keep the sun's rays from becoming too ardent. A nice setting for a pleasant Tone!

Inspiration of writers, artists, musicians, it's only natural that the thought of Joan Crawford's beauty should have inspired the interior decorator who "did" the rooms of Franchot Tone's new Brentwood Heights home. Notice the two lovely portraits of Joan in the room pictured above.





Longworth

Rustic!

AS RELIEF from the ardors of his energetic acting in "Good-bye Again," Warren William goes in for country life, grinning over the garden gate with his pipe in his mouth and Nippy, his severest critic, by his side.



C. S. Bull

MENACIN' Miriam Hopkins makes the most of her pert charm in Noel Coward's gay comedy, "Design for Living," in which Miriam, Fredric March and Gary Cooper prove that three isn't always a crowd!

Sophisticate!



Louisa M. Alcott,
wrote "Little Women"
a best-seller for four ge
ations of femininity



Brown Br

The "Little Women" as they appear in the
RKOpicture directed by George Cukor, above.
Left, frontispiece by Jessie Willcox Smith
for the Beacon Hill Bookshelf Edition of the
Alcott classic. Courtesy A. L. Burt & Co.



The New "Little Women"



Close-ups of the two most colorful "Little Women": Katharine Hepburn as the tomboy, Jo, and Joan Bennett as the dainty, artistic Amy.



"Little Women" brings us the quaint appeal of an American home in the 1860's. Beth at the piano, Jo singing heartily, Marmee between Amy and Meg.

Louisa M. Alcott's beloved characters are re-created for the screen: Katharine Hepburn as *Jo*, Frances Dee as *Meg*, Joan Bennett as *Amy*, Jean Parker as *Beth*

Below, a clash of wills! Hoydenish Jo and pretty Amy disagree. Jo is the literary light of the family; Amy, the artist. Much of the charm of "Little Women" lies in the deft characterizations of the four very real sisters.



Below, the Alcott home in Concord, Massachusetts, where the author of "Little Women" lived and, according to tradition, the setting of the famous story. The house is now preserved as a memorial museum.





The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Janet Gaynor and Warner Baxter
in "Paddy, the Next Best Thing"

*The straightforward Baxter, brought
face to face with so delectable a lady
as gentle Janet, finds himself at a loss.*

*Janet, as the irrepressible Paddy, hops
out of her tub to hobnob with Eileen
(Margaret Lindsay). Remember Mar-
garet in "Cavalcade"?*





Ray
Jones

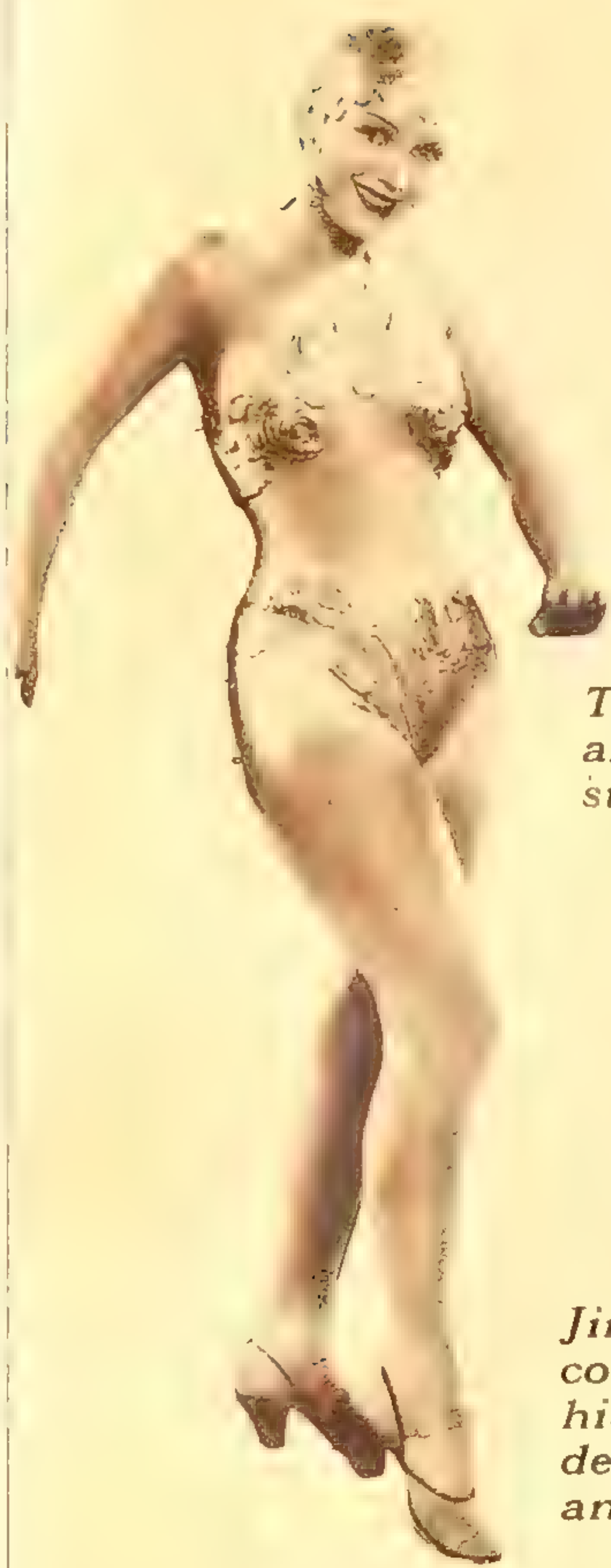
Colleen Comes Back!

At last the clamor of the fans has been heeded, and Colleen Moore's Irish eyes soon will be smiling at you from the screen again. You'll see her in "The Power and the Glory," with Spencer Tracy.

In the bloom of youth. Tracy and Colleen, as lovers.

Here are Colleen and Spencer as an aging couple.





They're off! Most of them are, anyway, as Adele Lacy starts stepping lively. She's good-looking, too.



Jimmy, playing a dance accompaniment, warms up to his work, while Joan Blondell, his favorite secretary and inspiration, follows suit!



We caught you, Cagney! Can you picture the movies' toughest terror the chorus? Here's Jimmy in the rôle of a dance director, showing bers. The versatile James was a stage chorus man.

Hollywood's "Footlight Parade"



Maids of the mist! Even the water falls for these nymphs as they disport themselves in their sylvan paradise, safe from the gaze of all men except the director, cameramen, etc.





Girl without cellophane! Watch Eleanore Bailey's smoke.



A dancing dilettante, stepping his stuff for the edification of Frank McHugh and the admiring boys and girls a few tricky numbers before he "smashed" through to picture stardom.



Film favorites flock together for record musical frolic!

Just a busy day in the life of Showman Cagney, aided by secretaries Joan Blondell and—oh, yes it is!—Ruby Keeler. Wait till Ruby comes out from behind that disguise—lovely!



The life of a hard-working dance maestro! They're rallying 'round the Cagney, these lovely lassies who form part of the chorus of 200 in "Footlight Parade."

Fallen "angel"! Guy Kibbee, who's backing the show, has a devilish moment as Claire Dodd gives him a much-needed lesson in thrift. He's an attentive pupil!

Marion à la Mode!

Marion Davies is the perfect fashion model. She wears trimly tailored things and gracefully feminine frocks with equal ease. See how smartly she sets off that vagabond hat, left.

Marion in a Schiaparelli mood! Her black wool crêpe coat, shown at the left, has double sleeves to the elbow. A white scarf is loosely knotted at the collarless neckline. The hat has a roll brim at the front.

Monkey fur has returned to favor, as you know, and Miss Davies' white matelasse gown, which she is wearing in the picture above, has a semi-fitted jacket with a scarf collar and over-the-shoulder cape sleeves edged in that same long black fur. And, as worn by Marion, it's effective, don't you think?

Marion's favorite evening jacket is fashioned of velveteen in a snail print design, and we suspect Marion likes those sleeves—we know we do! Her gown, of white crêpe, has a softly trailing skirt.

All photographs of Miss Davies posed for SCREENLAND exclusively by Clarence Sinclair Bull.



Color note! Miss Davies wears a red crocheted cap and scarf of red and blue to brighten up dark street dresses. Accessories are always of importance.



dy in blue—two shades! the skirt and bolero jacket Marion's three-piece suit the navy blue and the blouse of lighter blue crêpe. the skull cap is navy and trimmed with two bows.

re's an idea for evening! s smart to wear a coronet n gala occasions, as Ma- n is wearing in the close- to the right. Becoming her delicate blondeauty—gives any girl that cherished wistful look!



Hollywood's most famous blonde star, Miss Davies, models her new clothes for you!

Every girl can't wear an evening tailleur—but Marion can. Her suit is of black crinkled ciré satin; the skirt, in long willowy lines, is contrasted by the silk piqué vest with its black buttons. The swagger coat has cuffs to match the vest.



Tom Collins

Vocal Venus!

CHARMING Ruth Etting, queen of radio song, makes her feature picture debut in "Roman Scandals," with Eddie Cantor. Special songs have been written for Ruth, and she will win a wider audience than she has reached heretofore.

HANDS, too,
NEED A LOVELY COMPLEXION

LOVELY hands, smooth... soft... caressing. How vital the role they play in romance! How simple to have them, in spite of work and weather. Consider modern actresses; they aren't Dresden dolls. They play just as hard and use their hands as much as you! But they give them thoughtful care. After exposure, after hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Hinds isn't a gummy, quick-drying lotion that simply "varnishes" the surface. It is a delicate cream in liquid form that penetrates deeply, to heal and soften. And it costs so little!



UDETTE COLBERT, whose exquisite hands are so alluring.
n Paul Cavanagh in Paramount's film, "Tonight Is Ours."

NEW! Hinds Cleansing Cream, by makers of Hinds Honey & Almond
Cream, delicate, liquefies instantly, floats out dirt! . . . 40c, 65c.



D' Gaggeri

NOW that Fay Wray has won her way to straight dramatic rôles, she shows you that she can wear clothes with the best of the glamor girls. For instance, her striking accessories, which include piqué collar, bow, and gloves—and see the clips?

Fay, 'Ray!

JOAN CRAWFORD
M-G-M Star in "DANCING LADY"
Max Factor's Make-Up Used Exclusively

How Joan Crawford Gives Her Beauty Dramatic Appeal

Florence Vondelle interviews
JOAN CRAWFORD

HOLLYWOOD is a world of personalities. The personality of Joan Crawford reflects this modern age. She believes that one must be at one's best, at all times, to harvest the greatest rewards.

"Life itself is colorful," says Joan Crawford, "but even a colorful personality can stand added charm. That is where make-up comes in. That is the double reason for color harmony make-up. Max Factor's idea in creating color harmony make-up is to accentuate beauty. This means to bring out your own personality with the correct color tones in powder, rouge and lipstick for your type. You can give beauty the same dramatic appeal an artist might give his canvas, by emphasizing your more attractive features with color harmony make-up."

Discover the difference Hollywood's magic make-up will make in your own beauty. Share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created for the screen stars by Hollywood's make-up genius. Now featured by the leading stores at nominal prices . . . Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick; one dollar. *For your own individual color harmony make-up chart, fill in and mail the coupon.*

★ 96% of All Make-Up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's . . . *Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics*

Max Factor

★ *Hollywood*

Society Make-Up... *Cosmetics of the Stars*

3. To keep lips in the color key, Max Factor's Vermilion Super-Indelible Lipstick . . . its dependable permanency of color and smooth texture keeps lip make-up lovely all day. Remember to dry your lips first, and keep them dry when applying lipstick.

2. For color attraction . . . Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge to harmonize with the powder and with complexion colorings. Like finest skin-texture, it blends beautifully and clings perfectly . . . appearing like a natural glow of color.

1. The blending color-tone for my colorings . . . golden-brown hair, blue eyes and tanned skin . . . is Max Factor's Sum'r Tan Powder. Exquisitely fine in texture, it creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

★ *Mail for Color Harmony Make-Up Chart* ★

PURSE-SIZE BOX OF POWDER . . . FREE

MAX FACTOR—Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California. **WITHOUT** obligation, send my Complexion Analysis and Color Harmony Make-Up Chart; also 48-pg. Illustrated Instruction Book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color-harmony shade. Fill in the chart below with a ✓

COMPLEXIONS		EYES	HAIR	
Very Light	☐	Blue	☐	BLONDES
Fair	☐	Gray	☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy	☐	Green	☐	BROWNETTES
Medium	☐	Hazel	☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy	☐	Brown	☐	BRUNETTES
Sallow	☐	Black	☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled	☐	LASHES (Color)	☐	REDHEADS
Olive	☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN	Dry ☐ Oily ☐	AGE	☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ 4-10-70

Jean Harlow.



Jean Harlow bares
her heart to you!
Read what she says
about her rumored
"feud" with Gable

By
James Marion

The Girl Gossip Can't Injure!



"ONE great lesson I have learned since I became a motion picture actress, is that people in the public eye must learn to be indifferent to the wicked thrusts of gossip."

A late summer sun was stretching its lazy arms across the California foothills when Jean Harlow spoke those words. She had just returned from Chicago, and preceding her had come a story that abused the platinum blonde cruelly. Let me tell that story:

When Jean visited the World's Fair, some one without authority arranged for her to make a personal appearance. On the night when she was supposed to appear, thousands of persons gathered to see her, and they waited from eight o'clock until after one o'clock for Jean to arrive. Then they demanded their money back, and the promoters lost heavily on their venture.

The following day, every newspaper in the city heaped vilifications upon Jean's head. They called her high-hat, said she had "gone Hollywood," and in general cauterized her severely for her failure to make the scheduled appearance.

Now some of those newspaper writers were Jean's friends. They were reporters and editors she has known for years. When Miss Harlow read their stories, she was cut to the quick.

For Jean had never been informed of her scheduled personal appearance!

"If anyone had come to me about the matter, I should

have explained that before I left Hollywood, studio executives ordered me not to make any personal appearances whatsoever. I should have advised the people who advertised my Chicago appearance to telephone Hollywood for permission for me to go on. I should not have liked to disappoint so many who were willing to pay money to see and hear me.

"But I was not told I was to appear, and it was most unfair that I should be blamed for what occurred. At first I was dreadfully hurt that my friends should so quickly criticize me. Gradually, I understood their positions. They are newspaper writers, and their duty is to print the news. They were told that I was to appear, and when without explanation I apparently chose to disregard my promise, they misunderstood. I do not blame them for their angry attitudes.

"Nobody was really to blame except the person who arranged the appearance without proper authority. Still, although no one was to blame, I was and am the sufferer. Why? Simply because the newspapers gave considerable space to my apparent negligence, but contributed only brief items to the true explanation of my failure to appear. For every thousand who read the original and unfair stories, I doubt if one read the brief items revealing the truth.

"And there, in a nutshell, I have explained the position of a motion picture actress. Glaring headlines are given rumors about her, and only a (Continued on page 76)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

The Song of
Songs
Paramount



For sheer pictorial charm this shimmering celluloid wins the Beauty Prize of the screen season. You've never seen more gorgeous *pictures*. Close-ups of La Dietrich to make men's heads swim. Breath-takingly beautiful outdoor scenes to make women dream. This doesn't mean, I'm sorry to say, that the drama of "The Song of Songs" will electrify you. The story of the lovely *Lily*, who leaves her aunt's musty bookshop for the thrilling realities of life in a sculptor's studio, only to become in turn a bored baroness and a bold, bad gal, seems tawdry, old-style stuff. Rouben Mamoulian's direction is at times so studied that it has a heavy, early-Griffith grandeur. But this same M. Mamoulian must be heartily cheered for coaxing Marlene to give a really vivid performance. She comes alive in this picture; she never says "No-o-o"—not once. Brian Aherne has a superb voice—he'll do. Alison Skipworth is, naturally, perfectly swell. Lionel Atwill plays the theatrical baron. See this lovely, if not lively film.

REVIEWS

of the

Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

Tugboat
Annie
M-G-M



The two most human and hearty souls on the screen are with us again—*Min* and *Bill*—I mean Marie Dressler and Wally Beery. You've been waiting so long for a sequel to that favorite film that a review is almost superfluous—well, practically. But for the few of you who want to be reassured let me say that "Tugboat Annie" is an ideal vehicle—if you can call a tugboat a vehicle—for these two beloved stars. Marie is skipper of the *Narcissus*, married to the worthless but good-natured Wally. It's Marie who slaves so that her son can go to college and become Captain of a liner. And all the time Beery is getting into mischief as only Beery can—Wally, as you may imagine, is no sissy, and brings Marie grief as well as grins. But he atones with the month's most heroic film sacrifice. Of course, it's a familiar formula, but the team's fine acting saves it from bathos. Robert Young and Maureen O'Sullivan are the Young Folks. And where will you find nicer movie love interest?

Double
Harness
RKO



For sheer enjoyment I recommend this picture unreservedly. It's smooth, suave, satisfying entertainment. And it is so superlatively directed, by John Cromwell; and so expertly played by Ann Harding, William Powell, and the cast, that it's only afterward that the "if's" and "but's" and "why's" begin to creep in. You'll find no fault with the story as you sit there interested, amused, and highly entertained by the intelligent and charming proceedings. Miss Harding has never been so altogether delightful as in this rôle of a girl who sets her pretty cap for Mr. Powell, the town's gayest and hardest-to-get bachelor. He loves her, but he's altar-shy. She tricks him, becomes his wife—and then fights really to win him. The excellent dialogue sparkles as these two super-trouper toss it about. You'll relish the knockout ending. Reginald Owen is a joy as an understanding butler. And you'll like Lucille Browne, a blonde beauty with a luscious voice. She is a find—sign her up, somebody!

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Highlights of the Movie Month:

Ruggles and Boland in "Mama Loves Papa"

Harding and Powell in "Double Harness"

Lionel Barrymore in "Stranger's Return"

Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs"

Walter Huston in "Storm at Daybreak"

Miriam Hopkins in "Stranger's Return"

Dressler and Beery in "Tugboat Annie"

Frank Morgan in "Best of Enemies"

Pert Kelton in "Bed of Roses"

Leslie Howard in "Captured"



Captured
Warners



The dramatic smash of the movie month—and Leslie Howard's finest performance. This Leslie Howard, you know, has Changed Things in Hollywood. He has made the boys work out there. An actor, now, must have more than a pleasant face to get along—thanks to Leslie, who has not only the perfect technique *but* a more pleasant face than any of them. And he calmly tops them all, and himself, too, in "Captured." I was—and you'll be—rather deeply touched by his magnificent portrayal of a British officer and gentleman who displays the true sporting spirit in a prison camp during the late war. When he finds out that his wife, played by Margaret Lindsay, loves not him, but his best friend, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., his world crumbles about his ears, but he carries on—into a terrific climax. It's a splendid picture. The one flaw I can find is the fact that any heroine could prefer some other actor to Mr. Howard. That's just silly! This is powerful adult drama—don't miss it.



Mama Loves
Papa
Paramount



Maybe you're quaint. Maybe you like to go to the movies once in a while just to be amused, with no Hollywood heroine's Love Problems to ponder on, or prisons to reform, or battles to help fight. I'm quaint, too. So I enjoyed "Mama Loves Papa." It's one of Paramount's gay and slightly goofy numbers. This company has a sense of humor. It breaks out often with a light, frothy piece like this and rounds up the family and gives it a good time. Charles Ruggles, one of the finest actors as well as funniest men on the screen, is seen here as Mr. Average Man married to Mary Boland, the movies' most engaging nit-witted wife. I hear you laughing quietly to yourself already. Well, it waxes more mirthful when Mr. Ruggles encounters Lilyan Tashman—good to see you again, Lil—as the wife of a politician; and presently *Papa* himself is engaged in politics, both civic and domestic. It's not an important picture at all, but you'll have a good time. And how you'll laugh at "Mr. and Mrs." Glad to see a real domestic comedy—it's been a long wait.



Stranger's
Return
M-G-M



I am not christening Phil Stong the Shakespeare of the celluloids when I say that he brings a human quality to screen literature that no other writer has managed to muster. His "State Fair" was a movie "natural." He should write directly for the screen—and then we might have a pungent, truly American screen classic. Right now his second book, "Stranger's Return," engages our attention in its celluloid translation. A good picture, it has some of the "State Fair" flavor without so much of its engaging appeal. But I can't carp about the chance it gives Lionel Barrymore in the rôle of a fine old farmer welcoming his wandering grand-daughter back to the soil. Miriam Hopkins, the sweet little *Stranger*, glows and glimmers in her own half-impish, half-intense fashion—you'll agree that she's grand. Franchot Tone, once you accept this sophisticate as a farmer, does a good job helping to keep Miriam down on the farm, only to—but you may not have read the book, and I'm not the one to be spoiling it for you. I know you'll like the picture.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films



The most womanly star on the screen, Ann Harding, has her devoted following who look to her for guidance in clothes, conduct, make-up, and manners! A large order, but Ann is equal to it. She endorses naturalness in make-up. See how skillfully she has enhanced the beauty of her eyes with careful use of good cosmetics.

Ann has never bobbed and never will! But she spends more time on her lovely hair than most women, because that gorgeous blonde mop must be brushed until it shines, and tended with the care it deserves. The result is the charming Harding coiffure—and have you noticed how in harmony it is with our “romantic” current clothes?



SCREENLAND'S Glamor School

Below, the screen's most gracious actress shows you the fascination of graceful, well-cared-for hands. Miss Harding doesn't go in for bright nail polish, wisely selecting the natural or coral tints as best suiting her type.



Ann Harding wears the most charming clothes she has ever worn on the screen in her new RKO picture, “Double Harness.” Here she is, left, in a delightful dress of black and white cross-bar wool, with petal-shaped collar and cuffs.

Ann's coat, which she wears over the dress at the left, is brown and white striped wool, with wide sleeves, patch pockets, and a tie at the neckline. Brown suede gloves and handbag, and a beige hat with a brown band.





Be feminine—wear lovely lacy collars, and soft, graceful fabrics, and don't be afraid to go just the least little bit gentle in your dress! Ann Harding is the happy combination of wistful womanliness and modern sophistication. She's a careerist who has never lost her sweetness, her grace, her very, very feminine appeal.

But being feminine doesn't mean being sad and clinging! Ann illustrates what she doesn't mean in the picture at the right! Girls these days don't just sit around brooding for beauty; they go out and acquire it, by way of study of their screen favorites and artful imitation! Ann Harding is as worthy a model as a girl can find.



SCREENLAND'S Glamor School

Ann Harding believes it's smart to be feminine! And she gives us her EXCLUSIVE ideas on Glamor in clothes, coiffures, and make-up

Ann's smartness is always and forever quiet and gracious, never brittle or spectacular. In "Double Harness" she is a beautiful picture in this suit of black velvet and gold check, pictured at the left. The blouse with its dainty jabot is of ecru silk lace. The tiny turban of black horse-hair has leaves of black velvet. Miss Harding's twin silver foxes add the note of correct luxury.

"Glamor" photographs of Miss Harding posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by Ernest Bachrach.

The "big scene" pajamas of "Double Harness" in which Miss Harding co-stars with William Powell. When the heroine faces her father in her lover's apartment, with marriage in the offing, she wears these altogether luscious yet discreet pajamas of pale blue satin. The bodice is a series of chiffon flounces, accordion-pleated. These Harding pajamas are the big moment of her new film.



"My Confessions"

By Charles Wesley Ruggles, Jr.

Son of Wesley Ruggles, the director; and nephew of Charlie Ruggles, the comedian



First official close-up of C. W. Ruggles, Jr., dictating his "Confessions."



"Pardon me for boasting, but you really think my mother is the prettiest young star in Hollywood? And my dad—there he is, holding me in the picture at the right, (I was just a baby then),—is pretty nice, too."

HELLO, everybody! I'm the new baby at Wesley Ruggles' house.

I'm still just a kid—was born February 4, to be exact, but oh boy, what I've learned about this funny old world!

Before I came here we unborn children used to wonder where we'd land and if we would really like our parents. It's an awful gamble, you know, sight unseen and everything. We'd get into a huddle and thrash out the possibilities. We might be born in the South Seas, or in India, or France, or in Arizona. Anyway, it helped pass the time while we waited.

Now I always had a leaning toward sunny California and motion pictures, so you can imagine my delight when I found my mother was pretty Arline Judge, my father, Wesley Ruggles, and Hollywood my home.

Then, there's my Uncle Charlie Ruggles. He's fun. I'm named for him and my dad; I'm Charles Wesley. Sometimes Wesley explodes, "Here I've waited forty-three years for a baby and my brother gets the first billing!"

The day I was born father stayed at the hospital with mother and me—guess he needed some moral support for he sent out an S.O.S. for Uncle Charlie, who cut a date at the studio and came rushing to us. When he saw me he gasped, "Is—is that *it*?" Then he gave me a wink and I knew we were going to be pals.



for October 1933

"And don't forget my mother is Arline Judge!" crow's Hollywood's newest baby star

As told to
Maude Cheatham

I heard him say I was surely going to be a comedian because I looked so funny, but Wesley, who is a director, exclaimed dramatically, "Heaven forbid! No, the boy shall be a banker."

Guess they have it doped out all right. Arline says I must go to college and then I may choose my own career. She talks about ideals and principles and holds me close to her heart and whispers that she expects great things of her son. Wesley seems to think I'll shine at football. He's always saying to his friends, "Take a look at the kid's mit, it's swell for a forward passer. Why, he's bound to be an athlete." Ho-hum! Well, I guess that's O.K.

Everybody seems so surprised that Arline, who they say is the most modern of all modern girls, should turn into a real old-fashioned mother. I guess this is because she loves to bathe and dress me herself while the nurse stands around and watches us. Her friends say it is too amazing and they wonder where she learned these things. Arline tosses her curls and smiles. When no one is listening she tells me she is getting the biggest kick of her life taking care of me. She believes in schedules and diets—oh, you should see me stall on orange juice and flirt with the pretty tomato juice. We have regular hours, too, and she says nothing shall interfere in giving me a good start in life.

I like Tuesday. That's the nurse's day out and Arline takes care of me herself. Sometimes she takes me out into the world and we visit the beauty parlor and gay gown shops. It's very exciting and I like it, all but the oh-ing and ah-ing over me and the baby talk they give me. I seem to favor blondes. Perhaps it is because I love color and it is fun watching the lights play with the golden hair. Of course, Arline is a lovely brunette with sparkling black eyes and she's the prettiest girl of them all. So, my blonde (Continued on page 74)

"Arline asked me if I minded if she went on with her career, now that I'm growing so fast. 'Not at all,' I said—I'm broad-minded. So here she is in what they call her 'come-back' film, 'Flying Circus,' with Ralph Bellamy and Bruce Cabot. Cute, isn't she?"

"I always say that my mother is the most modern girl in Hollywood—just look at her here, all dressed up for the movies! But I guess she's just an old-fashioned girl at the same time, because she takes awfully good care of me."



Art In Astoria!



Paul Robeson, singing star of "The Emperor Jones," plays a convict in the chain-gang sequence. Director Dudley Murphy is seated under an umbrella at left.



By
Mortimer
Franklin

Right, The Emperor Jones on his throne, with all the pomp with which he overawes the simple natives of his empire. Left, above, producers Krimsky and Cochran examine the script.



Filming of Eugene O'Neill's masterpiece, "The Emperor Jones," restores to the East its vanished cinema glory

BETWEEN close-growing trunks of palm, mango and guava trees, lush tropical foliage crowded up from the warm jungle earth. Leaf-laden vines crept lazily around the ancient tree-trunks; a slight swish, that might have been the darting of a bird or the sibilant crawl of a snake, was faintly audible.

Through the stillness of the somnolent forest a barbaric yell rang out:

"Okay for sound! Number Eight-Four-Two!"

A breathless hush; then came an answering chant:

"Cam-er-ah!"

And Brutus Jones, in the magnificent person of Paul Robeson, plunged through the underbrush on his last frenzied dash through the jungle.

Such episodes have been frequent in a score of motion picture studios. But this one was different. It did not take place in Hollywood, under whose fervid sun nothing ever is new. It occurred at the other end of the continent, just twenty minutes from Broadway and 42nd Street, where no less a pair of showmen than Messrs. Krimsky and Cochran, American sponsors of "Maedchen in Uniform," had leased the old Paramount eastern studio at Astoria, L. I., to make a cinema version of Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" as their first film producing venture. A venture, you are hereby given fair

warning, which threatens to go down in movie history as one of the leading steps toward the emancipation of the films from Hollywood's apron-strings.

While the lights were being adjusted for a retake, John Krimsky, senior member of the firm, confessed to me his hopes for an Eastern revival in motion pictures, in which he and his equally youthful associate, Gifford Cochran, are to play a starring rôle. Extremely serious they are about it, and extremely confident of their ability to produce their own motion pictures in Astoria. Mr. Krimsky, in his quiet, restrained and smiling way, admitted as much.

"New York," he insisted, "isn't merely a favorable place for making good pictures. Developments of the past few years have made it *the* logical place!"

"As everybody knows, the stage and the screen have been coming closer and closer together from year to year. A good stage play becomes a movie almost as a matter of course. The actors have become interchangeable to such an extent that today there is hardly a single player of any note who belongs to the stage exclusively. The same thing is true to a large extent of the writers, and even the directors. And since New York is the center of the stage world, and the stage is more or less a proving ground for the cinema, the (Continued on page 84)



Here's Lou Holtz with his stooge, Shawowsky. What's the matter, Lou, is Shawowsky pulling an old gag?

SO YOU want to know all about Lou Holtz. All right, let's dash up to the Columbia Broadcasting studio.

There he is—the chap with the cane; the plumpish lad with him is his stooge, *Shawowsky*. Lou has a complex about that cane—he never appears on the stage or before the microphone without it. Yes, Holtz always carries his props with him even to the studio. When he imitates a Frenchman he invariably wears a beret; if he impersonates a woman, he dons a sort of “Gay Nineties” chapeau, and throws a feather boa around his shoulders. It puts him in the spirit of the character. Lou's mother sits in on all his broadcasts—she's his most devoted public.

Now let's meet the man in person. Come on, Lou, step up and say a few words: “Hello, my fr-a-a-nds—so glad to be here—no, that's what they say at movie premières! Seriously, though, I like my radio work—and I hope you do, too. It's thrilling to know that your voice can be heard all over the country. But I must break down and confess that the microphone awes me—when I think of the millions of people listening in I get the radio jitters! Every Friday night is like the opening night of a Broadway show!” (This from a man who has been associated with the theatre for seventeen years!)

It was Lou who discovered the delightful Lyda Roberti. She was an unknown actress with the Publix circuit. Holtz and Jack Yellen were preparing to produce “You Said It” and they were looking for a “different” comedienne. Lyda was different, all right—she could barely speak English, and she had very little stage experience; but Lou saw the tremendous possibilities in this Polish girl. Even the agency that booked her asked Holtz if he were insane—imagine taking a chance like that on a Broadway show! But Lou persisted. Even Lyda, herself, wasn't keen on it. She was getting a nice salary from “Pooblicks,” as she called it, so why should she go into a show that might turn out to be a flop? However, “You Said It” was a tremendous suc-



Lou Holtz, star of many Broadway successes, and now one of the chief radio comedians.



What? You didn't recognize Mitzi Green? She's slender, pretty—and very ingénue-ish. But she's still a grand comedienne.

Hot Off the Ether

Meet your radio favorites
as they really are

By
Evelyn Ballarine

cess. And look at Lyda! Lou can pick 'em!

And here's news! Lou is one comedian who has no yen to play “Hamlet” or go dramatic on us! He prefers to dish out the laughs—for which, three cheers!

You'll be amazed when you see Mitzi Green on the screen again. She's tall, slender, pretty—and very ingénue-ish! She's been delighting the radio listeners with her grand imitations. In a ten-week check-up, Mitzi ran “Buck Rogers,” the current radio favorite, a close second in the affections of juvenile listeners.

Besides her radio work, Mitzi has been going to school. (P. S. She loves it!) And she has been taking singing and dancing lessons. And she's a contract bridge fiend. Tune in on her “Happy Landings” program, and give yourself a treat.

Radio Jottings:

Sitting in on a Phil Baker broadcast is more fun than a circus. Phil clowns throughout the program. While the announcer makes his dignified commercial announcement, Phil—smart boy—picks up several packages of the product and exhibits them to his studio audience. If the orchestra is playing a particularly inspiring number Baker and *Bottle*, his stooge, are apt to break out into the wildest dance you ever saw.

Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians broadcast every week from the stage of Carnegie Hall before 3,000 spectators!

Don't be too surprised if Rudy Vallee becomes a movie director! He has a motion picture camera and equipment and wherever he goes, he totes the camera along. Rudy has some grand stuff—theatre rehearsals, street scenes, and some marvelous country scenes that he filmed at his summer home in Maine.

Baby Rose Marie has been on the stage since she was two years old, and on the radio since she was three. Baby Rose Marie can learn her song in five or ten minutes.

Presenting The Movies' "House of MORGAN"

"I SHALL not knuckle to any of the Barrymores!" Can we believe our ears? A murmur, nay a shout of rebellion? Yes, a shout—and that in clear, controlled, yet emphatic tone! Whence came the shout? From the suave, the quiet, the smiling Frank, younger of the brothers Morgan. He, who had played the principal rôle of "Topaze" most successfully on the stage in New York, had been asked to appear again in the screen version. But not in the leading rôle! His aid was solicited for the *second* rôle in the screening of comedy. John Barrymore had been selected to play the part Mr. Morgan had created in New York. Then came Mr. Morgan's answer.

An answer that shook Hollywood! An actor had flouted the Barrymores. He had snapped the finger of indifference in the united facial front of the Royal Family of the stage, the monarchical trio of the screen. He would not knuckle, not he, to any Barrymore, be it, as the refrain had it, "Lionel, Ethel or Jack."

Was Morgan daring to the point of madness? What motivated this scene of defiance? Did he not know that the Barrymores are the oldest acting family of the American theatre? Was he unaware that there had been gloriously stellar nights when the names of the sister and her two brothers blazed, each above a different theatre, in New York at the same time?

No! Morgan was *not* mad. Yes, he believed he remembered the three-star radiance that once had illuminated Broadway. Then why had he said coolly, calmly, with a good-humored smile: "I will not knuckle to any of the Barrymores"?

Because he was quietly conscious that although he and his brother were not the ninth but the first of acting generations of their family, he had played "Topaze" so well, and *Duke Alessandro* in "Firebrand" so superlatively, there approached a time when their names would flash at the same time from Broadway's portals. So true was his prophetic vision that the night arrived when the name Morgan radiantly was spelled five times along the Lane of Lights: "Ralph" before two of them, "Frank" leading three, all in popular motion picture offerings!



Ralph, the elder of the Morgan brothers, and the more quiet and reserved of the two, launched his screen career with two famous characterizations: Charlie Marsden and Czar Nicholas.

In "Rasputin" the strange fate which seems to have intertwined the paths of the Morgans and the Barrymores brought Ralph, as the Czar, opposite Ethel Barrymore as the Czarina.

Ralph Morgan seeks diversion during a busy screen season by playing tennis with his daughter, Claudia. Miss Morgan has also embraced the profession of her father and uncle.





It was Frank Morgan who flatly refused to play second fiddle to John Barrymore in a picture whose leading rôle he had performed on the stage. He's a star in his own right.

Besides his impressive work in "straight" rôles, Frank makes a vigorous, believable actor in character parts. Here he is—right—as a picturesque doctor, with Lee Tracy.

Frank plays with Ann Harding and Myrna Loy in one of his most important rôles to date—the publisher in "When Ladies Meet," from Rachel Crothers' Broadway stage hit.



All about Ralph and Frank—famous brothers of the Broadway stage who've "arrived" on the Coast—to stay!

By Ada Patterson

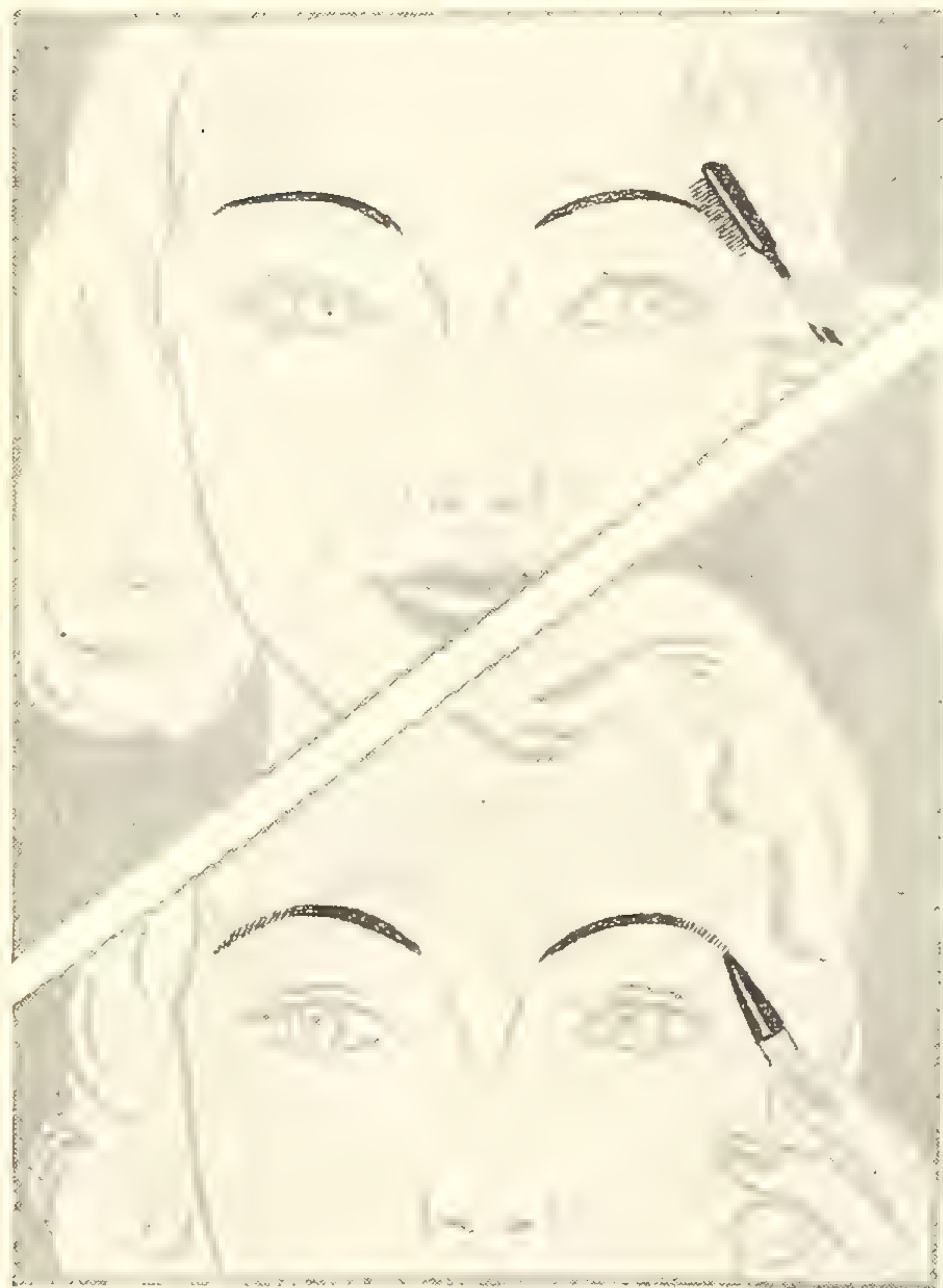
Of the first generation of actors were he and his elder brother Ralph, but their line ran back not to an acting ancestor nine times removed, but to Goethe and to the time of the war lord Charlemagne. That could be proved beyond a doubt. The family archives hold proof of a Wuppermann (Wupper, the river, and Mann, meaning the man of the river Wupper), who fought with the conqueror. Goethe was his father's cousin, as documents bore witness.

Yes, it is true that Wuppermann is the family name and Morgan the assumed one of the distinguished brothers. Raphaele bestowed it at the same time that he shortened his own christened name to Ralph. "Morgan" was terse. Morgan balanced easily the chosen Ralph. Morgan it would be. Since Ralph was the first of the brothers to adopt the theatre his choice of the professional name was accepted by Frank, the younger, and Carlos, the middle brother—Carlos, who had the dramatist's gift and proposed to write plays in which his brothers should appear. Who indeed wrote "The Triumph of X" in which Frank made one of his earliest appearances. Carlos, the idealist, who went to war and who died while a member of the Army of Occupation in Germany.

Raphaele Wuppermann, by family decree, was to become a lawyer. He trod the family-decreed path by finishing a law course at Columbia. While he was so preparing himself for submission to the weighty family wish he played often with Columbia students in amateur theatricals. Admiring friends persuaded him to appear in a special Ibsen offering at a special matinée, in "The Comedy of Love," in New York. Mrs. Fernandez, then the foremost theatrical agent in New York, saw his performance, and going back stage, advised him, in motherly and authoritative ac-

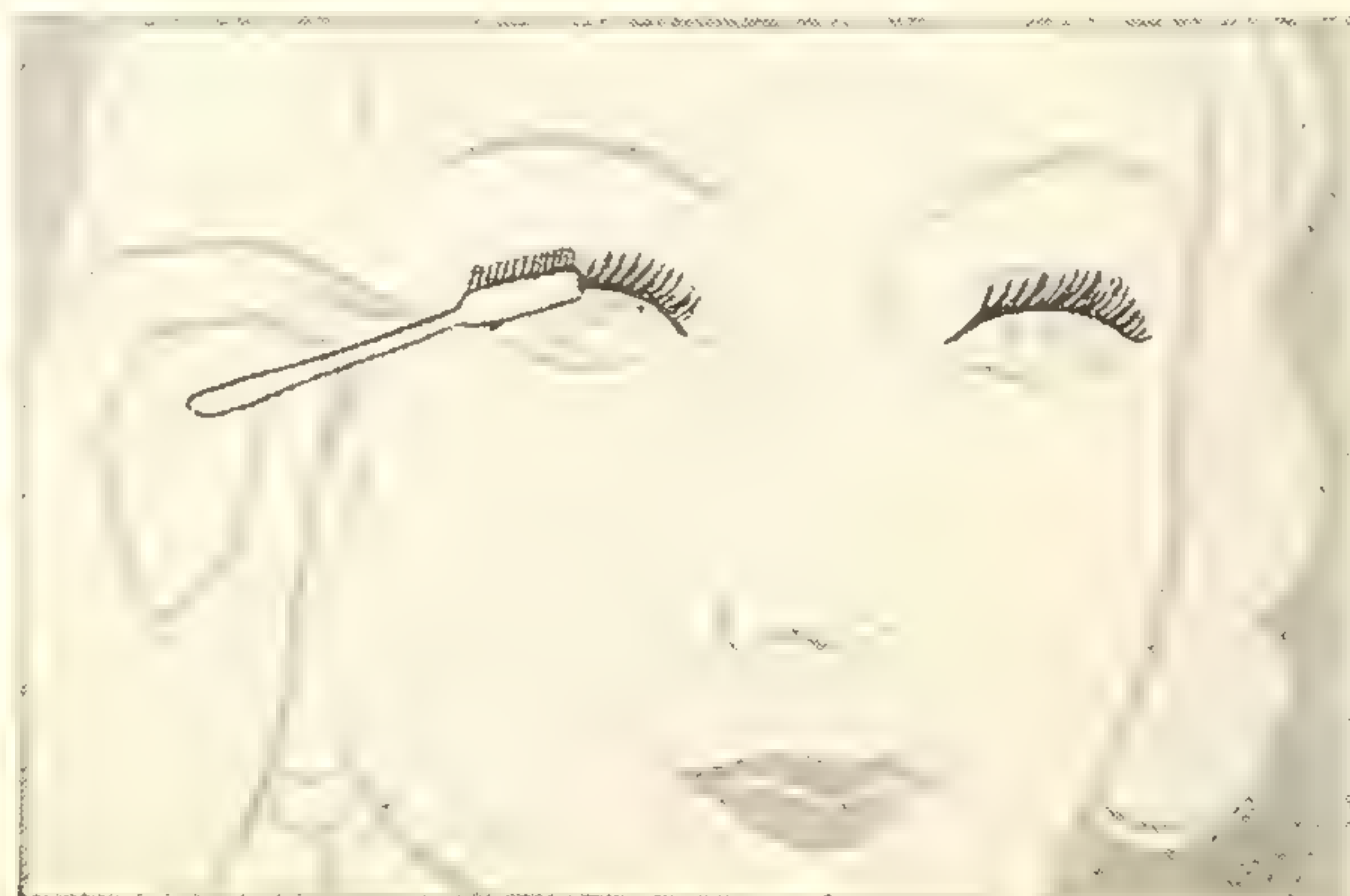
cents, to turn his back upon a career in the law and adopt the more colorful and romantic one of the theatre. Listening to the voice of the Circe of business, gently ignoring the voice of another mother, his own, saying "If you go on the stage I will disinherit you," he signed as utility man for a stock company in Richmond, Va. Passing the first rung he became a juvenile of the company. His minimum salary of twenty-five dollars a week grew commensurately. He remembers playing a soldier in "The Prisoner of Zenda" with Richard Bennett, and the next week becoming *Clem*, the juvenile of Rachel Crothers' first successful play, "The Three of Us." His middle-aged, motherly Circe, in her Broadway office, was thinking of him. She arranged for George Tyler's engagement of (Continued on page 82)

*If You Are The
Girlish Type—
Janet Gaynor
Shows You How!*



(Above) Keep your eyebrows always flat and neat by brushing daily with a dry mascara brush. If your eyebrows do not grow in a complete curve over your eyes, pluck the scraggly hairs at the end, and fill out the line with an eyebrow pencil.

(Right) If your eyes are far apart and you want them to look big and luminous, place a tiny pin-head dot of cream rouge at the corners. Use mascara only on the upper lashes, for a natural effect, and always stroke the brush upward.



Star Make-up for

By Katharine

THE way you "wear" your eyebrows—and the way you make up your eyes has a great deal to do with the impression you make on people. If you are naturally girlish and have a round face like Janet Gaynor—then you want to keep your eye make-up as simple as possible, in accordance with Janet's custom.

- ❑ If you are her type, Janet Gaynor advises that you keep your eyebrows as near their natural shape and line as possible. Never pluck them too thin, and always pluck from the under side. This makes the eye look larger. Never use a razor on your eyebrows.
- ❑ If your brows grow together in the center, pluck them to allow a one-inch space between the eyes.
- ❑ Unruly eyebrows may be softened by using soap or vaseline on the eyebrow brush.
- ❑ If it is necessary to use mascara on the eyebrows to make them appear darker, first apply the mascara by brushing against the grain of the brows. This colors the under-part of the brow, as well as the top. Then smooth them back with the brush. Always remove mascara at night. Blondes should use a brown mascara. Brunettes may use black.
- ❑ The girlish type should very rarely use eyeshadow, since it makes the eyes look heavily-lidded. You may, however, use a bit of vaseline on the eyelid to make it gleam and glisten, and to accent the curve of the lid.



If You Are The Exotic Type— Carole Lombard Sets Your Style!

Eyes and Eyebrows

Hartley

THE sirens of the screen started the uplift movement in eyebrows. Carole Lombard shows how an exotic effect may be achieved by arching the eyebrows upward at the temples . . . and by using a heavy eyeshadow and plenty of mascara. If your face is long and oval, then try the Lombard make-up.

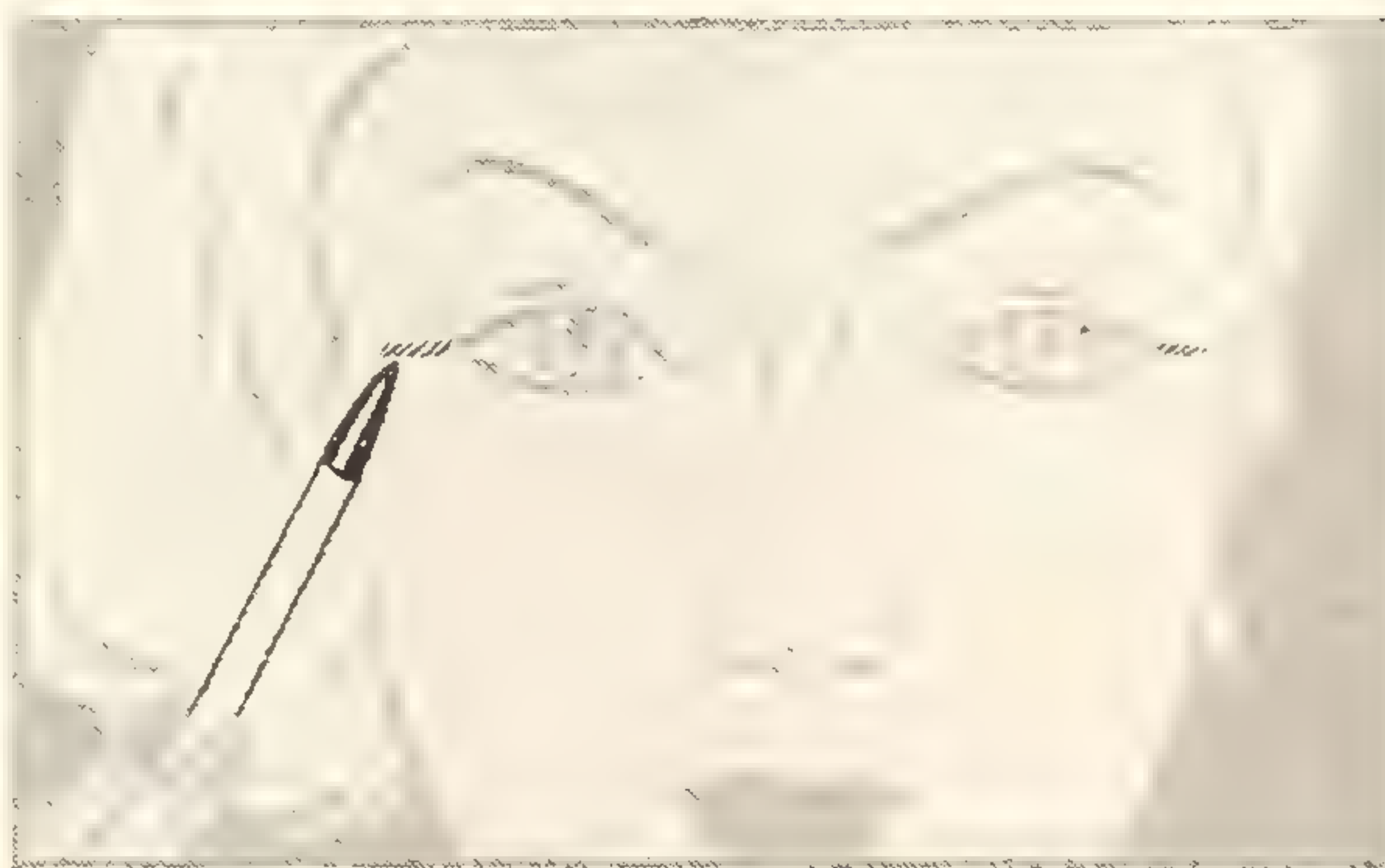
☞ You may be able to train your eyebrows to arch upward at the ends, by always plucking the under-part of the eyebrow, and by using vaseline and oil applications on top of the eyebrow. If not, you will have to pluck the ends out and pencil in the upward arch.

☞ If your lashes are not naturally long and thick, you can wear artificial lashes. These are glued on, as many as 40 or 50 to an eye, then trimmed to a suitable length.

☞ An eyebrow pencil may be used to extend the eye-line. Do not "pencil" under the eyes.

☞ Eyeshadow should be applied only on the lower part of the lid—to give a contrast between the lid and the skin under the eyebrow. Blue and gray are usually best for blue eyes—and lavender, green or brown for brown eyes. The newest eyeshadows have tiny silver or gold specks in them.

☞ If you wish to verify the correctness of your eyeshadow, stand in front of one mirror and hold a hand-mirror under your chin. Look down into the hand-mirror at your eyelids which may be seen in the mirror in front of you.



(Above) To effect a high-arched eyebrow, pluck all the hairs away from the ends of the brow, then draw in the high arch with a pencil. Exotic types may also use artificial eyelashes, which are individually glued to the eyelids.

(Left) To make your eyes more expressive, extend the line of your eyelid, by using an eyebrow pencil at the outside corner of the eye. Use the pencil lightly and blot with your finger tip. Eyeshadow is used on the upper lid only.



Acme

Holy Smoke? Queen Greta, in what is probably the most informal snapshot ever taken of her, appears as a hardy mariner, pipe and all. It happened during her European vacation.



High and dry! Lilian Harvey does her autumnal surf bathing from the diving board, dabbling her dainty toes in her own Beverly swimming pool. P. S.—Our last swimming picture of the season!

HERE'S

CONSIDERABLE friendly rivalry exists between Joe E. Brown and Jimmy Durante, who are respectively proud of their exorbitant facial features.

When Durante returned to Hollywood from New York, he sent Joe a large scrub brush to which he had nailed a handle. An attached card announced this to be "A toothbrush for Big Mouth."

Not to be outdone, Brown hastened to a store and purchased a tablecloth. This he sent with a note: "A hankie for Schnozzle."

By

Weston East

AFTER all these years, Janet Gaynor clings to the same make-up kit she used during "Seventh Heaven." It is not really a make-up box at all, but is a fishing-tackle container with grease paint, rouge, and lip-stick where hooks and leaders are usually stored.

Janet laughingly explains her odd kit with: "If cosmetics don't come under the head of fishing tackle, what does?"

AN ENVELOPE addressed: "Why Don't You Come Up Some Time? Hollywood," was delivered promptly to Mae West Did Maurice Chevalier look up the lovely lady stars after his return from Europe? No; his first call was upon Baby LeRoy The James Gleasons celebrated their twenty-seventh wedding anniversary during the week when nine divorces were announced in Hollywood Less than a fortnight after Peggy Hopkins Joyce was quoted, "I was never so happy to get away from a place," she was back in Hollywood Jean Harlow's radio-interview elicited more letters than any single program ever broadcast from that station Wearing Benda masks, fifty chorus girls in "Dancing Lady" have features the replica of Joan Crawford's This is no joke: Lew Ayres returned from his debut-visit to New York with a neck-crick brought on by gaping at tall buildings.



Acme

Clark Gable brings in a catch of trout! The one that got away would have been too big for this picture, anyway.

PERHAPS Greta Garbo does not realize that she was observed. If not, this tribute to her "kindest deed of the month" will inform her.

One day I was motoring on Washington boulevard where I recognized the Swedish star's limousine in front of me. As I watched, her car swerved unexpectedly to the curb. The reason was immediately apparent—a tiny girl was seated beside the street, crying bitterly. At her side lay the inert body of a dog; evidently her pet had been crushed by an automobile.

Garbo stepped quickly from her machine and sat beside the child. I meanwhile parked a safe distance away. I saw the actress fumble in her purse and summon her chauffeur, after which the driver departed. Within a few minutes he returned, and in his arms wiggled the cutest, liveliest puppy imaginable.

Three minutes later the entire episode had ended. The small puppy and the child were playing gaily. The chauffeur had removed the body of the dead dog. Greta had smiled and re-entered the deep recesses of her limousine. Her car had drawn peacefully away.

I remained parked for minutes, wishing the world might have witnessed the charming story that had unfolded itself before my eyes.

YOU'LL giggle at this: Ernst Lubitsch, Napoleonic little director, flew from New York to Hollywood. For some time following his arrival he was stone deaf; in fact, after hours had passed and he still could not hear, he hurried to a doctor.

You guessed it—Lubitsch had forgotten to remove the cotton wads (often worn for airplane travel) from his ears!

HOLLYWOOD!

Confidential close-ups
of your picture pets at
home

Below, meet Jean Harlow's favorite escort, Hal Rosson, photographed with the famous blonde.

International



Acme

Glad to be back! Herbert Marshall, suave Englishman who has made a secure place for himself in American films, returns from a visit to his homeland with his attractive wife, Edna Best.

MONTHLY CHEER AND HISS DEPT.:

A LOVELY close-up to Peggy Shannon. Her fans staged a great campaign to return the red-head to the screen. Perhaps due to their efforts, she is back. To prove her gratitude, Peggy is setting aside a part of her salary toward a fund which will be donated to a charitable institution in the name of her fan club.

A beautiful, soft-focus close-up to Claudette Colbert for her thoughtfulness. When Claudette and her house-guests were about to take a swim, Miss Colbert saw that some birds were enjoying baths in her pool. She insisted that her own swimming party be delayed until the feathery-visitors concluded their plunges and preenings.

A nice close-up to Charles Bickford (who received a long shot here a few months ago), for his generosity. Bickford donated his \$10,000 automobile service station to the Assistance League of Hollywood, in order that the profits might be devoted into charitable channels.

A HOLLYWOODIAN who is well acquainted with Jean Harlow telephoned the platiblonde and said: "Jean, a friend from the East is visiting town and I'm showing him the interesting sights. He has seen the Chinese Theatre, the Brown Derby and the Rudolf Valentino statue. May I bring him out to your house, Jean? I want to show him you!"

THE studio publicity director asked Joan Blondell if she would make a personal appearance at a local theatre.

"All you must do," he promised, "is say a few words, and then present a prize—a refrigerator."

"No; I won't do it," said Joan. "I tried to lift one of those things once before."



International

Garbo-bound! Laurence Olivier, another of those ingratiating Britishers, and Garbo's new leading man, arrives en route for the Coast with Mrs. Olivier.



Jaunty Janet! The little apostle of cinematic sweetness and light has her frisky side as well! Here's the Gaynor in a gay moment.

SHORTLY after Ed Wynn's arrival in Hollywood for his talkie debut, he was guest of honor at the Los Angeles Breakfast Club. As a part of the proceedings, Wynn was made honorary chief of the city fire department.

"Now that I am fire-chief," squealed (you know how) Wynn, "I want to tell the merchants of Los Angeles to go right ahead with their fires—I promise I will not interfere."

IN her quiet, undramatic way, Joan Crawford has once again written a humanitarian entry into her book of kind acts.

Not even employees of the studio knew exactly why one member of the girls-chorus, at work in "The Dancing Lady," was suddenly absent. Perhaps those who missed her believed she had been discharged.

The truth is, the absentee was suddenly stricken with an ailing appendix. Joan saw her faint, and it was Joan's car that rushed the girl to a private hospital. Also, Miss Crawford's personal check paid for the operation.

Some day an index of Joan's generosity will be compiled. It will be a voluminous book.

THERE is no news in the Miriam Hopkins-director King Vidor romance, but few people know that he reads and okays her scripts before she consents to do a picture.

Ernst Lubitsch knows, however, so when Miriam received her newest script from the little German director, she found written across the front by his hand: "Dear King: Will you see if you think I should play this part? Miriam."



International

Happy homecoming! Irving Thalberg, youthful film executive, Norma Shearer, his lovely wife, and Irving, Jr. return from their recent vacation abroad, brimming with health and energy. Note Norma's quaint traveling costume—not to mention Junior's snappy sailor suit!

IT LOOKED like a "shotgun wedding" for Mary Brian and Russell Gleason, the day when she and the boy friend were lunching in the Brown Derby, and Russ' dad, Jimmy Gleason, blew in brandishing a revolver, just as in the second act of a mellerdrammer.

Customers gulped with consternation, but when pater Gleason amicably joined Mary and Russell, the tension eased. Actually, Gleason senior was in make-up for a picture, and his garb included the artillery he was toting

AMUSING, that letter George RAFT received from a fan. She enclosed a newspaper clipping of a girl's picture over which appeared the heading: "GIRL CLINGS TO RAFT FOR 36 HOURS."

The fan scribbled across the face of the clipping, "Is this the record? May I compete?"

FIRST-VISITORS to the estate of Edward Everett Horton are mystified by the fact that every tree on the property bears a name plate, and some are numbered. There are for instance, Hollywood No. 1, Hollywood No. 2, and so on. There are also Orange, Orchid, Franklyn, and other names.

Horton explained the perplexing name-arrangement to me. It seems that Eddie keeps a close watch on Hollywood street improvements, and when he sees an avenue being widened, he asks if the trees are to be destroyed. If so, he obtains permission to transplant them on his own property. This is an expensive undertaking—but you've no idea how much he saves by not having to buy the trees. Horton names the woody plants after the avenues from which they are taken.



Acme

Discovered! Mary Rogers, daughter of the famous Will, crashed the movies incognito. Here she is, posing with Lilian Harvey. Watch for Mary as "Mary Howard," her adopted screen name.

HOLLYWOOD, ever alert for new ways to "put on the dog," has discovered something that actually stuns out-of-towners.

A small group contributed generously to a police charity. In return, each received a special license plate for his car.

The insignia has no actual value, but every policeman who see it *salutes*, by an agreement among the coppers in return for the donations

Believe you me, the out-of-towners gain new respect for their friends who rate such attention from the police.

THINGS I never hope to see: Oliver "Babe" Hardy on a diet.

Greta Garbo involved in a bridge argument.

A divorceless month in Hollywood.

Lilyan Tashman at a fire sale.

Lupe Velez quiet for two consecutive minutes.



"Vive Novarro!" shouts most of the population of Paris, as the ever-boyish, ever-popular Ramon leaves the Alhambra Theatre in that city after a personal appearance. The esteem in which this singing star is held abroad more than matches the popularity he enjoys in this country.



Wide World

The merry Munis! Paul, the dramatic star, and Mrs. Muni, beam graciously upon the ubiquitous cameraman. Watch for Paul's next film!



Wide World

Northward, ho! The Barrymores are off for a long cruise in Alaskan waters on John's yacht. Those two young Polar explorers, Dolores Ethel Barrymore and John, Jr., are accompanying John and his wife, the former Dolores Costello, just to see that they have a safe voyage.

GRETA GARBO has talked again; she has said, "I like California for its sun baths" A fan wrote to Bing Crosby: "Your baby is the world's luckiest. Imagine you crooning it to sleep in the middle of the night!" The studio publicity department swears that when Cecil B. De-Mille called for 300 rats, the casting office was flooded with gangster types Pickfair, home of Mary and Doug (Pickford-Fairbanks), was advertised to sell for \$400,000, including complete personal possessions Colleen Moore has leased her gorgeous Hollywood-Bellaire home and is in New York Boris Karloff returns to the screen soon in a sequel to "Frankenstein."

ADD dumb-girl remarks: Jack Oakie between scenes of the new movie musical comedy in which he is appearing, idly asked a member of the chorus what she thought of President Roosevelt's reforestation movement.

"I dunno; I've never done it," responded the lovely-but-dumb. "Will you show me the steps?"

OUT OF MY ENVELOPES: From Miss Ruth Fiffer, 5300 Pensacola Avenue, Chicago: "I'd spend my whole salary, if necessary, to make my Clark Gable club a success. I'd go without all the luxuries I so enjoy to give him a wonderful club."

Wilma Elliot, Jean Harlow Club, Short Falls, N. J., types: "Speaking of rumors, I read in one newspaper that Jean had an operation in Chicago, in another paper that she was in Cape Cod, and in still another that she had returned to Hollywood. Is Jean triplets? What's the answer to this one?"

"I am glad that the depression is ending," pens Katherine Manning, 7639 No. Ashland Avenue, Chicago. "The world may well be thankful to motion pictures, for the screen has preserved peace of mind for the discouraged during the long troubled period. The movies have done their part, and more."

"Many of these English actresses are beautiful, and I see no reason for keeping them off the screen." So impartially writes Eleanore Bellson, 727 W. 14th Place, Chicago. "Heather Angel is a lovely thing, and Miriam Jordan and Phyllis Barry are stunning. The screen has room for any number of such charming creatures."

Jean Betty Huber, president, June Clyde Club, 18 Glenbrook Road, Morris Plains, N. J., opines: "I think Katharine Hepburn is the grandest person! I so admire her originality, her independence and her 'I-don't-give-a-darn' attitude. I hope we're going to keep on seeing a lot of Katharine in the movies."

Mrs. S. J. Barnum, 555 Starkweather Avenue, Plymouth, Mich., writes gratefully: "When I was confined to a sanatorium with a lingering illness, Alice White drove sixty miles out of her way to visit me. God bless her, she brought a lot of sunshine into my monotonous sanatorium existence."



Wide World

Lee Tracy, your pet picture dynamo in human form, turns from watching the National Air Races to give the photographers his sweetest smile. With him is Isabel Jewel, lovely blonde stage and screen actress, who's wholly approved of by Tracy. And no wonder!



Elsa Lanchester, wife of Charles Laughton and well-known English actress, supports her husband in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

THE story of how a leading riding academy *did not* sell a valuable horse to Greta Garbo bears re-telling.

Garbo was a constant visitor at this academy, from which she rented mounts and went for long rides, always alone. A newspaper cameraman heard of her practice, so for days he lurked near with his picture-box.

After about a week of waiting, he was rewarded when Greta appeared. He stepped forward camera aimed—but Garbo fled! She never returned, and the academy owner threatened a damage suit because he had expected to close a deal with the star for the purchase of a very high-priced steed.

EVERYBODY who is Hollywood knows that Bing Crosby regards Russ Colombo as an imitator. Bing is never reluctant to aver that Colombo aped his (Bing's) singing style.

Well, soon after the birth of Gary Evans Crosby, Bing received a wire from Russ. It read: "Passed hospital and recognized your baby by its voice."

To which Crosby answered: "Don't start imitating it!"



Laughton's heaviest rôle! As the corpulent *King Henry VIII*, Charles Laughton, that accomplished character actor, finds a part worthy of his unique talent. Note the elaborate upholstery in which he plays the part.



Royal rendezvous! Supporting Laughton in the rôle of one of the much-married *Henry's* flames is Binnie Barnes, pretty ingénue of the English screen. This picture was filmed in England by British International.

GROUCHO MARX, to help out a friend, bought a lot sight unseen. The friend told Marx the property "is only a hop from the station."

Groucho and his wife decided to drive out and look at their lot. They drove about three miles from the station, at which Marx said, "This is one of those America-to-Europe hops!"

TO ACHIEVE what he calls a "sexy mustache" for scenes in "The Worst Woman in Paris," Adolphe Menjou waxed that hirsute adornment until it was starchy stiff. Whereupon he was faced with a new worry—the mustache was so hard that it was in danger of being snapped sharp off if struck suddenly.

So what did Adolphe do but invent a new gadget—a *mustache protector*! Like a nose guard, it fits over the mustache and protects it from heavy blows. It is held in place by hooks that loop Adolphe's ears.

ROMANTIC DOO-DADS: That little chap staggering around Hollywood with a dazed expression is Dan Cupid. He has received some terrible blows during the past few weeks.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Carole Lombard and William Powell, Richard Dix, Zita Johann, Oliver "Babe" Hardy—the separations were so numerous that the nude archer is daffy.

Because rumors pursue facts, there are hints of other marital smash-ups to come. The Clark Gables, the Neil Hamiltons, the Townsend Netchers (Constance Talmadge), Clara Bow and Rex Bell, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, and Ruth Chatterton and George Brent are all busily denying.

The rumors about the Gables and Miss Chatterton and Brent sprang from a similar source: Both Clark and Ruth left Hollywood alone—and separately, I mean—and gossipers blamed marital dissensions, when in truth, illness was the reason in each case.

Cupid's month was not a total loss, however. After three years of courtship, Marguerite Churchill and George O'Brien at last reached the altar. Dorothy Jordan eloped to Arizona with studio executive Merian Cooper. Mozelle Brittone became the bride of Alan Dinehart.

Cooper wooed Miss Jordan expensively before he won her. Each and every morning during their courtship he sent her an orchid corsage, and when she flew to New York he caused flowers to meet every stop of her plane.

Further lifting the darkness from Dan Cupid's heart are the expected weddings of Frances Dee to Joel McCrea, Alice White to John Warburton, Boots Mallory to Cy Bartlett, Eleanor Holm to Arthur

Jarrett, and Benita Hume to Jack Durfee, English speedboat pilot. Odd that McCrea's expected merger should so quickly follow the marriage of Hollywood's other most eligible bachelor, O'Brien. Also strange that Miss White and Bartlett, ex-sweeties, should simultaneously be rumored about to announce their prospective knottings, to other than each other.



"You Made Me Love You" is the perfectly fitting title of Thelma Todd's first foreign film vehicle, in which she receives star billing.



Claude Rains, distinguished stage actor, makes his screen debut in the title rôle of H. G. Wells' fantastic story, "The Invisible Man."

Hollywooders who are raising the mercury these days include Randolph Scott and Vivain Gaye (this was oh-so-cold for a spell), Estelle Taylor and director Rowland Brown, and Miriam Hopkins and director King Vidor.

Lola Lane and Lew Ayres are telephonatics again. Joan Crawford nixes any serious intent about her friendship with Franchot Tone. Maureen O'Sullivan says she will not marry John Farrow.

Speaking of romances, a nifty heart-affair for 1933 faded when the Crosby baby turned out to be a boy. Before its arrival, papa Crosby had practically promised Richard Arlen that if his child were a girl, she should wed Richard Ralston Arlen, Jr.

Amidst the disconcerting succession of divorces and broken romances, several lengthy marital unions merit mention. George Arliss has been married 34 years. Charles Murray is 27-years-wed. James Gleason is a 26-year husband, and right at his heels follows Will Rogers with a silver anniversary just celebrated. Jean Hersholt and George Bancroft have each been married 20-years.

Others long-wed include Eddie Cantor (19 years), Warner Baxter (18), Clive Brook (13), Paul Muni (12), Spencer Tracy (11), Harold Lloyd-Mildred Davis, and Lionel Barrymore (10 years each).

WHEN Jack LaRue was cast for a Western rôle in "To the Last Man" he was also told that he would have to ride a horse.

Now Jack has never ridden a horse, so he decided to *learn by easy stages*. And were a gang of his studio friends given an amusing surprise when they visited a beach pleasure pier and espied LaRue astride a merry-go-round horse!

WALTER HUSTON relates that when he visited San Quentin penitentiary to seek atmospheric data for a picture, he asked an inmate for his name.

"Number 100657," the prisoner growled. "That your real name?" asked Huston, grinning.

The prisoner thawed. "Naw," he said, "that's my pen name."



Margaret Sullavan, new importation from Broadway, has the leading feminine rôle opposite John Boles in Universal's "Only Yesterday." It's a sweeping drama of American history of our own generation.



In "I Loved a Woman" Eddie Robinson adds another distinctive characterization to his extensive gallery of stage and screen portrayals. With him, as a sweet young woman of a bygone generation, is Kay Francis at her loveliest.

IF YOU have observed a large automobile bearing a California license passing through your town, look inside and see if Zita Johann is curled on the rear seat.

Miss Johann, who crosses the continent often, always travels by automobile. She employs two chauffeurs and makes the New York-to-Hollywood journey in six days.

"Half the time I don't even know where I am," confessed Zita after her last trip. "I sleep and read until night falls, after which I stop at the first big city until next morning, when I'm off again."

YOU are ninety-nine-one-hundredths crazy if you don't think Bing Crosby was stumped for a come-back when Richard Arlen brought out a dictionary and read aloud the definition of the verb croon.

To save you investigation-trouble, Webster avers, to wit:

"Croon: To sing in a low, monotonous manner; to bellow in a low, muffled tone."

JOAN BLONDELL reads in the bathtub; appropriately, she reads sea stories . . . Mae West did not see "She Done Him Wrong," until it arrived at her neighborhood theatre seven months after its first runs . . . After several years off the screen, Anna Q. Nilsson returns in "The World Changes" . . . During his personal appearance tour, Dick Powell, with a temperature of 103, went on the stage and sang "I'm Young and Healthy" . . . Joan Crawford has a new collecting fad—this time it is miniature toy Scotties . . . Will Rogers treated his entire company to luncheon at the Assistance League, a charitable organization . . . Hollywood got a chuckle out of that report that Mickey and Minnie Mouse had *pfitt* . . . Clara Bow, Edward Everett Horton and Mae West were born within the same three blocks, New York City . . . Esther Ralston, career-long blonde to date, turns brunette in her next, "To the Last Man" . . . Ricardo Cortez has collected Hollywood's finest stable of Arabian horses since Rudolf Valentino pursued a like hobby . . . They say Bing Crosby wanted a boy so he could prove that crooners are born, not made.

A FUNNY story that Richard Arlen tells on himself dates back a few years to a time when he sought to complete an arrangement whereby any document or contract he signed would be worthless without his wife's signature.

Dick's attorney informed him that in only one way could that be accomplished. To make the arrangement legal, Arlen would have to have himself adjudged mentally incompetent.

HOLLYWOOD news and gossip while it is news and gossip—that is our motto. We point with becoming immodesty, to a few statements printed in these columns months ago:

George O'Brien will wed Marguerite Churchill. *He did.*

Karen Morley will become a mama in the fall. *She denied it then, but now admits.*

Richard Dix and his wife will soon separate. *They have.*

Gary Cooper will not wed the Countess Frasso. *Just about everybody else stated otherwise, but their romance seems to be cold.*

Barbara Stanwyck will not divorce Frank Fay. *They are this close.*

Carole Lombard and William Powell will part soon. *Done.*

The Arlen and Crosby babies will both be boys. *Well, even if those were guesses, Richard Ralston and Gary Evans are proof of our correct guessing.*



Robert and Mrs. Montgomery pause in their travels to smile at the world. You'll be seeing Bob soon in "Another Language."

ALICE WHITE is one of Hollywood's more clever actresses. When Paramount's search for a girl to play the title rôle in "Alice in Wonderland" was at its height Alice sent the casting director a group of pictures of herself in the part, complete with scenery.

Studio officials believed that Miss White constructed a set, hired "Alice in Wonderland" characters, and then posed amidst the entire outfit. Not so; the pictures were taken years ago when Alice was a Warner contract star.

ONE enterprising salesgirl peddling candy within a studio has discovered that the stars are as children—seekers of free prizes. This girl hides gifts in some of her candy sacks, and the stars hastily buy her out in their frenzy to discover these presents. Just another case of human nature at work!

I arrived on the set one day to learn that Claudette Colbert had just purchased nine sacks of candy (which she divided among set workers) in an effort to win a prize.

THE Marx Brothers can work more havoc in a studio than an earthquake.

They arrived early one recent morning, and armed with screwdrivers they visited the executive-building and interchanged the name plates on all doors. The consequent confusion is indescribable.



High and handsome! That famous romantic screen couple, Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, return to Hollywood.



Robert Young and his bride face life smilingly from their vine-clad cottage. Mrs. Young was Bob's childhood sweetheart.



Arctic warmth! Molla (don't get them confused, that's the man!) makes far from frigid love to Iva in "Eskimo," epic of the North.

YOU could have knocked Gary Cooper over with a feather! Here he was rushing Judith Allen, the screen newcomer whose presence in Hollywood was attended by so much mystery. It was whispered that she was a member of Boston society, and to hide the family name she assumed an alias.

But it turned out that she is really the wife of Mr. Gus Sonnenberg, the beeg, beeg wrestler-feller. He has muscles and everything, so Gary decided caution is wiser than foolhardiness—he ceased rushing "Miss Allen."

P.S. She is divorcing Gus.

BILL GARGAN'S new baby is named Leslie, after its father's close friend, Leslie Howard. Gargan played with Howard for several months as the latter's whimsical manservant in the Broadway stage production of "The Animal Kingdom," and the two friends were reunited in their respective rôles when the play was filmed in Hollywood.

A STORY that is being told around Hollywood is most typical of Will Rogers:

It seems that the master-wit drove his car ten miles to Beverly Hills and parked near a theatre where one of his own pictures was playing. As he neared the ticket office, he explored his pockets and discovered that he had forgotten his money.

Without a word Rogers returned to his car, backed painstakingly from his parking place and retraced the ten miles to his home and bed.

SHATTERED loves command newspaper bannerlines in the film city. Renewed loves rarely receive more than a mention.

I am reminded of this because only recently I ran across Wallace MacDonald and his wife, Doris May. A few years ago, both were prominent on the screen. They married, then divorced—and their estrangement was flashed across front pages.

But for the past several years the MacDonalds have been re-united; re-married. They have found a happiness more poignant for the unhappy recess of their parting.

VERY laugh-worthy, the break of that chap who was introduced to Wallace Beery and little Carol Ann Beery.

The fellow went into ecstasies (and well he might) over the child's beauty. As a courteous note, he added, "She has eyes just like yours, Mr. Beery, but I see no other family resemblance."

Not until hours later did the man learn that Carol Ann is an adopted baby.

JEAN HARLOW'S perfectly white hair when exposed to the sun darkens. Instead of bleaching (how could it, my sillies, when it is already white) it sings to a shade several tones toward brown.

Jean made this discovery after she had a new swimming pool constructed. She was swimming daily while she was at work in "Hold Your Man." A studio cameraman informed Jean that her hair was photographing darker, so she now wears a swimming cap when she plays in her pool.

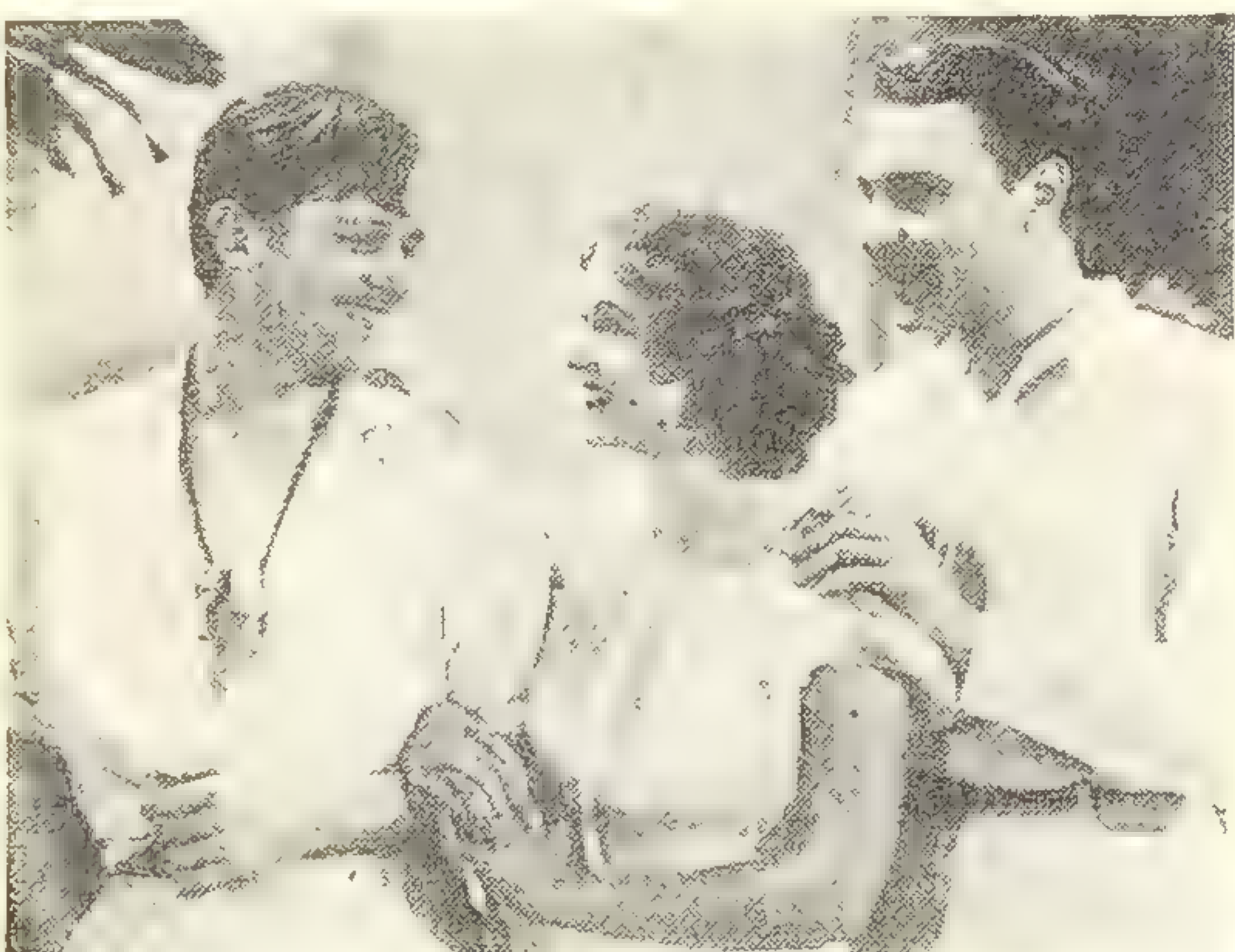
THE most ardent devotee of sword-fishing in the movie colony is Muriel Kirkland of the bright red tresses—natural, too. As soon as she finishes a picture, Muriel dons her sea-going togs and hies to Balboa. There, in an ancient and somewhat leaky tub, she and Gilbert Wright, son of Harold Bell Wright, the novelist, spend many hours seeking to ensnare the elusive sword-fish. At least, it's an unusual avocation for a girl!

DOROTHY LEE is the latest actress to take up aviation A letter addressed to "America's Ace Crooner" was delivered to Bing Crosby Groucho Marx vows he refused to attend a nudists' party because "he had nothing to wear" W. C. Fields chuckles about the man who is such a contract-bridge addict that he *shuffles when he walks* Greta Garbo raised the fence around her home three feet because spy-glassers were peeking Because of his close-clip haircut for a picture George Raft refuses to remove his hat unless imperative Colleen Moore rented her Bellaire residence to studio executive David Selznick for \$1500-a-month **EXTRA!** Greta Garbo's feet were said by a Texas Chiropody Societist to be Hollywood's most beautiful. (Continued on page 97)



Bed of Roses
Radio

Cheers! A brand new, grand new comedienne—Pert Kelton's the name! She's a sort of modern Mae West. Connie Bennett and Pert play two hard-boiled gals on the make. But there's a moral, Mr. Hays—La Bennett gives up a luxurious apartment and grand clothes to marry Joel McCrea and live on a barge—you see, money isn't everything! Nice, smart dialogue and swell comedy keep this film stepping briskly.



The Narrow Corner
Warners

Here is Somerset Maugham's novel of the tropics with weary, bad-tempered old gentlemen cooling themselves with fans and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Patricia Ellis keeping themselves warm for love interest. Doug is a fugitive and Patricia a jungle girl. There's a grand performance by Dudley Digges, and helpful contributions from Reginald Owen, Arthur Hohl, and Ralph Bellamy. Oh, so-so.



Arizona To Broadway
Fox

Do you like crook melodrama? Wait a minute—keep your seat! You'll like it pleasantly coated with nitwit nonsense, as is this bit of flip foolery. Modeled on the "cheating cheaters" theme, it frequently lapses into burlesque, abetted by Sammy Cohen's shrewd comedy playing. James Dunn is effective in a snugly-fitting rôle, but Joan Bennett gets few acting opportunities. See it in one of your gayer moods.

Tagging the Talkies

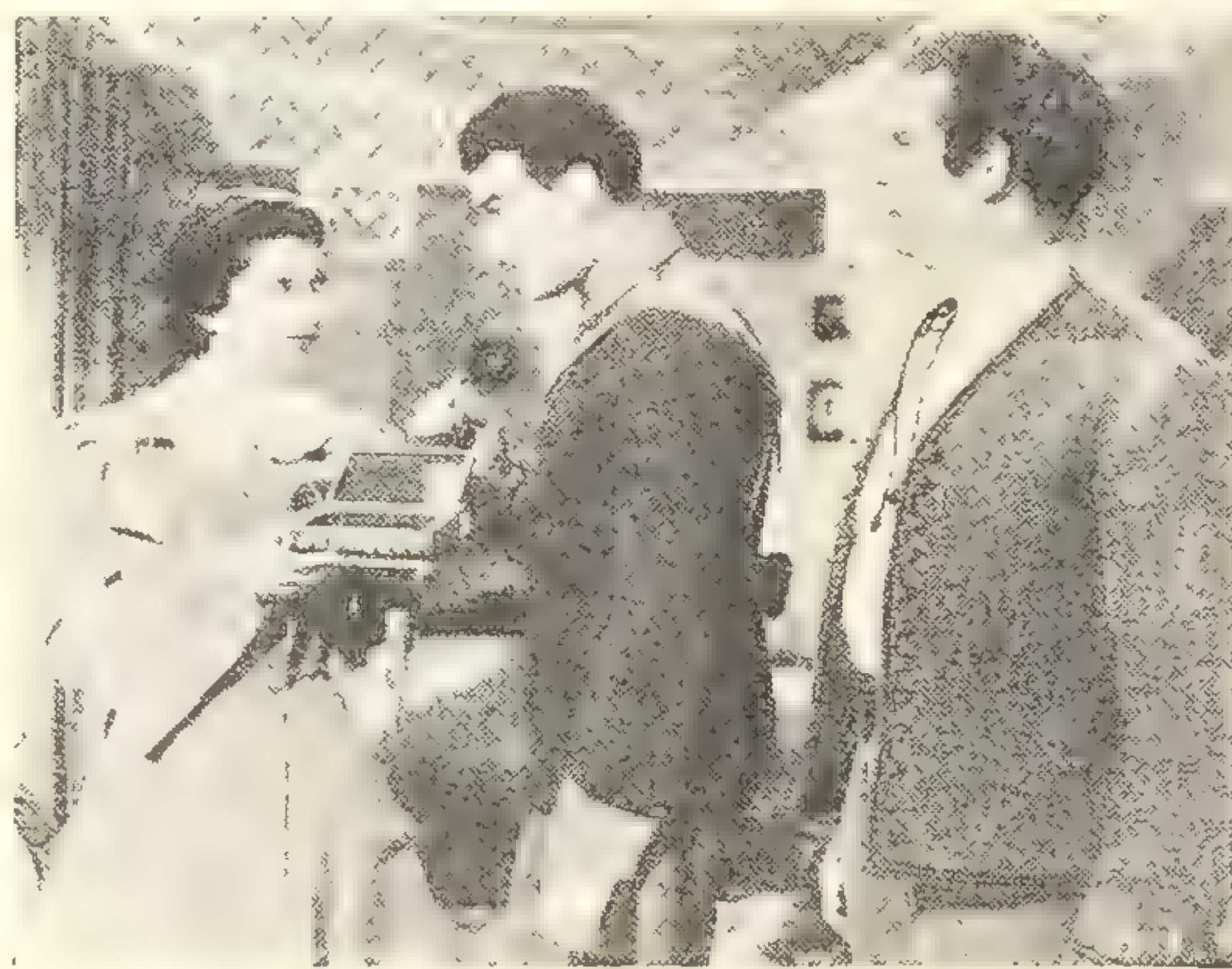
Brief ratings of current screenplays. Make this your cinema guide

Delight Evans' Reviews on
Page 52
More Reviews on Page 77



This Is America
Frederic Ullman, Jr.

From the newsreel records of contemporary America, covering the period from 1917 down to the present, Gilbert Seldes has constructed a cinematic history of our times. The World War, the subsequent unrest, the great boom era, and the depression pass in quick, though not always coherent, review. Result: an exciting, instructive, frequently amusing lesson in current history, accompanied by lively and penetrating comment.



Storm At Daybreak
M-G-M

Gracious and colorful in the high romantic tradition, this three-cornered love story will delight all you sentimentalists to whom "Smilin' Through" appealed. The plot, to be sure, won't bear scrutiny. But who will want to scrutinize it in the face of the gentle charm that pervades the film, the lovely musical score, and the finely sensitive acting of Walter Huston, Kay Francis, and Nils Asther in the principal rôles?



Professional Sweetheart
RKO

Some fun! Here's a satire on radio broadcasting. We behold hotcha Ginger Rogers as the *Purity Girl* of the ether, forced to live up to her ga-ga radio personality and shun the gay life she loves. The complications are fast, furious, and merry. No static here—just clear, loud laughter. Good work by Norman Foster, Gregory Ratoff, Zasu Pitts, Frank McHugh. Put this one on your comedy "must" list.



Heroes For Sale
First National

This exhibit was undoubtedly intended to be a sincere plea for the down-trodden war veteran. But something went wrong, because no war veteran with any fight in him would continue to take it on the chin as Dick Barthelmess takes it. In spite of Dick's good performance and helpful contributions by Aline MacMahon and Loretta Young, this mournful flicker gets the Boo-Hoo Blue Ribbon for the month.



Best of Enemies
Fox

Buddy Rogers and Marian Nixon are the principals in this familiar tale of a modern clan war that cannot sunder the bonds of true love. Though their respective families are anathema to each other, the young lovers manage to bring peace and happiness to all in time for the final fade-out. Buddy and Marian perform pleasantly, and Frank Morgan contributes much in his rôle as Buddy's emotional father.

Jean Harlow keeps her stockings lovely looking this way

Official in all the big studios..

Wardrobe director of the M. G. M. Studio, Joe Rapf (shown making a personal check of Luxable costumes), says: "We have found a way to save on the costumes! By using Lux on all washable garments—heavy and sheer fabrics alike—the color is protected. Besides being safe, economical and quick, Lux restores the costume to its original state of newness and beauty."



"Yes, indeed, you can tell my girl 'fans' that I'm a fan for Lux," says this M. G. M. star now appearing in the glamorous all-star production, "Dinner at Eight."

Why don't you follow her easy LUX method?

"I'm awfully fussy about the way my stockings fit," says fascinating Jean Harlow. "That's why my maid has explicit instructions to wash them—and my underthings, too—with Lux. Never rub, never use ordinary soap or hot water. Stockings *do* look so much lovelier washed the Lux way—and they keep their beautiful fit."

YOUR STOCKINGS can fit flatteringly, too, like Jean Harlow's, if you care for them the Hollywood way—with Lux! It's especially made to preserve the elasticity in stockings—that's the quality new stockings have that lets them stretch—then spring right back into shape. When elastic, they can stand sudden strains, too—aren't apt to break into runs so often.

With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing, no harmful alkali such as ordinary soaps often have to weaken elasticity, fade color. As everybody knows, anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



Hollywood says—Don't trust to luck



TRUST TO LUX

"My Confessions"

Continued from page 57

preference must be merely a baby complex.

More often though, on Tuesdays, Arline puts on her cunning shorts and we spend all day in the garden. This is when she tells me how she met my daddy, of their beautiful romance, and how their love grows deeper and more satisfying all the time. It sounds swell to me.

Arline is a bundle of pep and personality, and they tell me I take after her. It was this pep, and of course, her singing and dancing that put her in "The Second Little Show" on Broadway—that was all before I happened.

Then she came to Hollywood. The very next day she was introduced to Wesley Ruggles in the R.K.O. studio café. He liked her. She liked him. Quick, it was—just like that! Yet Arline turned down his first three invitations for a date. I tried to ask her why and she says it was feminine perversity, for all the time she was dying to accept. Well, he phoned her again, saying, "You couldn't refuse a drive down to the beach on a Sunday afternoon, could you?" And Arline couldn't.

They had a gorgeous time and he brought her home at nine o'clock. Now, this was so different from the way New York men did that she thought she must be a flop, and she worried all night over it.

At eight o'clock the next morning he was phoning to ask if he could have luncheon with her that day, and the next evening he invited her to go to the Cocoanut Grove to dance. That was the beginning.

Her first picture, "Are These Our Children?" was directed by Wesley. She says she'll never have so good a part again, nor do such good work. She hopes sometime to be in another of his pictures, though at present they are under contract to different studios.

When "Are These Our Children?" was completed, Arline returned to New York

for a visit. Only a few months before she had wept at leaving her mother; now, she was weeping at leaving Wesley! The boy friends in New York all tried to show her a good time but she cut her visit short and hastened back to Hollywood—and Wesley. Lucky for me she did!

Seven months later they were married in this beautiful home that Dad built before he ever heard of us. Then, they sailed away to Vancouver for an ideal honeymoon.

Arline says I was a much-wanted baby. She sent her love right into the land of unborn children and selected me for she and Wesley wanted to begin their family with a boy. They promise me I'm to have little brothers and sisters, a lot of them. Guess that's the reason they just bought two acres at Beverly Drive and Laurel Way, among the choice estates in Beverly Hills, and will build a new home at once—which, of course, I'll supervise.

Grown-ups are so funny. They don't know how often they hand us babies a laugh. I heard Arline tease Wes because he solemnly told the architect that one wing was "for the young man"—meaning me. There's to be a play-room, bedroom and bath, all my own. We are to have a tennis court, a swimming pool and—what do you think? There's to be a miniature pool just for me! Arline was so concerned, "We must have some protection around the pools so the baby can't fall into them," she said; and Wes laughed, "Don't you bother your pretty head about that. As soon as son can toddle he'll know how to swim. It is just as natural to swim as to walk and he is to learn both at the same time. He couldn't belong to us if he wasn't a fish in the water."

Uncle Charlie lives right around the corner and he drops in every day to see how I've grown. He calls me C. W. Guess he's afraid to come right out with Charlie,

before my dad. Sometimes he and Wes babble all kinds of baby talk and clown around like two-year olds until I nearly burst laughing at them. Then sometimes they look at me as if awed and frightened and they'll say to each other, "What do you suppose the kid's thinking about? How do you suppose he sizes us up? Look, there's the wisdom of the ages in his eyes." Then they quiet down and talk to me as if I were their contemporary.

The other day Uncle Charlie came dashing in to say goodbye before leaving for New York. He said, "Hi, you C. W.! When I come back in ten days I'll expect to see you running out to meet me, yelling, 'Hello, Uncle Charlie, what didya bring me?'"

Anyway, that's a swell idea. I'll remember that one.

My play hour is from five to six every afternoon and Wes and Arline both make a point to be here and we have the best times, just the three of us. I show off my new tricks, a different gurgle or a funny twist, and what a fuss they make over me. Arline says I've changed the whole world for her for because before I came she danced through life without a serious thought. But now, she's discovered the most thrilling rôle of all is motherhood. Then Dad says he never dreamed there was such happiness. Oh, yes, we get sentimental and everything. And it's grand.

Arline continues to practice her singing and dancing and she has one lusty song she keeps just for me. Perhaps you know it, "You're my Willie, I'm you're Lillie," and I chime in the chorus and do a little dance 'cause its rhythm just suits me.

Wesley is so ultra-modern that besides taking moving pictures of me every day or two he has a sound machine that records all my coos and even my lusty howls when I'm hungry. He takes about a hundred feet of film of me each week and once a month Uncle Charlie comes over and we have a premiere showing. They're picture people, all right, for they keep commenting, "Lord, look at the lighting I got on that." "Did you catch that camera angle?" "That's a bit of montage," and "See the way that kid is stealing the scene!"

Whenever Wes and Arline step out to parties in the evenings they always come in to see me when they come home. I don't let on but I always open one eye, for I love to see them all dressed up. But the big joke comes when they have guests. They always sneak them up to see me. I play possum and pretend to be asleep though all the time I'm giving them the once over. You see, if I really woke up they might maul me around and chatter baby talk.

Whenever Wesley is directing a picture, Arline and I can follow the scenes, for if they are serious he is glum; if they are comedy he is laughing, and working out funny gags. He is directing Mae West's new picture, "I'm No Angel." I hope Mae waits for me until I'm grown up!

It's nice out here in my garden, isn't it? I like the red roses on the high brick walls, the splash of the fountain, and the sunshine. I guess I'm getting drowsy. I wish Cook would really give me those little cakes she's always promising. She said something about having them for my first birthday, but that's a long way off.

You don't mind if I take my nap, now, do you? You see, I've got to eat and sleep a lot to grow up into the fine young man Arline expects me to be. I'll be seeing you. So long!



Mary goes musical! The dark-eyed little Brian girl hops aboard the Hollywood band-wagon with a part in Universal's tuneful "Moonlight and Pretzels." Playing opposite her is Roger Pryor, attractive young juvenile from the New York stage.



can be yours with Marchand's

THERE is something magical in lovely light hair. It fascinates men. Long ago the golden-haired beauty of the Lorelei enchanted the sailors of the Rhine. Today the blonde draws men to her side—with irresistible power it seems!

How magical—yet how real is the lure of light hair! Make it yours!

Be one of the girls who enjoys good times, marries well and stays young looking. **MARCHAND'S WILL HELP!**

If your blonde hair has darkened, restore youthful color. Marchand's makes the change skillfully and evenly—like nature at work again, giving back your birthright of light pretty hair.

If hair has always been dark and drab—let Marchand's modern

magic beautify it. Marchand's will impart a shade you'll like, one just suited to your beauty. Many shades of blonde, chestnut or auburn are possible.

People may wonder at your new-found loveliness—but the secret will be yours! No need to go to hairdressers. Easy to do yourself. Complete directions on bottle for successful results.

Make Dark Hair on Arms and Legs Invisible!—

with Marchand's. The quick, inexpensive way to make limbs look attractive.

IMPORTANT—For the right results, get the genuine. Be careful of substitutes or imitations. See that the label spells—

MARCHAND'S

GOLDEN HAIR WASH

IF YOUR DRUGGIST CAN'T SUPPLY YOU—GET BY MAIL

For a regular-sized bottle, fill in coupon, mail with 45c (coins, money order or stamps) to C. Marchand Co., 251 W. 19th St., New York City.

Name

Address

City State.....

The Girl Gossip Can't Injure!

Continued from page 51

few lines correct those rumors the next day.

"A publicity- or money-seeking woman in Wisconsin may suddenly decide to sue me for alienation of her husband's affections. Her suit will command newspaper bannerlines. But let me prove conclusively that I had never seen the woman or her husband, and the facts will earn negligible items in newspapers. I do not condemn the dailies. The jobs of reporters is to obtain and print news. If a screen star is sued, that is news. If she proves the suit false and unjust—well, there is seldom any news attached to a *lack of scandal*."

Since the day she first became a motion picture actress, Miss Harlow has been the victim of a ceaseless barrage of malicious gossip. At first, the stories that she heard and read hurt her dreadfully, because she is actually a very human, very impressionable young woman who likes to be decent and have friends and play the life-game squarely.

Repetition inures the heart, and now Jean admits that gossip bounces off her skin like water from a duck's back. Idle rumors that once sent her to her bedroom, where she cried for hours, still annoy her but she no longer takes them to her heart. She has learned that public figures must suffer the slings of gossip, and that they have no recourse.

"So numerous have been the rumors circulated about me that I can no longer remember them all," Miss Harlow said.

The receding sun cast a reddish glow that found harmony in reflections from her startling hair.

"The first stories I heard were that I was completely at outs with my family because I had chosen a motion picture career," she reminisced. "It was reported that I was disinherited and banished forever from the home of my grandfather. That was un-

true, and I was disturbed greatly, because then I was new to the scorch of gossip and I feared its consequences.

"When I was cast in 'Hell's Angels,' people exchanged malicious stories as to why I had been chosen for my rôle. 'She is an unknown girl,' they said. 'She *must* know somebody, or she would never have gotten the part.'

"Again I was hurt and dazed by gossip. I did not understand. I was actually quite young when I was cast for that picture—only seventeen, you may remember. Those stories caused me many nights filled with frightened tears. Foolishly, I sought to repudiate them. I tried to make people understand the truth—that I was given that part in 'Hell's Angels' simply because I was the only girl who so closely resembled Greta Nissen that long shots of that lady, taken for the *silent* picture, could be salvaged for the *talkie* version.

"Of course, the more I repudiated, the more people talked. To deny a rumor, even if the denial is honest fact, is equally as damaging as to admit a story's veracity. My defiance only served to instigate more gossip. I'm not entirely dumb; when I saw that my fight to tell the truth was hurting me as much as the gossip, I shut up. Now I never deny rumors. I have learned my lesson. I have learned that to ignore gossip is to scorn it, and *gossip dies beneath scorn*.

"As years slipped by, I have been the constant victim of the most absurd rumors. Because I played a hussy in 'Hell's Angels,' people seem ready to accept me as such a girl in real life. I have never yet convinced a half of my supposed real friends that, while I enjoy the screen parts I play, I am one actress who never thoroughly lives her rôle, simply because the majority of my screen characterizations are of girls

who would repel me in real life."

Old Sol was by this time dipping his regal face into the purple folds of his royal night-covers. Jean's platinum hair took on a deeper hue, reflecting the glory of the heavens like the surface of a still pool.

"One of my favorite dancing places is the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica," she went on. "I go there often, because I like the brightness of the place, I like the music—and I am rather bored with other Hollywood night spots. Because I go there often, I was not unduly surprised to read in the newspapers that I was supposedly in love with Jay Whidden, conductor of the Miramar dance orchestra.

"That situation was amusing, because I did not know Mr. Whidden at the time the rumors were published. In fact, an editor of one of the very newspapers that printed the story met me at the Miramar one evening, and he introduced me to the orchestra leader. In the presence of that editor I said, 'I am so happy to know you, Mr. Whidden. I suppose you, too, have read stories of our romance!' The editor did not have the grace to blush.

"A few weeks ago I went to the Colony Club with Randolph Scott. Mr. Whidden was there, and during the evening we met each other and exchanged a few words. Imagine my amusement to read in a newspaper column the following that 'Jean Harlow and her orchestra leader-boy friend, Jay Whidden, made a public appearance together at the Colony Club.'

"The newest rumor in which I am involved is one that I can not understand. Newspapers printed a story that I said I would never again play in a picture with Clark Gable. Other newspapers answered with a story that Clark had told a reporter that his pet name for me could not be printed.

"I went at once to the office of our publicity director, for I wanted that gossip denied. I like Clark. I think we work well together. I'd like to do many, many pictures with him.

"When I stormed into the publicity offices, the head-man of the department was talking on the telephone, and the person with whom he was talking was Mr. Gable. It seems that Clark was also upset by the newspaper articles. He was calling the studio to have them deny and to ask someone to assure me that he had made no such remarks. I took the telephone and talked to Clark myself. Incidentally, he was ill at the time, and I think it was darn decent of him to telephone from his sick bed to assure me that he had been misquoted.

"I wanted to send out denial stories at once, but the publicity director said, 'What's the use? They'll only be given a few lines and nobody will read or believe them. When Clark returns to the studio, we'll shoot pictures of you having luncheon together, and that will right matters. Denying will only strengthen the gossips.'

"How can one fight that principle? I know the publicity director is right—that denying only adds fire to rumor.

"I have gradually built around myself a wall that shields me from gossip. I do not mean that malicious stories do not hurt me, but I don't heed them as I once did. I realize that one of the penalties of fame in motion pictures is being talked about. There is nothing to do except be thankful that my real friends disbelieve such trashy gossip so often printed. I am deeply,

thankful for those loyal friends.

William Fox, President of Fox Film Corporation



Mary Carlisle relies on the war from the autumn breezes in this costume. Mary Carlisle, the girl of hers appeared to excellent advantage in 'College Days'.

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 72

Gambling Ship

Paramount

British Benita Hume as an American mobster's moll! That's something to gaze at, but it's the only novelty discernible in this melodrama of gat-toting gamblers and their customary loves, hates and murders. Cary Grant is likeable as *Ace Corbin*, a good-natured crook whose efforts to go straight and marry Benita are hampered by the sinister Jack LaRue. Miss Hume fares better in drawing-room drama.

Disgraced

Paramount

Bruce Cabot, that heartless playboy, wreaks revenge upon Adrienne Ames for her indifference by seducing Helen Twelvetees. But Helen has the consolation of a father on the police force, who rises to the occasion and shoots the malefactor. Miss Twelvetees, looking somewhat less determinedly doll-like than usual, does her best to lend the story a semblance of conviction.

It's Great To Be Alive

Fox

Highly colorful, musical movie. Raul Roulien—he's new and nice—is jilted by Gloria Stuart because of his philandering. Gloria squelches him with "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last man on earth!" And before the film is over Raul is the "last man on earth." Actually! Imaginative? Why, it's positively fantastic! Good comedy by Edna Mae Oliver and Herbert Mundin.

Private Detective 62

Warners

This is a down-to-earth and often exciting exposé of what goes on in the office of a private detective agency. William Powell, formerly of the diplomatic service, and presently in hard luck, joins the staff, then finds himself involved in an assignment to "frame" the girl he has fallen in love with. Margaret Lindsay is the love interest, and very nice, too; and Arthur Hohl is convincingly low-down.

Midnight Mary

M-G-M

Here we find Loretta Young not only a gangster's moll, but a murderess! But it isn't Loretta's fault—blame it on Leo, the Metro lion, for giving her that kind of a rôle. Anyway, Miss Young does a grand acting job, and besides that she reforms and marries that nice Franchot Tone. Ricardo Cortez and Una Merkel are worthy support; and Loretta never looked lovelier.

Baby Face

Warners

Any picture with Barbara Stanwyck in it is interesting, and this is no exception. However, the story ran into censor-trouble, and so the result is somewhat haphazard, but occasionally these adventures of a hard-boiled, ambitious gal are entertaining. Stanwyck is the show, looking especially swell as a blonde. In support are George Brent and Donald Cook.

HAVE YOU BEEN

ASLEEP

about lingerie soaps?



Something happened not long ago in the soap world. Did you sleep through it? Or have you been awake—one of the early ones to find out about the new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics, IVORY SNOW?

IVORY SNOW is entirely different from old-fashioned hard, flat flakes. It is not flaked at all, but BLOWN. Its tiny, suds-rich round bits dissolve the way snow melts—quick as a wink, completely, and in LUKEWARM WATER!

No wonder Ivory Snow is kinder to silks and woolens... saves colors... and is ideal for all the new quilted, crinkly and satiny weaves! There are *four* good reasons...

1. No danger of too-hot suds—because you don't need hot water at all to dissolve Ivory Snow.

2. No danger of soap spots—because Ivory Snow has no flat pieces to cling flat to fabrics and fail to rinse out. It dissolves *completely*.

3. No excuse for rubbing—(which is ruination to wools, rayons and satins!)—because Ivory Snow's rich suds gently coax out dirt and leave no soap spots to be rubbed out.

4. No harshness—because Ivory Snow is PURE. It is made from pure Ivory Soap, which doctors approve even for wee babies' tender skins.

You couldn't be kinder to your hands than to use Ivory Snow for dishes, too. Extravagant? — NO! A BIG package costs only 15¢.



Enough Ivory Snow in this big 15¢ package to wash your silk stockings and underwear SAFELY every day for more than a month!

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She's In the Money

Continued from page 25

for she was soon signed for several seasons of musical comedy. It was while appearing in "Girl Crazy" that her work attracted the attention of Paramount officials and she was offered the rôle of the unforgettable *Puff Randolph* in "Young Man of Manhattan." Which rôle, by the way, is her favorite of all she has portrayed.

When "Young Man of Manhattan" was released, the effervescent Miss Rogers' performance received its due share of praise and the young lady herself the usual number of motion picture offers.

She accepted the proposition made her by Pathé and came straight to Hollywood, having not the remotest idea that she was setting sail in troubled waters.

Until that time her youth and irrepressible good humor, augmented by a very real comedy sense, had carried her far. Of talent, she had some—but not the talent of which Hollywood stars are made. That fact she was destined to learn.

"After I came out here I played in several program pictures; my parts were nor-

mal, average parts that any number of actresses in Hollywood could have played lots better than I. There was no chance for comedy—and comedy was all I knew. As a result, I soon found myself with time on my hands—and little else. I was pretty discouraged."

Before Ginger could continue, we were interrupted by Ruth Etting's husband, who greeted her with great concern. "Don't tell me you have succumbed to this abominable Hollywood fad of women wearing trousers!" he admonished her, pointing to her tailored attire. "Ruth and I have been so worried ever since you came in," he motioned toward a nearby table at which the lovely Ruth was sitting. "Why, Ginger, you're too nice a girl to dress that way—I like to see you in soft, feminine things."

If Ginger resented his criticism, she gave no indication. Instead, she smiled sweetly and made haste to reassure him. "Oh, no, Colonel Snyder, I have on a skirt. It's just this collar that looks so tailored. Look, I'll show you!" Suiting the action to the

word, she obligingly rose that Col. Snyder might satisfy himself that she was properly garbed.

His peace of mind restored, Ruth's husband returned to his table and Ginger resumed her story.

"I waited around Hollywood for a good while, then decided that since I was evidently of no use to pictures, I might as well go back on the stage where I had been not unsuccessful.

"Once in New York again, my self-confidence began to come back. And as soon as that happened, my luck came back with it. I was offered a part in 'Take a Chance,' which meant Broadway—and success—again!"

At this moment Ginger's attention was claimed by Dorothy Mackaill, who stopped at our table. "When can we have a game of tennis, Ginger?" she asked.

Ginger's eyes sparkled. "I have to go to the studio tomorrow but I think I'll be free early the next day," she replied.

"Well, call me and let me know. I'm at the Gaylord Apartments," Dorothy suggested. "I'll make it any time you can." With a smart salute, she was gone and for a moment it appeared that Ginger and I could chat some more.

"I think the biggest thrill of my life was on opening night of 'Take a Chance,' when I realized that at last I had conquered my defeat in Hollywood, and that it really was possible for me to achieve success in a Broadway show again," Ginger began when—"How's the squarest little shooter on Vesey Street?" Jimmy Fidler's voice called out, as he joined us.

"Tell me, when can you play ping-pong with Dorothy Lee?" he inquired. "She told me to find out for her."

"Most any time," Ginger informed him. "Tell her to give me a ring and we can go up to Lew Ayres' and play whenever she likes. Lew's just moved into a new home and he has ping-pong courts, tennis courts, a swimming-pool, and everything up there."

At mention of Lew's name, Jimmy smiled knowingly and departed. I turned to Ginger.

"Tell me, are you really going to marry Lew?"

"We haven't thought that far ahead yet, honestly," she replied. "And I'm afraid to talk about it. You see, talk broke up one very nice romance for me—I don't want the same thing to happen again."

"You mean your romance with Mervyn LeRoy?"

"Yes. We really cared very much for each other. At first, we got along together fine. But pretty soon the papers carried items about our being seen together and everybody began to ask us questions.

"No matter what we answered, it was wrong. If someone asked me if I were really in love with Mervyn and I told them he was only a good friend, the next day it would be printed with various elaborations.

"Mervyn would come over that evening waving the paper furiously. 'So that's what you think of me!' he would remark frigidly.

"I'd either be too mad to explain or he wouldn't exactly believe my explanation.

"The following day, I'd pick up a paper and read some strange statement attributed to him. When he arrived that night, I'd be waiting for him, the offending column in my hand, fire in my eye. The battle would start!



Sisters? Not quite, but little Mirra Rayo resembles Claudette Colbert closely enough to be her "stand-in" on the set. Mirra was quite a star herself back home in South America.

"On the other hand, if I admitted to someone that I really was in love with him, that would make him just as mad. Or if his answer to the usual query was that any statement should come from me, I was incensed. Eventually we found ourselves constantly glaring at each other on any and every occasion and—the romance was over!"

"I don't want the same thing to happen to Lew and me."

It was Miss Rogers' second advent into Hollywood that occasioned her meeting with Mr. LeRoy.

Following her personal triumph in "Take a Chance," she was again tendered several motion picture contracts and this time her choice was a rôle offered by Warner Brothers.

While working for that organization she quite naturally met Mr. LeRoy, one of their ace directors, and it was not long before friendship ripened into—well, you know what.

One rôle led to another and Ginger was fast growing in ability and reputation. But as her progress increased, so did her dissatisfaction. When "Forty-Second Street" was released, critics and public alike united in praise of the fair Ginger. But in all the advertising released by the studio, her name was found 'way down near the bottom of the cast. This caused Ginger some unhappy moments but she bided her time.

Surely, she thought, when she gaily accepted her next part, that of one of the featured rôles in "Gold-Diggers of 1933," she would fare better.

"But some of my best footage was cut out," she said ruefully, "so I wasn't at all proud of the showing I made. I'd just as soon no one even knew I was in the picture, except for the one song, *I'm in the Money*."

"That's what happens to a player who free-lances. Oh, I know there are lots of arguments in favor of being your own boss and accepting only rôles which you really like and think will be good for you. But a player under contract to a studio is a commercial asset to the organization. For that reason, such a player is built up and safeguarded in order to increase his or her value."

"I've never had a term-contract with a studio," she added with frank wistfulness. "I've always wished for one. Now, I believe my wish is coming true, for I've signed with Radio Pictures for a year. And I'm all excited over my new assignment. It's 'Sweet Cheat' from the novel by Herbert Crooker and it's a swell story. I only hope I can bring to the screen a girl as interesting as the heroine Mr. Crooker created in his book."

While this is Ginger's immediate desire, her real goal in life is of far more ambitious proportions.

"I want to be a millionaire and have about sixteen children. I'm in this business to make money first, last, and always. Of course it's fun and I love it—but not for one moment do I forget that it is a business."

"After I make my million (I think it would be grand to be known as Ginger Rogers, the lady-millionaire!), I shall marry the man I love and have a big family. Maybe occasionally we will all take nice long trips. But for the most part we'll just be happy at home and spend the million together!"

That's quite an ambition for a young girl. But Ginger should achieve it. She has the beauty, the energy, and the last few years have developed her ability as an actress. So much for the first or financial part of her goal.

For the latter part, I'm sure that her character and disposition will undoubtedly carry her to whatever goal she sets for herself! She has what it takes, has Ginger!

WHO'D BELIEVE THEY CALLED ME SKINNY 4 MONTHS AGO!



Posed by professional model

Special QUICK WAY TO PUT POUNDS ON FAST!

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported beer yeast now concentrated 7 times and combined with iron. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new, easy treatment that is giving thousands healthy flesh and attractive curves—in just a few weeks.

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health for rundown people. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health, and in addition put on pounds of solid flesh—and in a far shorter time.

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but also clear, radiant skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured, imported beer yeast, the richest yeast known, which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

But that is not all! This marvelous, health-building yeast is then ironized with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast,

watch ugly, gawky angles fill out, flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out attractively. And with this will come a radiantly clear skin, new health—you're an entirely new person.

Skininess a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, before it is too late.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the genuine with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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Joe E. Brown's Real Life Story

Continued from page 33

prepared him for the strenuous schedule mapped out by Mr. Ash.

Mr. Ash had one grown partner in his act and three boys of varying sizes. The three boys were Joe and George and a cross-eyed boy larger than Joe but smaller than George. When Mr. Ash stood on a box, as he did when the troupe had its picture taken, the five made an even series of steps down from Mr. Ash to Master Joe. Joe was not quite nine years old and weighed less than sixty pounds.

Mr. Ash booked the act with the Sells and Downs Circus, making promises as to

the ability and experience of his performers which he could not substantiate, and the five left Toledo one bright summer day headed for Topeka, Kansas, where they were to join the show on the following Sunday.

But when they reached Topeka the show had moved on to Chanute, Kansas, where the "Five Marvelous Ashtons" were already billed as a "guaranteed attraction."

That first day with the circus is one day Joe E. Brown will never forget. In selling his act, Mr. Ash had promised that all members of the troupe could do "Leaps,"

an old-fashioned circus stunt in which acrobats run down a chute in rapid succession, leap from a spring-board at the end of the chute, and do "rolls" or somersaults in the air. Mr. Ash had promised the boys he would show them how it was done on Sunday in Topeka, but they joined the circus in Chanute just in time to take their places in the line-up for "Leaps" without any preliminary practice.

Joe, being the smallest person with the circus, was put at the head of the line. Mr. Ash gave him a bit of last-minute advice, telling him to run off the end of the chute, being careful not to land with both feet on the spring-board because that would throw him up into the air.

"It was a small circus and a small city," Joe recalls, "but it seemed to me there were thousands—millions of people watching me as I stood at the head of that line of circus performers waiting for the music to start—the signal for me to run."

"The chute was fourteen inches wide but to me it looked like a ribbon and I didn't see how I could keep on it all the way down."

"Then the band blasted out the signal and somebody started me down the incline. I forgot all about Mr. Ash and his advice and hit the spring-board with both feet. It threw me high in the air, with my feet still running, automatically."

"I knew I was going to be killed or terribly hurt. I knew all those thousands of people would pile down on me as I lay there crushed and broken. I knew I would be sent home to die or already dead. I thought about all this as I pawed through the air toward the landing canvas."

"A few performers always stand at the foot of the runway to help out acrobats who over-shoot the landing mark or who need an extra impetus on a roll. One of these big fellows plucked me out of the air like an apple, set me down on my feet, spanked me gently and turned away as if nothing had happened."

"Instead of being the center of all eyes as a dying hero I realized that no one was paying the slightest attention to me. I was furious. But I was never quite so frightened again."

A few days later Joe fell from a considerable height and fractured his jaw. Mr. Ash devised a special cap for Joe then, a cap with straps that fastened under the boy's chin and so hid the braces he wore while the fracture healed.

Mr. Ash was careful that way. When he wrote home to Joe's mother, inclosing the dollar and a half pay and another note to Mrs. Jones, next door, with George's pay—both in one envelope to save stamps—he always assured her that Joe was well and happy.

In fact Joe wrote her much the same story—when he could find a stamp. Two or three years ago he found a letter he had written his mother that first summer with the circus in answer to her suggestion that perhaps he ought to leave Mr. Ash and come home.

"Me come home?" wrote Joe, "and have the kids say I was a flop? Not on your tintype!"

"The Five Marvelous Ashtons" failed to impress the management of the Sells and Downs shows and eventually Mr. Ash told the boys that they had quit. Joe understands now that they were fired. The presence of the cross-eyed boy in the troupe had not improved their chances with the superstitious circus people.



Lona wins by a shoulder! These two picture pretties, Toby Wing and Lona Andre, join Hollywood's "fast" set and go in for foot races. You'll notice that the smart lassies do their running toward the cameraman!

Meanwhile Joe had learned that he was supposed to forget that his name was Brown. He became "Master Joe Ashton"—the "World's Greatest Juvenile Gymnast." Mr. Ash advertised his troupe as a family act although no two of the members were related.

When Mr. Ash and his boys "left" the Sells and Downs Circus they found themselves stranded in Greene, Iowa, ten days in advance of a county fair. Ash promptly booked his act with the fair management and hired out his three boys to the hotel as dish-washers. This tided them over until Mr. Ash received an offer from the Busby Circus which they joined in St. Louis.

Joe has many amusing memories of Busby. A near food riot broke out one day and Busby was called to account by his disgruntled employees. They complained, among other things, that they were fed insufficient breakfasts.

Busby feigned indignation and called for the cook.

"I want the boys and girls to have all the eggs they want," he roared, holding one finger in the air at the same time as a sign to the cook, "all the eggs they want."

But he kept that one finger in the air as a sign to the cook!

Years have softened any resentment Joe E. Brown once may have felt against Mr. Ash. He toured with that interesting gentleman for four seasons, returning late each fall to Toledo and to school. A few months ago Joe met Mr. Ash again, in Toledo. He is past seventy now and has been working as a clown in the circus in recent years. They had their pictures taken together.

"Whatever else he did," says Joe, "he really started me. I suppose I owe him something. Anyway, I hold no resentment toward him."

When the season ended with Busby, Mr. Ash and the boys returned to Toledo. He had sold his act to the management of the Walbridge Park, a combination beer garden and amusement center in Toledo, and it was there that Joe enjoyed his one great boyhood triumph.

He remembers that he wore plum-colored satin knee breeches and that his family and his school friends and even his favorite teacher, the one who had picked cinders out of his scalp many months before, came to Walbridge Park to watch "The Five Marvelous Ashtons" perform.

That is the stuff of which small boys' dreams are made.

The second spring Mr. Ash and his boys went with the John Robinson shows and toured the Southern states. The following winter Joe finished the Toledo Grammar school, his last regular schooling. The third season with Ash was with the Floto Circus, and that year the cross-eyed boy was left at home and the "Four Marvelous Ashtons" carried on. By this time Joe had become a competent performer. He was still small for his age and he received "top billing" in the act; sometimes as "Master Joe Ashton, the Boy Wonder," sometimes as "Master Joe, World's Greatest Juvenile Gymnast." His pay had been advanced to seven dollars a week, on weeks when Mr. Ash did not forget to send it to Joe's folks at home.

The fourth season with Ash was spent in vaudeville, beginning at Denver, after the circus with which they had started out flopped. They toured west from Denver to the Pacific Coast and then worked up and down the "Sullivan and Considine" and the "Pantages" circuits. Their number was increased to five and they were billed as "European Acrobats." A return engagement brought them back to the old Haymarket Music Hall on Mason Street in San Francisco in April, 1906, where Joe got the second greatest thrill of his life.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

A NEW PICTURE TAKES ITS PLACE
AMONG THE GREATEST...

"Lady for a Day"

★★★★
4 STARS AWARDED BY
LIBERTY MAGAZINE

The New York Daily News reporter, fresh from a preview of "Lady for a Day," says,
"It will be a wow when it hits Broadway!"

Screen Play adds an "AAAA" rating and says,
"Only one word can describe this picture. It's swell!"

Not to be outdone, Photoplay predicts
"You will scream with delight!"

And Screenland Magazine makes it unanimous.

"It is grand entertainment!"

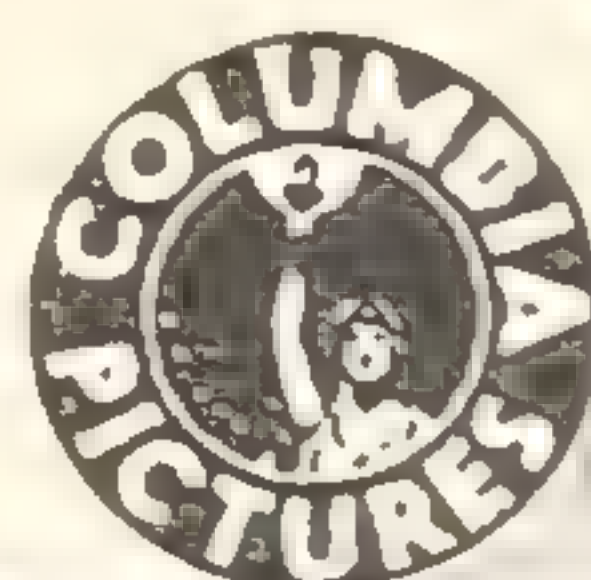
Be sure to see this great story of love and romance — of gaiety and tears at your favorite theatre.

WARREN WILLIAM
MAY ROBSON

GUY KIBBEE NED SPARKS
GLENDA FARRELL BARRY NORTON
WALTER CONNOLLY JEAN PARKER

Screen play by ROBERT RISKIN
From the story by DAMON RUNYON

A
FRANK CAPRA
Production



A COLUMBIA PICTURE



Presenting the Movies' "House of Morgan"

Continued from page 61

him in "Blue Jeans." Witnessing which performance Clyde Fitch offered him a rôle in "The Bachelor." His law studies were an excellent preparation for his playing rôle of Frank Bacon's lawyer in the court scene in "Lightnin'."

The family trait of independent decision, due to security of wealth and family background, revealed itself in the older brother of the Brothers Morgan, when he did what left Broadway breathless. He resigned from "Lightnin'." The play that had a two years' record run on Broadway! The play that ran in Chicago until the star, Frank Bacon, died.

"I think I have been with the play as long as I can derive any benefit from it," was his declaration of independence. "I want to do something new."

He appeared in the sensational play "Cobra." He was engaged to impersonate, in "Rasputin," the doomed Czar of Russia. In this he played with the trio of the Barrymores, but without question of "knuckling."

Romance came early to both the surviving brothers Morgan. Ralph married a fair-haired Norwegian girl who came from her home in Brooklyn unwillingly to the stage. She never liked the theatre, but though she played rôles unwillingly then and afterward in stock companies, grumbling much at the necessity, some of her fellow players were congenial. Most of all, Ralph Morgan.

"Your complexion is more beautiful than any I ever saw, except Lillian Russell's," Ralph told her—and has since declared, "I fell in love with Daisy Iverson's complexion!"

She still has the complexion that won his heart. Their marriage was one of the permanent unions of folk of the theatre. They have a daughter, Claudia, who, marrying hastily and too youthfully, has professed her repentance in the courts.

More tumultuous was Frank Morgan's wooing. At a graduation dance of the pupils of the Gardner School in New York—at Sherry's—he was presented to a tall, shy, quiet girl, whose regular features recalled to him the faces of Phidian sculpture and whose crown of flame-like hair would have inspired Tintoretto.

She was nineteen, he a few years older. He had left Cornell University to join the business staff of one of his wealthy father's, George Wuppermann's, several interests, one the manufacture of tonic bitters, the other a device for teaching languages by phonograph records. She was the only child, and heiress of Rudolph Muller, who lived in Muller Castle, the finest home in Monticello, N. Y.

Sipping ices, they admired each other across the table. At least he who was still Frank Wuppermann admired the girl with the lovely flame-crowned head and the classic profile. They exchanged confidences. And fell in love.

So ardently that in a short while they were married. Like Mrs. Ralph Morgan, Mrs. Frank has appeared occasionally, in some emergency, on the stage with her husband. But her ambition is centered in her husband's acting achievements.

The Frank Morgans have a son, christened George Rudolph in honor of both grandfathers, who, though he says he will be like one of them, a manufacturer, or, like the other, a real estate operator, seems inevitably drifting toward the stage or screen. His father says his fate is inevitable because he "makes so many faces."

In a spacious apartment on the Upper East Side in New York, not so long ago I met the mother of the brothers Morgan. A tall woman of aristocratic features and gentle bearing, who looks like a taller Queen Mary of England. "It was my belief that a child's character is formed in the first two years of his life," she said to me. "Therefore I was strict with my sons."

"When Raphaele (Ralph), grew up, and told me he wanted to be an actor I told him that the two professions, the law and the stage, were much alike. 'You may act for your juries,' I said. When he persisted I threatened to disinherit him."

"Then Carlos showed an inclination to the stage. He wrote a play 'Triumph of X,' that delighted the people of Detroit when Jessie Bonstelle produced it there, but when I produced it at the Comedy Theatre in New York the critics did not understand it. I believe Carlos would have done brilliant work in the theatre had he lived."

"By the time that Frank had made his choice of acting I did not oppose it. Raphaele had taught me there was no use. I said to him, as to the others: 'If you must work in the theatre do good work.' When I saw their names above five motion picture theatres at the same time in New York I decided they had!"

The blazing signals of success suggested, by the law of association, a story at which the gentle, stately woman laughed.

"Raphaele (Ralph), was fond of his little brother Francis (Frank), and took care of him without grumbling. Once, though, he was very angry with him. Raphaele said he was going to the stadium to watch a ball game. Francis clamored to go with him. At one point in the game Raphaele and the big boys he had met wanted to go on the field. He said to his little brother, 'You stay here. Don't move.' When he came back from the field Francis was gone."

"Raphaele came home hoping to find him there. He was not. He explained that he had forbidden his little brother to leave his seat and he had disobeyed him."

"There was an excited family conference. We telephoned the police. We were considering what else to do when in walked eight-year-old Francis. 'I forgot I had promised to sit still when I saw the fire engine go by,' he said. 'I followed it.'"

"He always did. And is still interested in fires!"

A calm, restrained woman of fine, natural dignity is Mrs. Josephine Wuppermann, the mother of eleven children, eight of whom are living. Marriages have related her to the Havemeyer and the Harriam millions.

Only one event has permanently shadowed her life. She mourns the "middle child," Carl, sacrificed upon



Here are a couple of new "angles" on June Knight! She dances, sings, and shakes those blonde ringlets in "Park Avenue Ladies," a musical picture which has nothing to do with the prize ring! Neil Hamilton is the romantic interest in the film.

Dietrich Declares Herself

Continued from page 24

seizing for souvenirs like fans the world over. In Berlin of course, she is "kolossal" with a capital "K." And so through Europe. But it is these besieging crowds of idolators that have helped make the star shy of contacts with the multitudes.

She misses Hollywood. And she seems a little surprised that she does.

"When I am there, I long for New York. In New York I am hungry for a glimpse of Paris. When I reach Paris, it seems that I simply must visit Vienna. But when I reach Vienna, Berlin looks more alluring. And then—and now—I am homesick for Hollywood again! You know, Hollywood gets you after all!"

Information about the picture that is to be first on the schedule when she returns this Fall is scantily supplied with:

"I do not know. There are two stories, and a possible third. I really do not know which will be first. Mr. Von Sternberg is working on one of them now. He will direct me, too. I leave all that to him."

So it seems that the really curious must ask Joe. He knows.

In addition to her personal success, her social triumph, the victory of each Dietrich production, Marlene is having a very definite effect on French fashions. And that means that her influence extends to all the feminine world, and the masculine world that pays the bills.

Not trusting the ocular proof of the Marlene vogue apparent in the Parisian fashion parade gowns, at the Grand Prix, the Drag, Chateau Madrid, all the spots where style is paramount, I consulted an American girl who has made good in Paris, Mlle. Lillian Fischer, probably one of the world's authorities on dress, and presently Fashion Editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. She gave confirmation of the Dietrich vogue.

"There is no denying the fact that Hollywood is having a great influence on fashion. The wide, floppy hats you've seen at the races are directly traceable to Mae West. Joan Crawford has served as inspiration for the puffs and bustle effects. But Miss Dietrich is responsible for a style that is even more revolutionary, and that is the return of feathers to fashion. All kinds of feathers. But especially Paradise.

"There is a story that is both romantic and dramatic about this returning vogue, and it has served to make Miss Dietrich even more of a heroine to a certain class. That class is the guild of feather-workers. This is a highly specialized industry, and with no demand for its skill, the workers have been drifting into other lines of endeavor. Very shortly, I think, the guild would have been extinct. But Miss Dietrich's picture penchant for feathers has actually resuscitated an industry."

So, you see, a Hollywood star can save an industry, can restore prosperity, while princes, professors, presidents struggle with economic problems. The sphere of influence dominated by Hollywood and its satellites is world-wide. The stars are persons of vast and vital importance after all. And of them, lo, Marlene Dietrich's name looms large.

And so, until Fall, we'll leave her in the murmuring sun-flecked shadows of Versailles, where the spectral Court of a fair French Queen smiles approval on this new royalty. Leave her to Herr Sieber, her husband; little Maria, her daughter; Frau Von Losch, her mother, and the citizens of Paris. Among them all she should find companionship to suit her mood.

ROMANCE

begins with
that schoolgirl complexion

*A lovely skin
invites Romance*



YOU must take the first steps toward romance alone. Yet those steps are made easier . . . if you let beauty light the way. Luckily, a lovely skin will help you most.

Won't you let Palmolive—the soap of youth—help to bring out your hidden beauty? Palmolive's precious blend of olive and palm oils casts a veil of loveliness over your skin. It is soothing, tender, infinitely kind. It cleanses gently but thoroughly.

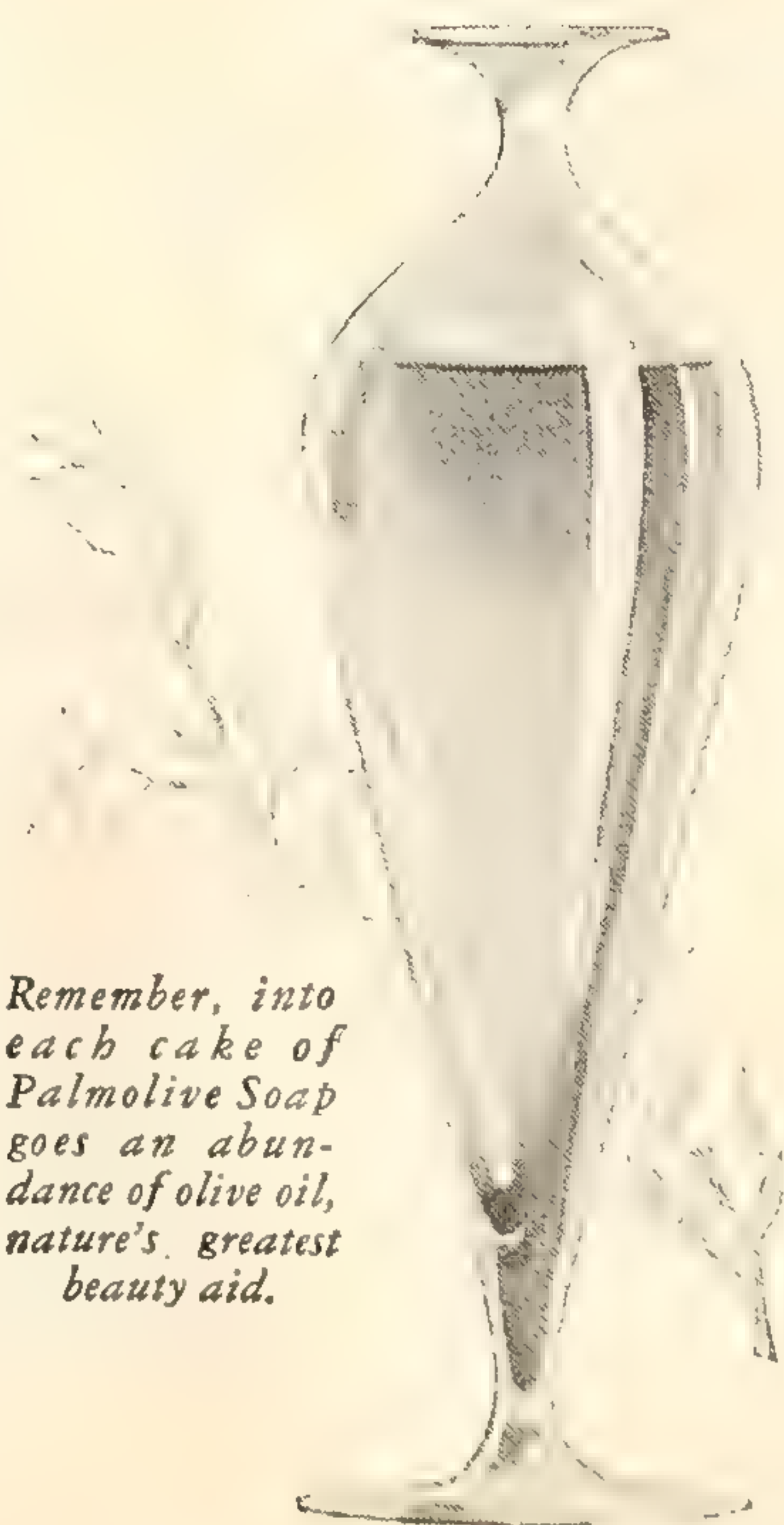
Palmolive lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh.

Palmolive is nature's own green in color. A pure soap, safe for the most sensitive skin in all the world.

Buy three cakes today. Caress that bland lather into your skin. Rinse it off with warm water, followed by cold. Rejoice in a young skin—in the romance that is every woman's right!

PALMOLIVE

... the Soap of Youth



*Remember, into
each cake of
Palmolive Soap
goes an abundance
of olive oil,
nature's greatest
beauty aid.*

Art in Astoria

Continued from page 58

logical place for a producer is at the source of things, where he can make his own contacts and his own discoveries of new and promising material, whether in acting talent, manuscripts, or directorial ability."

"There's another big advantage in producing at this end of the country," contributed the somewhat aristocratic-looking Mr. Cochran. "I mean the freedom it gives you from the celebrated Hollywood mentality. New York may not be the most matter-of-fact city in the world, but compared to Hollywood it's as prosy and realistic as a ham sandwich. Everyone is in a more businesslike, more tractable frame of mind, and nobody's going to throw monkey-wrenches into production by going Hollywood in this atmosphere."

And so, with "The Emperor Jones" completed by this writing, and soon to be released, these two sanguine young filmmakers are already considering a number of other scripts with which they intend proving that good motion pictures do not necessarily spell "Hollywood".

As for "The Emperor Jones," if the degree of care, preparation and expense which they have lavished upon this production is to remain the standard, they need have no fear of failure. The quarter of a million dollars which they have invested in the film is an almost unheard of sum for an "independent" production. The musical direction they placed in the hands of J. Rosamund Johnson, foremost living authority on Negro spiritual and folk music. The script was prepared for the screen by Dubose Heyward, author of such Negro classics as "Porgy" and "Mamba's Daughters." The

settings were fashioned by designer De Rossi, widely known on the continent of Europe, who came over from his native Holland expressly for the purpose. His jungle set, for elaborateness and visual beauty, rivals any that the films have seen in recent years. The production was supervised by no less a veteran than William DeMille, with Dudley Murphy directing. And the crowning stroke of genius was the choice of Paul Robeson, that dark-skinned Titan of Negro drama and song, to play the central rôle and sing some of his famous spirituals.

To watch Robeson at work on the set was an unforgettable experience. Clad as he was in only a pair of tattered trunks for this final scene of the picture, the epic proportions of his body and the rhythmic grace of his movements showed up to the best advantage. It is easy to see in his six-foot-two frame, and in the powerful formation of his shoulders and chest, a descendant of some proud family of rulers among the dark races of ancient civilizations.

Robeson's record of high achievement in art, in sports and in scholarly pursuits is a familiar story. The son of a colored minister in a small New Jersey town, he won entrance to Rutgers College on a scholarship in 1915. During his four years there he made the unprecedented record of winning his 'varsity letter in four sports, gaining a place on Walter Camp's All-American football team for two successive seasons. Unlike so many collegiate athletes, his mental attainments matched his physical prowess, and he achieved the rare feat of

winning his Phi Beta Kappa key in his junior year, graduating with honors in 1919.

Later he took a law degree at Columbia University, but never went into practice, for in the meantime he had discovered that a career lay before him as a singer. And it is mainly as a singer that the world still knows him—an ebony god of a man whose brooding and exultant delivery of his racial songs has moved listeners as few vocalists ever have.

Robeson made his stage début in 1924, in the same play of Eugene O'Neill's which he has now turned into a motion picture. In the same year he created the leading rôle of O'Neill's "All God's Chillun Got Wings." Both portrayals won him the unrestrained applause of the most severe critics of the drama, his performance as *Brutus Jones* in particular being remembered as one of the triumphs of the season.

During a lull in the afternoon's shooting I asked Robeson his opinion of the character of *Brutus Jones* as playwright O'Neill delineated it. Did it ring true? Was it faithful to the Negro character?

"As a character study I consider it a masterpiece," he replied. "O'Neill sounded the very depths of *Jones'* soul—of the masterful Pullman porter who made himself a ruler, only to be overtaken at last by the superstitions of his ancestors. Coming from the pen of a white man it's an almost incredible achievement, without a false note in the characterization."

He spoke quietly, the sound of his deep, rich voice falling so low as to be at times nearly inaudible. Though this was near the end of an exhausting afternoon of plunging through the property underbrush and falling headlong upon the sand in a clearing of the jungle set, he sat at perfect ease, answering questions with a cordial smile, talking now earnestly, now humorously.

"You know, I've come to like this business of acting in the movies. Somehow I never thought I would, and during the first few days of it, before I was sure of my technique, I almost regretted leaving my natural medium, the regretted stage. But it's different, now I've got the hang of it, and I'm looking forward to making other pictures if the right stories are to be found. The thrill of witnessing one's own acting is new to me, but I've seen some of my scenes run off, and I'm quite pleased with the results.

"Though I enjoy acting, both on the stage and for the screen, I don't want to lose sight of the fact that singing is my natural medium of expression. And it's also the medium through which I can best serve my people. To interpret the Negro soul through Negro song—that is what I've come to regard as my purpose in life. I hope some day to prove scientifically, as I now attempt to prove through art, that the Negro heritage is as glorious as that of other peoples. For if we go back far enough in history we will find a time when men of the dark-skinned races were among the loftiest rulers of mankind, as well as the most civilized.

"For years I have been making studies in ethnology, the science of racial origins, and making notes for a book whereby I hope to prove my point. It's my ultimate ambition; having achieved it, I'll feel that I've served my people to the fullest extent that one man can."



"In the Fog" is the name of this Radio picture in which Robert Armstrong and Helen Mack are co-featured. And maybe it's gazing into Helen's lovely eyes that makes Bob feel just that way! The little red-head goes blonde for this picture.

To "serve his people"—that is the guiding motive that explains much about Robeson's character and the course of his life. One of the most fortunate of his race by virtue of his inherent gifts and the modest simplicity of his soul, he values his success not for the material and personal rewards it can bring him, but for the credit and benefit it has reflected on the partly happy, partly despairing race of which he considers himself before all else a part.

Thanks, SCREENLAND! Thanks, Cagney!

Continued from page 29

and see more of the life which proved such a fascination to me.

My next morning at the studio was spent on location where I watched a group of young folks making "Wild Boys of the Road." This is a picturization of youthful hoboes who now frequent the railroads in great hordes. Because the players were so near my own age, the trip held a double purpose and I felt that the morning was a very successful one.

The afternoon was spent at the Sunset Avenue branch of the Warner Corporation. There Allen Jenkins, Pat O'Brien, and Bette Davis were working in "The Bureau of Missing Persons." The sets were very impressive, and I found in Miss Davis, after a long talk, a real friend and one who understood my sincere longing to be in pictures. Following this excursion, I was only too satisfied that I had had a full day and I was glad to return to the hotel and re-visualize the adventures of my first days in Hollywood.

My first Sunday in the colony was spent on a tour of Beverly Hills and Malibu Beach. My host was none other than James M. Fidler, the Western Representative of SCREENLAND. The estates and bungalows of the stars were very beautiful and the tour made me immensely happy, for now I can always remember the players as they look in their own homes.

On my next visit to the Warner Studio, I saw in the making one of the most elaborate scenes ever staged in Hollywood. It was the fountain-and-swimming pool setting for "Footlight Parade," and even though I had seen the inner workings of the studio, I was still awed by the grandeur and the intricate workmanship of the scene. This day proved to be my last at the Warner Studio and surely there could have been no greater climax to such an interesting week, than being permitted to see the fountain set and the scores of beautiful chorus girls in action.

My last day in Hollywood was spent in an excursion through the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Fox Studios. At Metro, one of the great ambitions of my life was realized: I met Joan Crawford! She is just as I had imagined her and, after meeting Joan, I was ready to go home for I felt my trip had been completed.

Throughout my whole visit, everyone I came in contact with was very kind and I am most grateful to all who were instrumental in making my trip such a success. To SCREENLAND go my sincerest thanks for making my visit to Hollywood a reality, and to James Cagney, who proved to be a perfect host.

Too soon did the day of my departure arrive. As I boarded the train which was to carry me back to Montana, I said to Mr. Fidler, "My visit is over and I'm going home, but don't forget I'm coming back because I've got Hollywood in my blood!"



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You can buy "Guili-Guili" in small sizes in less fancy bottles—or if you say "pretty please" you might get someone to give you the large-size bottle shown above. (The size of the bottle in the drawing is a bit exaggerated we'll admit.) The head and feet are hand-carved from a dark, rich wood, and it's a perfectly stunning addition to any dressing table.

Our old friends the Pacquin Hand Cream people, have put out a new nail polish—so now we can have "Pacquin's to the Finger Tips." And, what's more, it's not just another nail polish. It has several very distinct advantages. It is an ideal consistency—goes on smoothly without streaking—and it doesn't get thick in the bottle, after standing a while. You may buy it in several shades . . . colorless, natural, rose and a very smart new and darker rose for sophisticated finger tips. It's one of those polishes that you don't have to fool with for hours, to give a professional-manicure look to your nails. You may buy the polishes and remover separately, or you may buy them in a combination package at a very reasonable price.

We girls have a problem with hair—particularly since a great majority of us have been going in for finger and water waves so consistently. And quite often our waves would have a longer life (and a less expensive one), except that our shampoo day rolls around before the wave

Femi-nifties

Beauty is as Beauty Buys
in the Cosmetic Market

By Katharine
Hartley



And now — "Pacquin's to the finger tips." . . .

high-lights of your hair. A number of the stars in Hollywood have found that a bit of Eden's Wave used before a close-up shot gives their hair new life and freshness—makes it look as though they had just come from the hairdressers. Incidentally, the blonde stars like it particularly well because it doesn't darken the hair.



It dry-cleans the hair, and is kind to your wave.

There's a very interesting product on the market known as Klerplex Wash—only it's really more than a wash. You wet the face with hot water, then apply a little Klerplex Wash. Allow it to remain on your face for a minute or two, then remove with warm water, and follow with cold water or an ice-pack. That's all there is to the treatment, but it helps to put a skin in good normal condition. It clears up oiliness, helps remove blackheads and refines large pores . . . and in general, corrects a sluggish, sallow skin. Sensitive skins should use this Wash only three times a week, but it may be used daily by hardy normal skins. The Wash has a nice fresh fragrance which makes it delightful to use. Order it direct from the maker.

Coty's skin beautifiers have blossomed forth in perfectly stunning new packages. The jars and bottles are pure white, with gleaming turquoise blue tops.

One of the new Coty items is the Coty Eye Cream—which should meet with great acclaim everywhere. It is especially blended to do a good job in correcting wrinkles around the eyes.

Another headliner is the Acne Lotion which is tinted so that it won't leave a pasty white look on the face. It is antiseptic and healing—and may also be used as a powder base over blemished skins.



Two headliners in the exciting new Coty line. . . .

The Public Be Heard

Continued from page 11

POINTED PARAGRAPHS

I am a weather-beaten old fan of several years' standing, and I can't but admire Hollywood for the excellent entertainment that is regularly turned out, year after year, with such apparent ease. Every taste is catered to, from the "arty" enthusiast to the gangster expert—and with uniform success.

P. S. Phillips,
46 Countess Road,
London, England.

Wild animals and politics in the pictures are only a passing fad; but romantic love, being a universal quality of human nature, must always remain as potent to us as it was to the First Man and the First Woman in the Garden of Eden.

Mary Ford Miller,
Montreat, N. C.

Give us idealism in our films. No, it won't always be strict truth. But give us, nevertheless, something to which we can aspire, some ideal for which to struggle, hope and pray!

Marjorie Schlosser,
Saegertown, Pa.

I'm for Katharine Hepburn! She intrigues my reluctant admiration—and I consider her attractive, but not beautiful. Her incomparable crust in dealing with writers, interviewers, and publicity makes me yearn to snicker.

Sally Stroud,
Conway, Ark.

We demand beauty, yes; but it must be suggested rather than actual. Mere prettiness may appeal to some eyes, but it does not bespeak a great actress. Are Garbo, Crawford, Hepburn, Helen Hayes, pretty or beautiful? Yet they enchant with a word, a look, a fugitive gesture.

Bonnie Boone Newell,
Alice, Texas.

What could be lovelier than "The Merry Widow," filmed in technicolor, directed by Ernst Lubitsch, and starring John Boles and Jeanette MacDonald?

Margaret A. Connell,
Des Moines, Iowa.

Hurrah for musical pictures, the sensation of the year! Such pictures as "42nd Street," "Melody Cruise," and "Gold Diggers of 1933" delight the eye and please the ear. When I saw "42nd Street" the theatre was packed to the corners.

Frank Pontinen,
Lakewood, Ohio.

AN OLD-FASHIONED RAVE FOR DOROTHY!

You movie fans can keep your favorite stars—your Garbos, Shearers, Crawfords, Gables, Chevaliers, and so on. I had rather see Dorothy Jordan on the screen than any other star.

In my opinion, Miss Jordan is the best motion picture actress ever produced in Hollywood. She is an actress who can act vividly, emotionally, sympathetically, and as brilliantly as any. She has personality, charm, youth, and brains. Her films, nearly every one of them, are first rate, from "The Wet Parade" to "Bondage."

So—give me Dorothy or give me death!

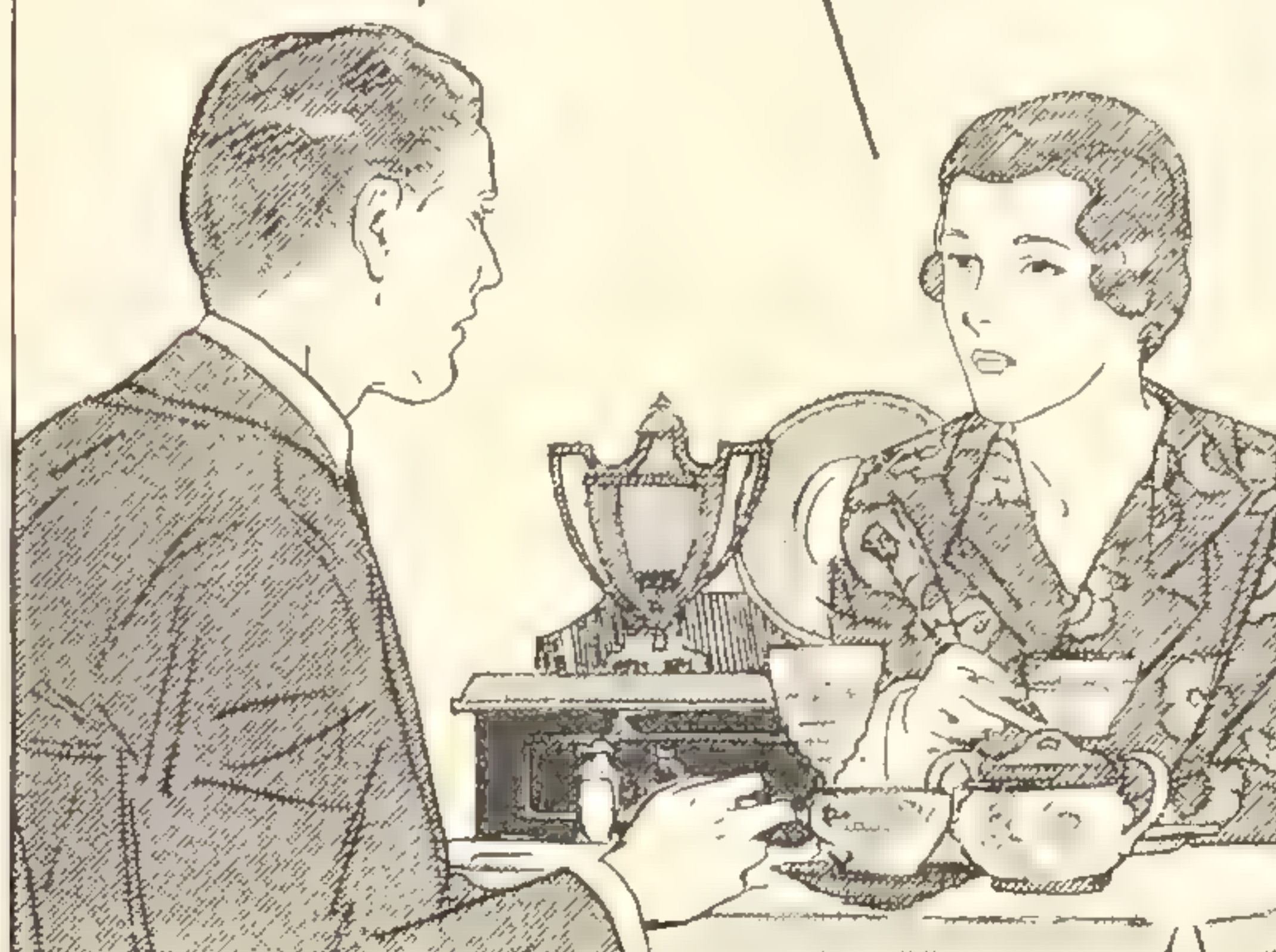
Frederick Wood,
San Francisco, Cal.

A QUARREL AVERTED



HONEY, WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT OLD KIMONO TO BREAKFAST? YOU USED TO BE SO DAINTY. LATELY YOU'VE EVEN... EVEN...

LET'S NOT QUARREL, DON. I FELT TIRED—OUT TOO LATE LAST NIGHT—BUT I'LL GO DRESS



LATER

CELIA, YOU LOOK CHARMING—SO FRESH AND SPRUCE! I'D NEVER DREAM YOU'D BEEN DANCING ALL NIGHT, TOO

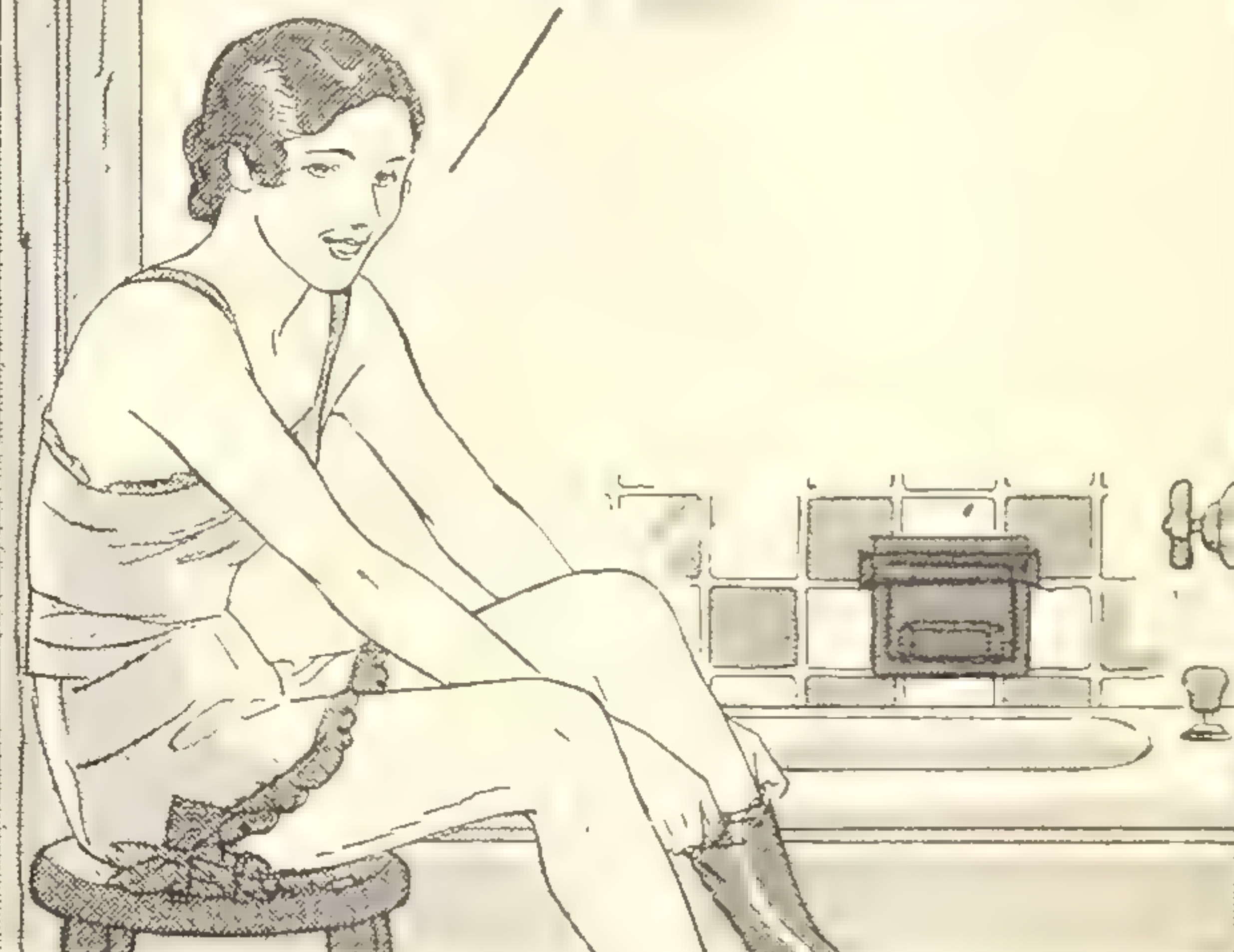
THAT'S BECAUSE I'VE JUST HAD A LIFEBOUY BATH. IT'S SO REFRESHING! AND IT PREVENTS "B.O."—KEEPS ONE TRULY DAINTY



"B.O."—PERHAPS I... COULD THAT BE WHAT DON STARTED TO TELL ME? I'LL GET SOME LIFEBOUY RIGHT AWAY



LIFEBOUY'S MARVELOUS. NEVER IN MY BORN DAYS HAVE I SEEN SUCH SMOOTH, CREAMY LATHER. NO WONDER IT ENDS "B.O." IT'S FRESHENED MY COMPLEXION, TOO



"B.O." GONE—*"lived happily ever after"*

HURRY, DON, YOU'LL BE LATE FOR WORK

GOSH, HONEY, YOU'RE SO SWEET I HATE TO LEAVE YOU



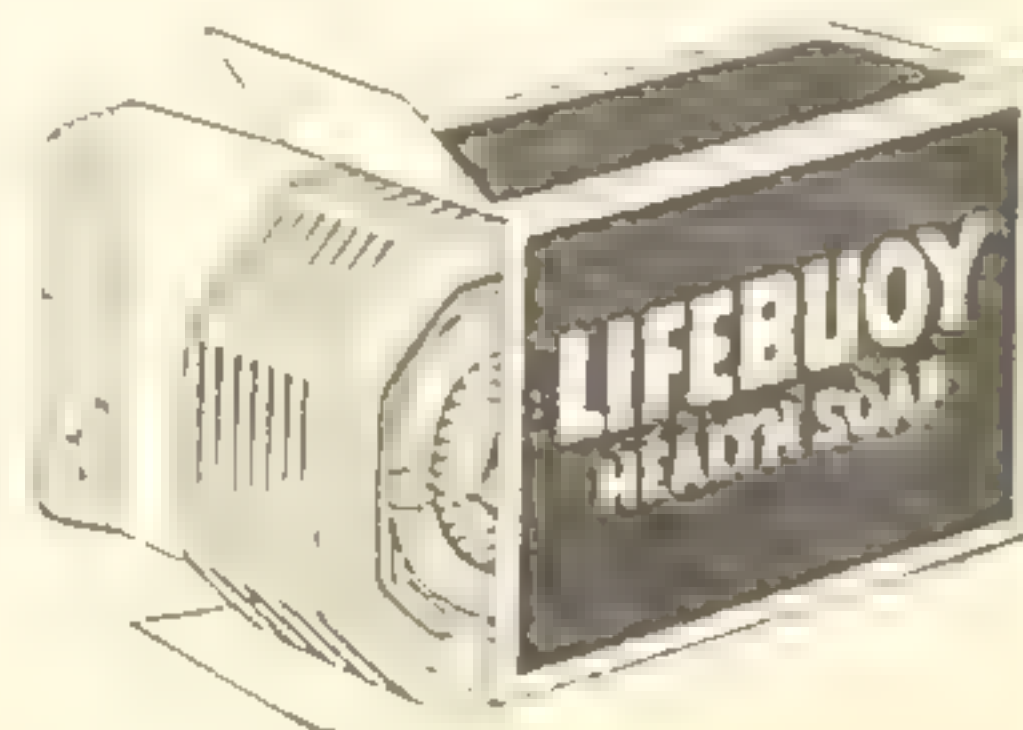
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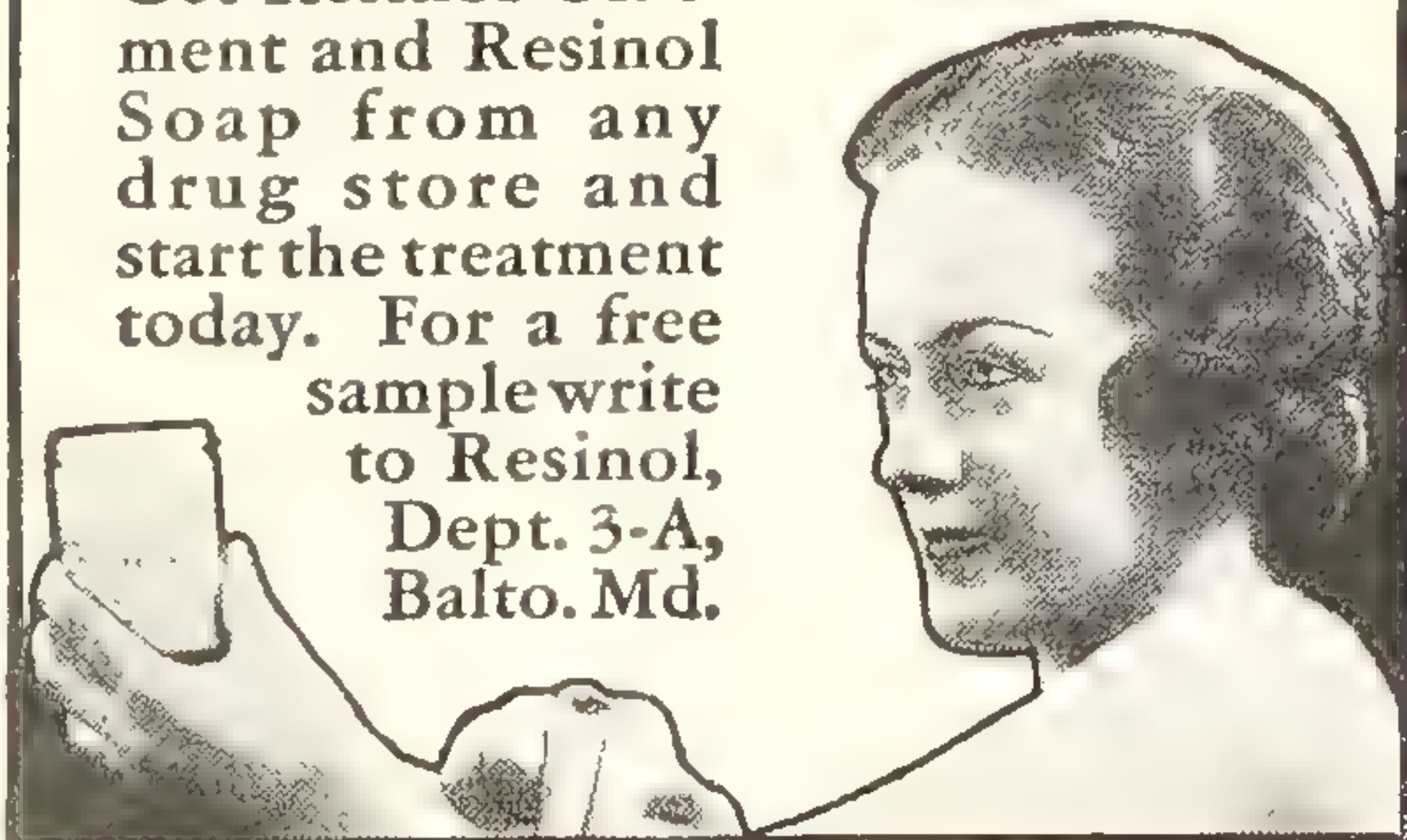
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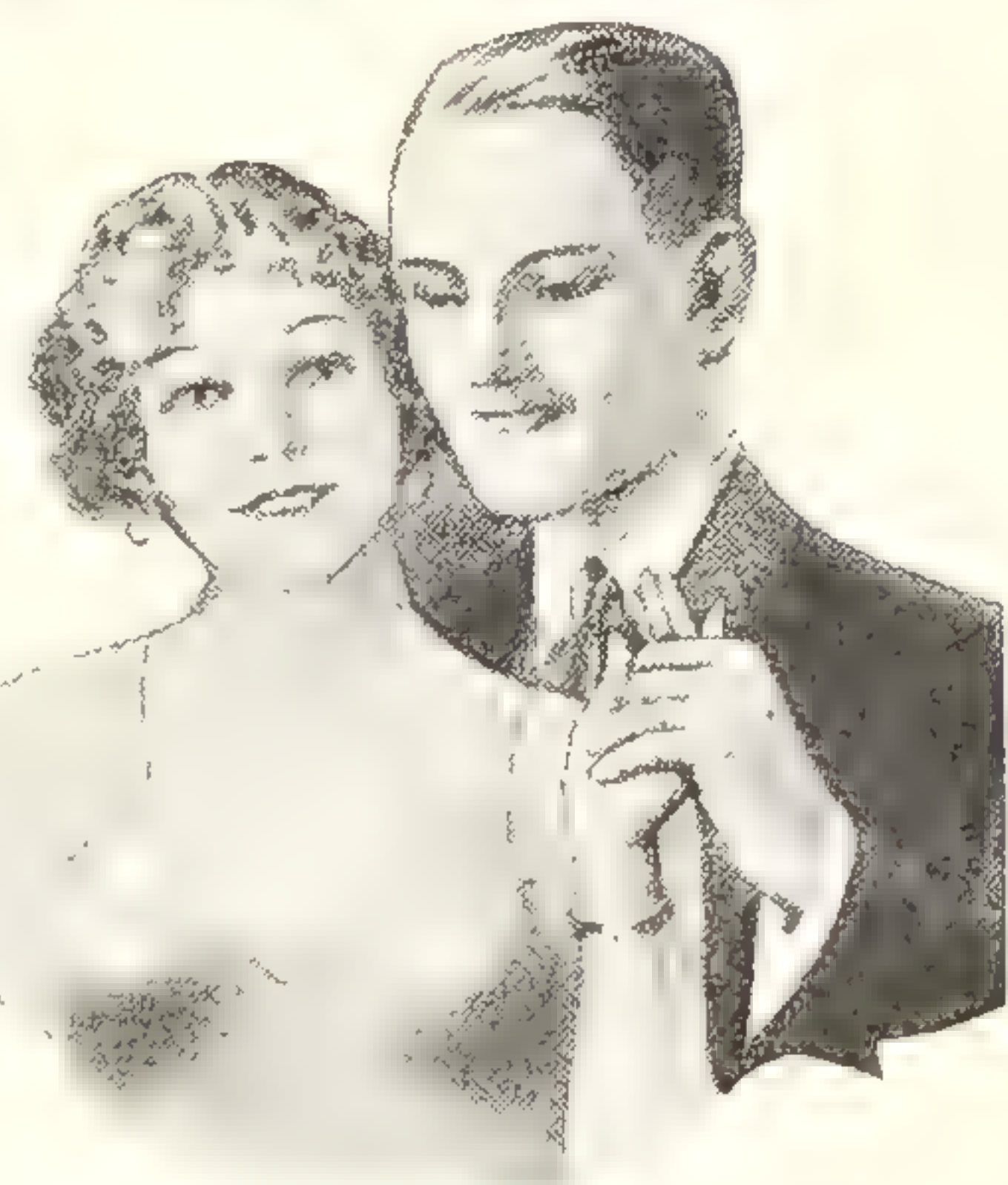
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What I Think of Bing!

Continued from page 31

hips than Dick and the pants fit him too soon. There was no belt handy so he'd ventured out without one and the pants had slipped down until he looked like Jimmy Savo—all seat and no legs.

People are always asking me what Bing is like around the house. I wish I knew. He gets up at daylight and I like to sleep in the morning. The result is he's gone before I waken. He usually phones a couple of times during the day but I don't lay eyes on him until he staggers in around dinner time, flops into a chair and moans, "Am I tired? How about a quiet evening at home?"

The neighbors tell me they like to hear him sing. I've asked them to let me know the next time they hear him so I can listen, too. They must catch him over the air because he's never home long enough to finish a number.

If ever there was a golf widow, I'm IT! When he isn't working he's out on the golf course from sun-up to sun-down. When I tell him he ought to pay more attention to Gunder (our baby) and me, he says I ought to be glad he plays golf so he'll be in shape to make his next picture. Ah, me!

He's got the most curiously complex character of any person I've ever met. I know he loves me devotedly and yet he'd much rather be out with a bunch of men than with me. He's strictly a man's man. I never worry about what he's doing when he's away from me because Bing is one of those men who believe when once you're married, you're married, and that's all there is to it. The thought of chiseling or divorce would never enter his head.

He says he's the laziest man who ever walked the earth and yet he'll work his

head off. He explains that by saying that as much as he hates work he hates being broke more. He's got to have money in his "kicks," as he puts it.

And, speaking of money, he's got no more idea of the value of it than our baby. We're building a new home and I wanted to get one of the best interior decorators in town to "do it" for us. That furniture is something we'll have to live with the rest of our lives. The man wanted eight thousand dollars and Bing thought that was too much. Yet last summer he chartered a boat for two thousand dollars to go on a fishing trip that was over in a week!

He eats very little breakfast—according to him—usually just a glass of orange juice, toast, bacon, a couple of eggs and coffee. He's always on a reducing diet but he'll eat a double chocolate fudge sundae in the middle of the day. And I must admit he never carries his diet to the point of being disagreeable around the house. If we have something for dinner that's a little fattening and which isn't on his self-prescribed diet, he just goes ahead like a little man and eats it anyhow.

There's one sure way to get a rise out of him. He says when he was little that his folks provided him with food, shelter, and clothes, but that from the time he was ten years old he had to get his spending money for himself. He sold papers, the *Saturday Evening Post*, trekked through Montana selling subscriptions to magazines to win a scholarship, mowed lawns, split wood, and even worked as janitor in the Everyman's Club in Spokane—the latter a club for down-and-outers who have nowhere else to go.

His mother, on the other hand, says he



Missing links? We don't mean the boys, of course; only the golf course on which they've been pill-chasing. Dick Arlen, Bing Crosby and Jack Oakie are three of Hollywood's most ardent golfers.



She's the "All-American Girl"! Lucille Lund won that title, and a picture contract with Universal, from among 1200 co-eds. Watch for her screen debut in "Saturday's Millions."

never had to do a lick of work in his life until he was grown and that makes Bing hot under the collar. The thing that worries him also as much as the reflection on his industriousness is that he can't decide whether I made it up to kid him or whether his mother really told me that—and his attitude doesn't sit too well with either of us! He says it's calumny and the law should take charge of women who make such gross misstatements!

When he gets going good Jimmy Durante with his fancy language can't hold a candle to Bing. Half the time I have to go 'round with a pocket dictionary so I'll know what he's talking about.

I worry myself sick every time he gets in a car to go anywhere because he's already completely wrecked four cars and hasn't profited by the experience. He still drives like a madman because he's more interested in getting to where he's going than he is in the driving.

We have a steam cabinet in the bathroom (a last, futile attempt to reduce him). Instead of sitting on the stool and letting his head stick out, as ordinary people do, he covers up the hole in the top and sits on the floor. He takes a pair of sun glasses in there with him and does his reading as he sweats. The perspiration drips on the books and the heat warps them out of shape. When we borrow books it's the same thing. Half my allowance goes to replacing books people have loaned us and which he ruins.

He always forgets to send me flowers but he thinks it's cute when I send them to myself, with his card in them, and charge them to him.

He's got the sweetest, most even-going disposition I've ever come across and I ask you: What can you do with a man like that except love him and wait for him to stagger in with his customary "Am I tired?"

Anyhow, I've got Gunder to prove that even he has his moments!

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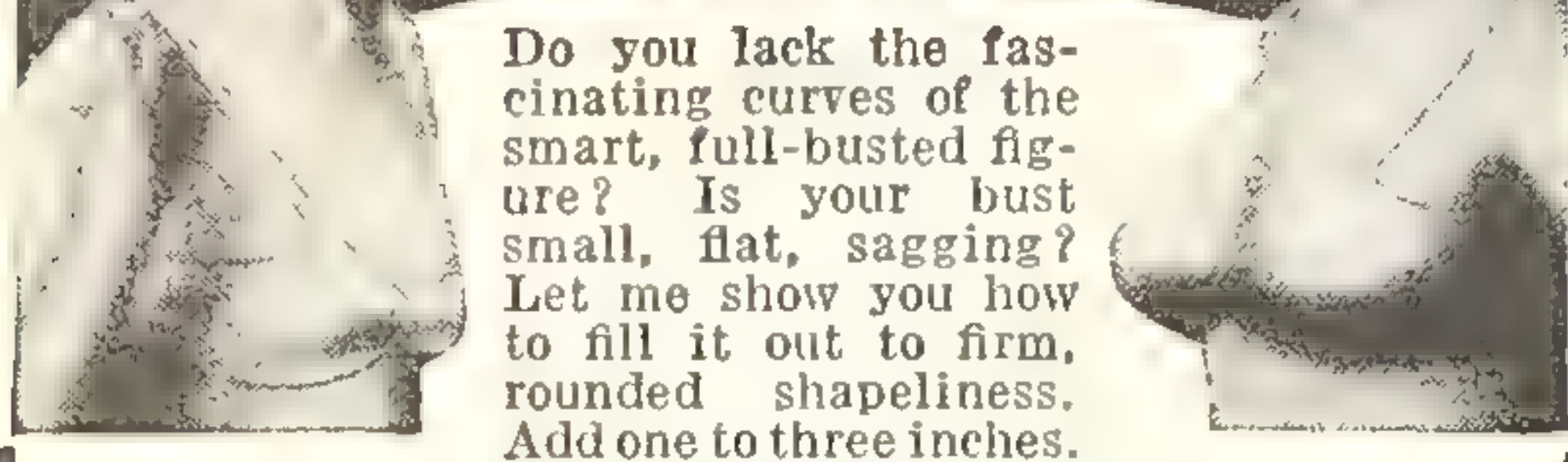
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A stellar conference in the Paramount studio front yard. Dick Arlen and George Raft stand by while Richard Bennett, in make-up, Lona Andre, Jack LaRue, and Judith Allen talk it all over. The dog? He's daddy Bennett's pet.

Mae West's Secret Self!

Continued from page 27

And they went, with a will!

Was that party gay? Did they yell and scream? Did they make whoopee? They certainly did. There was no stopping that gathering once it got under way, and the guests ate too much and drank too much and joy was unrefined.

Did Hollywood stare! The guests—there were two hundred of them—came to the party by the busload. The hostess didn't even know their names! Yes, Mae West, who has captured London, Paris, Park Avenue, Main Street and the Bronx by her free and easy ways, who exhibits sex without moonlight, flowers or sweet whispers, who scorns Betsy Ross because all she could make was a flag, is big-hearted when she gives a party, and her invitation was *carte blanche*.

Miss West greeted her guests at the circus tent, of all places, where she met them with consignments of peanuts, popcorn, and pink lemonade, and these guests comprised—hold your breath!—orphan children from the Los Angeles asylums. Do you wonder the party was a huge success and that everyone, including the hostess, thought it was swell?

Mae has led a busy life, busier than most people. She has written and produced plays, as well as acted in them. She writes her own scripts for pictures, invents bits of business, gags, wisecracks, is the author of books, but she's never too busy to lend a helping hand, to listen to a tale of woe, or to give the other fellow a lift up. She's especially thoughtful of old comrades.

To her dressing-room at the studio or the theatre comes a steady procession of those in trouble. She keeps a wad of bills in her sock, and before the day is half over, the money is gone—found its way into the empty pocket of some needy comrade of a day gone by.

This same Mae West is a practical, sensible woman, who has seen many sides of life. She knows its hardships, its uncertainties, its recompenses.

When George Raft was having difficulties with Paramount, she called him into her dressing-room, where she was making personal appearances in conjunction with "She Done Him Wrong." Raft had left Hollywood in a huff and was out of a job. Miss West was the hit of the town. Everyone was flocking to see her—authors, paint-

ers, all the so-called literati, whose approval spells success—but she managed to find time to talk to George Raft like the Dutch uncle we hear about.

"Have you ever been hungry?" she asked him.

"Sure I have," he said defiantly.

"Do you remember it?" she asked.

"Sure!"

"Do you want to go hungry again?"

"I went hungry before, and I can do it again."

"You know, it's a terrible feeling," said Miss West, "not to have even a nickel for carfare."

Raft was beginning to melt a little. Miss West saw her opportunity. "Look here, George," she said. "Be sensible. You may never have another chance. You go out of here and make friends with Paramount again—be yourself!"

He looked sheepish, but he went. Raft's on the best of terms with Paramount now and is the possessor of a long-term contract with that company.

But let me tell you that Mae West, who claims that when she's good, she's very, very good, and when she's bad, she's better, seldom smokes, never drinks, is afraid of nothing—but is scared to death of a mouse.

Oh, yes, there's one thing she wouldn't and couldn't do. She tried it once, so she knows. She was getting a huge sum weekly for it, too. After the first night she quit. It was singing in a night club. She didn't like putting on her act for a lot of people, nearly all of whom were tight.

That's a bad girl for you—a bold, bad girl. She started her career at the age of four, giving impersonations of well-known people of the day. She got her first job giving an imitation of Eva Tanguay, the once-famous "I don't care" vaudevillian, who has just recently had her eyesight restored—thanks to Mae West.



Irene Ware, who doesn't believe in wasting time, takes her knitting to the set with her and gets in a few between-scenes stitches.



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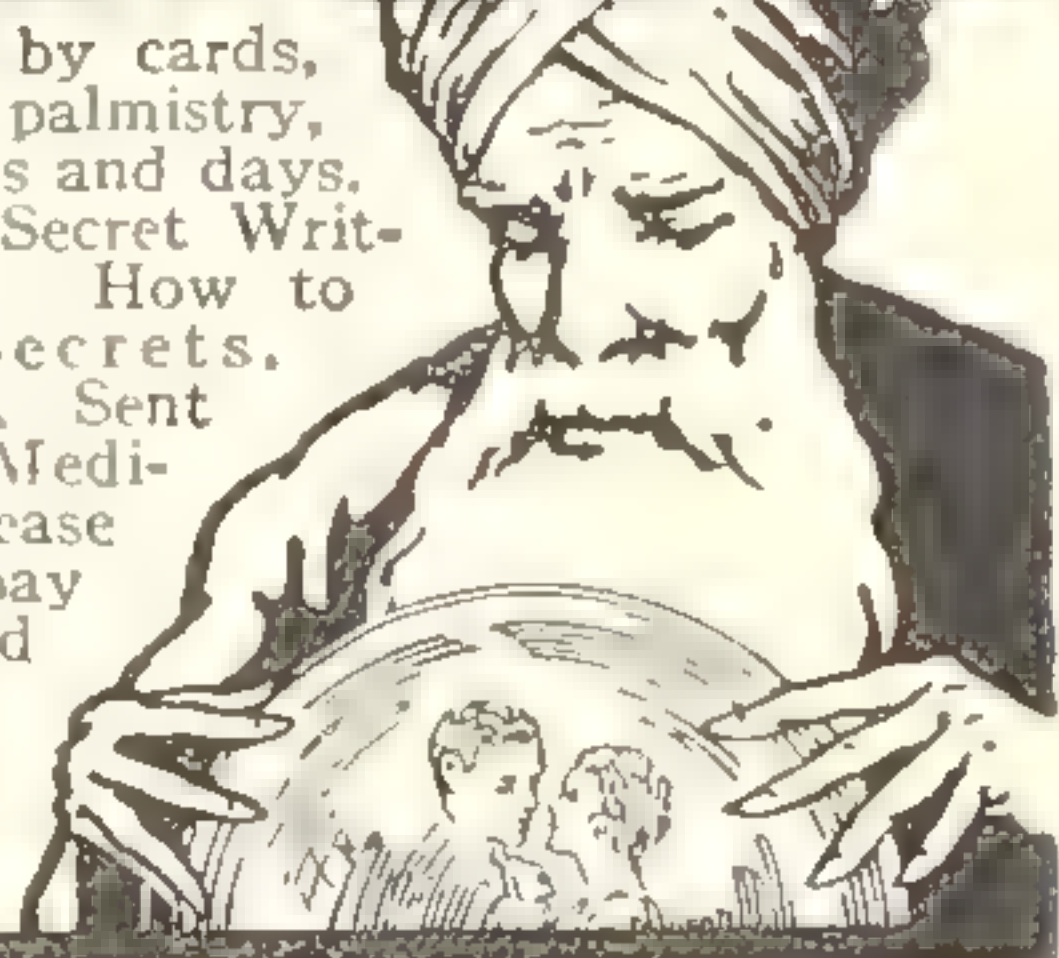


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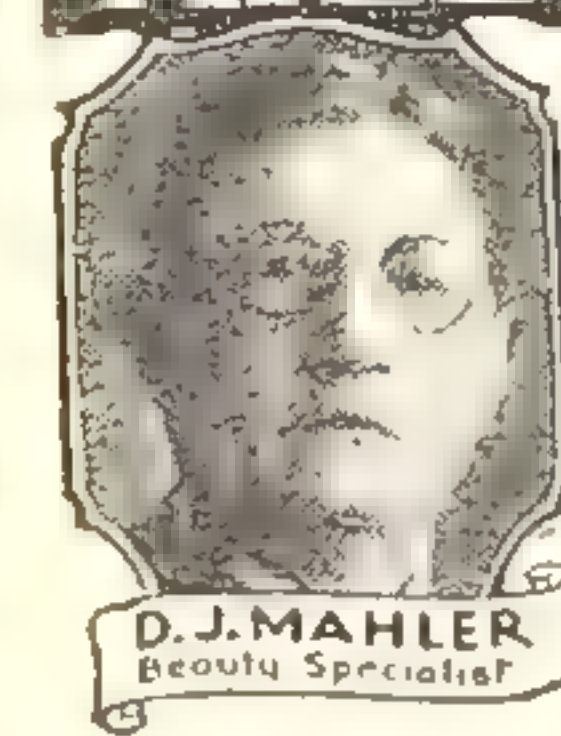
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Joan Talks about Tomorrow

Continued from page 14

definite financial goal at which to aim.

"I have none," she responded. "Perhaps the statement may sound unreasonable, for I realize that most human beings have ultimate money-aims. Few have not said to themselves, 'I want to save a thousand dollars, or a hundred thousand, or a million.' I invest as much of my salary as is conveniently possible, but other than to achieve independence, I have no goal.

"I never expect to retire. My mind is too restless for idleness. My body is too energetic; my nerves are too alive. Inactivity drives me insane. When the screen and stage are lost to me, I shall turn to art, literature, designing, or something that will keep me occupied. I will keep busy until I am too old and weak to go on. When that moment arrives, I want to die.

"In the future I plan to go annually to Europe, not only for vacation purposes but also for broadening educational reasons. I want to visit every nook and corner of the world. I believe I will profit in earthly knowledge from these contemplated journeys, for my mind is memorative."

Joan also has definite plans to become a stage actress. In this regard, she is the instigator of one of the most amazing schemes ever conceived by a motion picture company—a project that I shall now make public for the first time:

"There is every likelihood that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer will organize a stock company and present plays on Broadway," Joan told me. "If this plan culminates successfully, all of the company's contract stars, and many guest stars from other studios, will be seen behind the footlights of a New York theatre."

The possibilities of this scheme are astounding! Why, in the course of a year such a theatre might present in person such stars as Miss Crawford, Helen Hayes, Jean Harlow, Norma Shearer, Lionel Barrymore, Marie Dressler, Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Walter Huston and scores more. It is not entirely beyond the bounds

of reason that Greta Garbo may be persuaded to take part in a play.

"One marked advantage to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer as play producers is the interchange of actors and actresses," Joan continued. "For example, if Helen Hayes were working in a New York play and was needed for a Hollywood picture, studio officials could send Norma Shearer or another star to replace Miss Hayes. I believe that every star under contract to our studio has expressed enthusiastic approval of the idea."

The plan is so daring and of such tremendous scope that its fulfillment seems more like a dream than a possibility. Yet Joan not only believes that it will be carried to completion; she also believes that its achievement is not far future! She is positive that the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Play Company will be an actuality within two years!

However, the failure of this amazing scheme to develop will not deter Miss Crawford's intention of appearing in a New York or London play. She has harbored that ambition for years. During the past twenty-four months she has constantly besieged her employers to permit her annual leaves-of-absence, during which she would appear behind the footlights. She now tells me that she has practically won that fight; it now remains for the studio to produce its own plays or give Joan permission to negotiate with other New York producers.

Miss Crawford's one ideal is to be the greatest star! Not merely the most popular screen star, or the most renowned stage star, but the greatest actress of stage and screen!

Once she confided this ambition to an actress-friend, who cried, "How can you say such a thing, when we have such fine artists as Helen Hayes and Greta Garbo?"

Joan's answer may be bromidic, but she was utterly sincere when she said, "If one desires a thing and is willing to strive and sacrifice to attain it, nothing is impossible."



Famous star congratulates movie aspirant! Gracious Joan Crawford wishes the best of luck to Anita Thompson, former Dallas, Texas, school girl, whose beauty won her a bit in "Dancing Lady."



Reaching for the moon? This lissome lady is Lilian Miles, one of the attractions in the song-and-dance picture, "Moonlight and Pretzels." And she's even more provocative than the title of this new musical comedy in celluloid!

The Man Constance Cummings Married

Continued from page 17

this parish, become one. The bride carried no flowers, and the groom no torch.

Then it is off to Venice, buckity-buckity, where the moon is as big as a ferris wheel and the gondoliers howl ballads in rich, garlic-laden tenors.

So Constance Cummings, née Halverstadt, of Seattle, has a fine young spouse, one of the smartest theatrical lads of his time. Forgotten her first false steps in the film colony, when she wasn't the type for a Ronnie Colman picture, and she ate bitter

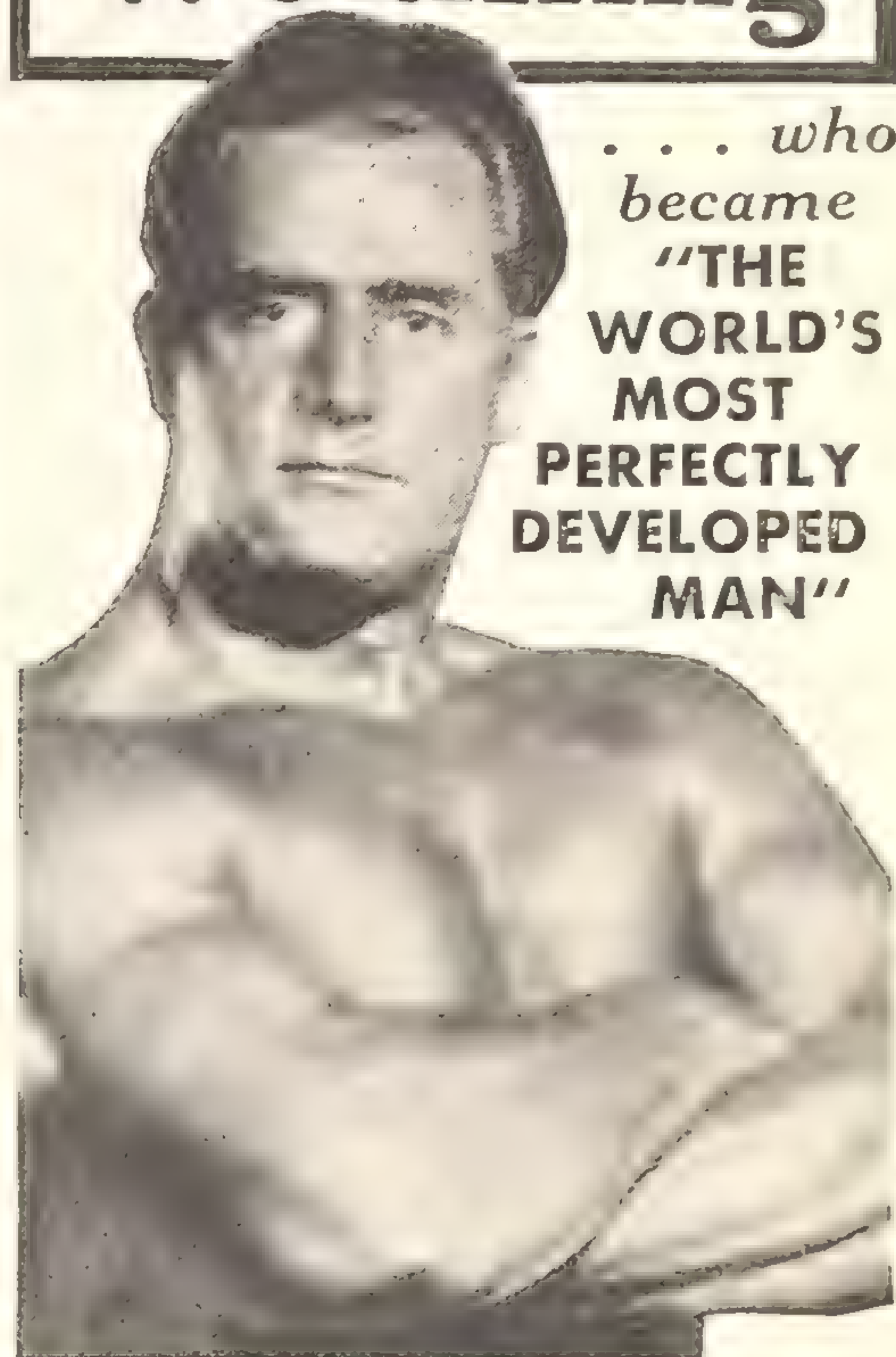
toast as she saw another lass get the rôle she had been hired to play.

Only remember, now, the recent screen triumphs that have rocketed her to success. Those—and the fact that she has married the man she loves.

Health and success to the 'appy pair!

And as their honeymoon gondola glides down the Grand Canal, I trust and believe that no shadow of a beautiful English girl shares the craft. For gondolas, like the bicycle in the old song, are built for two!

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Ask Me!

A Gargan Fan. If you saw William Gargan in "The Animal Kingdom" and if you didn't, why not, you'll have no trouble in putting him in the top-notch place he deserves in pictures. William, or Bill to his friends, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 17, 1905. He has reddish brown hair, blue eyes, weighs 170 pounds and is 6 feet tall; is married and has a four-year-old son, a baby daughter, and just recently another son, Leslie, made his debut at the Gargan menage.

Shirley G. Many are asking about "Be Mine Tonight," featuring Jan Kiepura and a full foreign cast—don't get me wrong—the cast is fine. It was a German-made film co-starring Jenny Jugo and Kiepura, under the title "A Song for You," and released for American trade by Universal as "Be Mine Tonight." Sorry I haven't much personal information about the foreign tenor except that he is a rave in Europe and Universal will present him in more films.

Vancouver Fan. I take it or you take it, you have a birthday in October. Constance Bennett, Marian Nixon, Janet Gaynor, Carole Lombard, Boots Mallory, Jean Arthur, Marjorie Beebe, Sue Carol, Sally O'Neil, Mitzi Green, Lloyd Hughes, Buster Keaton, and James Hall—all October "babies."

A Vee Dee Fan. Don't I feel important! Dwight Frye was born in Salina, Kansas, 33 years ago. He is 5 feet 8 inches tall. He played with Adolphe Menjou, Greta Nissen, and Donald Cook in "The Circus Queen Murder."

Christine M. As far as I know, Florence Eldridge is the first and only wife of

Fredric March, and a very congenial couple they are. Robert Montgomery was married to Elizabeth Bryan-Allen in 1928. (No—not the Elizabeth Allan who is on the screen.) Dorothy Jordan is under contract to RKO Pictures. She played in "Bondage" with Alexander Kirkland. Dorothy was born August 9, 1910, in Clarksville, Tenn. She was married, on May 27, to Merian C. Cooper, RKO producer. Anita Page is free-lancing. John Boles will be seen with the English star, Lilian Harvey, in "My Lips Betray."

Dorothy S. Will I make room for a brother and sister argument—why not? In the picture, "Hell's Angels," with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jean Harlow, and many other birds of the air, James Hall was the brother that was sacrificed for the good of something or other, if I recall it correctly. Constance Bennett and Richard Barthelmess played together in "Son of the Gods." Richard is 38 years old, Ben Lyon is 32, and Gene Raymond is 25.

Judith D. After making "Lily Turner" Ruth Chatterton vacationed in Europe with her husband, George Brent. The Brents are back at work now, appearing together in a new film.

B. S. After the fans had a glimpse of Frank Lawton as *Joe Marryot* in "Cavalcade" my department was swamped with inquiries, asking for "Lawton, Lawton, who and where is Lawton?" He was brought over from London to play that rôle and after his work was finished, he returned to his stage successes in England, but he may be persuaded to make another picture for our entertainment, in the future. Lawton



Greta Nissen, blonde charmer of many a well-remembered stage and screen opus, is the seductive school-marm who gets Phil Harris all excited in "Melody Cruise." Note the "cartridge sleeves" on Greta's negligée!



"She wanted Her Man"—and Bebe Daniels has what it takes to get him! Bebe stars in an English-made picture with the above title, made by British International, with these three well-groomed Britishers among the men who want her!

was born in London, England, on Sept. 30, 1904. His mother is Daisy May Collier, an English actress, and his father is Frank Mokeley, an American actor.

Joan M. I don't know of any one I'd rather say nice things about than Glenda Farrell. She made such a hit in "Life Begins" that her admirers have been calling for more Farrell pictures. Glenda made her film debut in 1932; besides "Life Begins," she has appeared in "I am a Fugitive from A Chain Gang," "Girl Missing," "Grand Slam" and "The Keyhole." She was born in Oklahoma about 28 years ago, was married at 16, and has a nine-year-old son, Tommy, whom she adores. Bette Davis was born April 5, 1908, in Lowell, Mass. Madge Evans is not married. The principals in "Halfway to Heaven" were Buddy Rogers, Jean Arthur, Helen Ware and Paul Lukas. Buddy Rogers' comeback to the screen after an absence of a year was in "Best of Enemies" with Marian Nixon, Frank Morgan, Joseph Cawthorn and Greta Nissen.

E. Z. H. You are going to lose your bet as sure as your name is E. Z., for "Union Depot," with Joan Blondell and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., was released in February, 1932, and "Grand Hotel" was universally released in May, 1932. You may have seen "Grand Hotel" at your favorite theatre before the Blondell and Fairbanks' film was shown there—it's impossible for me to check play-dates in local theatres.

Vee Bee W. Not trying to steal my thunder, by any chance? If you'll review the 1933 June and August issues of SCREENLAND, you'll find beautiful pictures of Elissa Landi in the Special Art Section. Elissa was born Dec. 6, 1906 in Venice, Italy. She is 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds, and has light auburn hair and green eyes. Randolph Scott plays with Sally Blane in one of her recent releases, "Wild Horse Mesa." Sally is 23 years old and weighs 118 pounds; and her sister Loretta Young is 21

and weighs 100 pounds. Philippe De Lacy is now 16 years old; his birthday was on July 25, 1917. Morgan Galloway made but one picture to my knowledge—"Lena Rivers."

Picture-goer. With so many letters from London this month, I feel quite "what-ho and a cheerio." The actor you refer to is Roscoe Karns, who appeared with Gary Cooper, Jack Oakie, Richard Bennett, George Raft and Wynne Gibson and a host of other prominent stars in "If I Had a Million." He also played in "The Crooked Circle," "Gambling Ship," "A Lady's Profession," "Today We Live" Joan Crawford's latest release, and other big features that I haven't space for here. Roscoe is one of the screen's best-known supporting players. He was born in San Bernardino, Cal., has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 165 pounds. Roscoe's long stage work fitted him for his success on the screen.

H. K. H. Sorry I can't give you the home address of Martha Sleeper but you can reach her at her studio address, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Her latest picture is "Midnight Mary" with Loretta Young, Ricardo Cortez, Franchot Tone and Una Merkel.

Mary Anna. Your latest crush, Katharine Hepburn, was as much surprised as any one to find she had made the biggest over-night sensation of any film star in many moons. Dashed off to Europe—did not wait to hear the applause she received after her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement." Katharine was born in Hartford, Conn., about 24 years ago. She has reddish brown hair, green-grey eyes, is 5 feet 5½ inches tall and weighs 105 pounds. Her second film was "Christopher Strong" with Colin Clive, Ralph Forbes, Jack LaRue, Billie Burke and Helen Chandler. Just a quiet tip—watch for the glamor girl in her new attraction, "Morning Glory," with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



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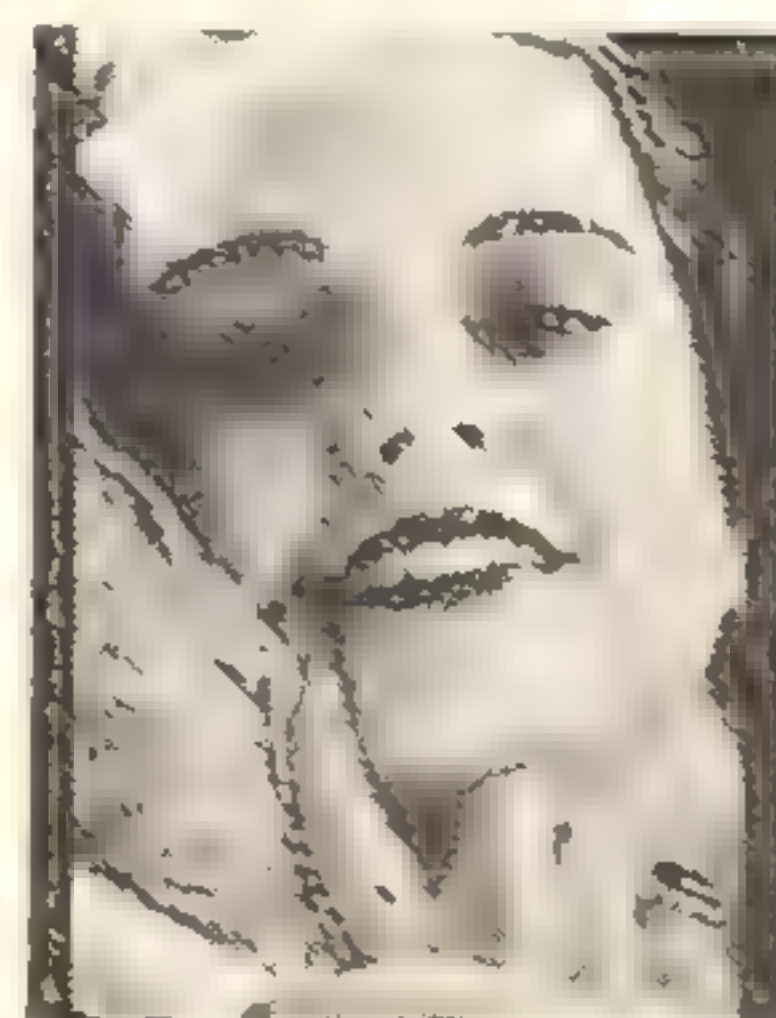
And . . . to make your eyes doubly seductive, use **Winx Eye Shadow**. It is smooth, not greasy, and comes in five subtle shades.

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SILVER SCREEN for October

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Marie Dunne, Dept. SC-10
122 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.



Harriett H. Frankie Darro, the Midget Cowboy, is one of the outstanding young actors of the screen—one boy who doesn't do any *out-standing* at the casting office either—he's always in action on the inside lines. Frankie was born in Chicago, Ill., on December 22, 1918. Both parents were vaudeville stars and as soon as Frankie was old enough, he was taken into the family act. His first screen appearance was in "Judgment of the Storm," made in 1928, soon followed by other important rôles with famous stars; notably as the newsboy in "Kiki," with Norma Talmadge, and as the boy in "So Big," with Colleen Moore. These youngsters grow so fast, it's difficult to keep up with their weight and height, but why worry about that? Frankie has played with Tom Tyler in many of his Western films and can "ride 'em cowboy" with the best of the old timers. See Frankie in "The Mayor of Hell" with James Cagney and don't say I didn't tell you he is *good*.

Isabel S. "Maedchen in Uniform" was adapted from a novel and stage play. I'll give you the names of the ladies in the cast but I won't promise to pronounce them. Emilia Unda, Hedwig Schlichter, Ellen Schwannecke, Hertha Thiele—and the leading lady, Dorothea Wieck, the new sensation whose performance of the sympathetic teacher won her a Paramount contract. She's now in Hollywood.

C. D. You have been misled as to title of picture and star of "Ann Carver's Profession" with Fay Wray as the lead—not Loretta Young. Loretta plays with Richard Barthelmess in "Heroes for Sale" and in "Midnight Mary" with Ricardo Cortez. Little Cora Sue Collins almost runs away

with every scene in which she appears, as *Vesta Gerhardt*, in Sylvia Sidney's new picture, "Jennie Gerhardt."

Betty C. Ask me all the questions you like—then watch this department for your replies. Frances Dee was *Doris Brandt* in "The Crime of the Century," and William Janney was *James Brandt*. Gene Raymond's latest releases are "Zoo in Budapest," "Ex-Lady," and "Ann Carver's Profession," and he is scheduled to play with Carole Lombard in "Brief Moment." Fredric March played in "The Eagle and the Hawk" with Cary Grant.

Mrs. O. L. K. Shades of the movie past! Pearl White hasn't made a picture for a long time. She has been living in Europe for years. I don't know her age but she is 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. She started her career on the stage and became well-known on the screen in the serial, "Perils of Pauline."

Norton Fan. We told you so! Barry Norton was bound to get a break and in "Cocktail Hour," with Bebe Daniels and Douglas Scott your favorite looks his usual handsome self and has acquired a good command of English as we speak it. Ned Sparks can always be depended upon to give a perfect performance in comedy and comedy-drama. Ned was born in Ontario, Canada, educated in Toronto, and has specialized in law, railroading and mining, and finally turned to the stage. He has appeared in many films as a featured player, writes and plays in short comedies, and is in great demand as a comedian. Did you see him in "Gold Diggers of 1933"?

Winners of AUTOGRAPHED RECORD CONTEST:

The following are the winners of the autographed records offered by orchestra leaders as prizes in SCREENLAND'S Radio letter contest:

PAUL WHITEMAN RECORD:

Verna Marie Jenks,
3800 E. Colfax Ave.,
Denver, Colorado.

BEN BERNIE RECORD:

Ethel Martin,
1024 Temperance St.,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan,
Canada.

OZZIE NELSON RECORD:

Bert Pilkington,
P. O. Box 223,
Galena Park, Texas.

DON BESTOR RECORD:

M. J. Hamilton,
944 Yale Station,
Yale University
New Haven, Connecticut.

RUDY VALLEE RECORD:

Consuelo De Cordoba,
580 West 161st Street,
New York City.

EDDY DUCHIN RECORD:

John E. Hutt,
802 N. Grand Avenue,
Sherman, Texas.

ISHAM JONES RECORD:

Howard Jeroloman,
763 St. Nicholas Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

GUS ARNHEIM RECORD:

Frank C. Kernan,
Dorm. No. 5,
Boulder City, Nevada.

GUY LOMBARDO RECORD:

M. Frazier King,
1010 Chester Street,
Bristol, Virginia.

WAYNE KING RECORD:

Paddy Spalding,
720 A. Hinman Avenue,
Evanston, Illinois.

TED WEEMS RECORD:

Bill Jencks,
627 N. Wahsatch,
Colorado Springs, Colorado

NAT SHILKRET RECORD:

Louise Mazza,
327 Roosevelt St.,
Union City, New Jersey.

LEO REISMAN RECORD:

Jackie Fensterer,
187 East Main Street,
Bayshore, Long Island.

CAB CALLOWAY RECORD:

Evelyn Steel,
940 Private Road,
Hubbard Wood, Illinois.



Billie Burke, beloved American actress, adds a little make-up between scenes at the studio. Miss Burke scores a personal success in the all-star picturization of "Dinner At Eight." And you will be seeing her also in Universal's "Only Yesterday," with John Boles.

Here's Hollywood

Continued from page 71

HATS off to Ginger Rogers' youthful mother, Lela Rogers.

Not content with allowing her talented daughter to corner all the glory, Mrs. Rogers produced a play titled "Funny Man" in a tiny Hollywood theatre. The cost of production was less than \$150.

The author was a first-timer and every member of the cast was chosen by Mrs. Rogers from the extra ranks. Only one night did fame tread the stage—the night Ginger played the feminine lead in place of the regular principal, who was ill.

Mrs. Rogers sold her play for Broadway production, the author has signed an M-G-M contract, five members of the cast have been engaged by studios, and latest reports indicate that "Funny Man" may reach the screen before the year ends.

AN eerie feel, thrilling as a horror picture but obtainable free, may be had by listening to an ordinary conversation between El Brendel, Roscoe Ates, and other actors of typed screen characterizations.

Brendel talks perfect English, Ates never stutters in real life, and few of the faulty-voiced comedians talk with impediments or in broken English. To hear them off-screen is to experience a creepy feeling that something is amiss.

THE International Beauty Shop Owners in convention in New York decided that the ideal beautiful woman is five feet and five inches tall and weighs 116 pounds.

Wonder what that congregation of beauty-guessers have to say about Janet Gaynor, Lilian Harvey, Marion Nixon and other five-feet-no-inch-stars? Or about Frances Dee and Jean Harlow and Claudette Colbert and Miriam Jordan, who are all less than five feet and three inches tall?

"Beauty is not measured with tape lines," wisely commented Edmund Lowe. "One measures beauty with one's eyes."

Sez you, Eddie!

YOU have heard that expression: They get in my hair? If Lionel Barrymore did not originate the phrase, at least he has good use for it.

Lionel is an inveterate cigarette smoker—at times a "chain smoker." Most of his recent screen rôles have demanded that he wear great beards and mustaches, and several times the Barrymore whiskers have caught on fire.

The hazard proved too appalling and one day Lionel arrived at the studio with a strange parcel. This turned out to be a can of fire-proof liquid, which the star now sprays on his hirsute adornments!



ROCHELLE HUDSON
POPULAR STAR

WHO IS SHE?

? Wherever she goes, women envy her—men admire and whisper eagerly, "Who is that girl with the wonderful hair?"

Such hair is a precious possession. Yet there is no mystery about it. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo can make *your hair* lovelier than you ever hoped—no matter how dull and lifeless it may seem to you now! More than an ordinary shampoo. In addition to cleansing, it adds a subtle "tiny-tint"—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a vast difference it makes! 25c at your dealers', or send coupon with 10c for sample.

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I enclose 10c for sample of Golden Glint Shampoo.

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IDLE CHATTER: Greta Garbo does not appear to walk; she glides. Jean Harlow's hair always looks best cared for. No one ever received a noisier "come-back" welcome than Anna Q. Nilsson.

Can the screen possibly offer dual success to brothers so uniformly alike as Jimmy and Bill Cagney? Briefest description of Adolphe Menjou: Suave. Wonder if Olive Borden ever thinks of George O'Brien? Once people thought they would marry.

Myrna Loy's eyes promise the most excitement. Neither Groucho Marx nor Robert Woolsey ever smokes those cigars they wear in their mouths.

That gateman St. Peter-ing the main MGM entrance always smiles when he says, "No admission." My vote for the cutest figure in Hollywood: Lilian Harvey. Neil Hamilton refused a \$6,000 offer for his magician's paraphernalia. Clara Bow's hair, for photographic reasons, has been red, black, brown, blonde, and salmon-pink.

The most oft-heard greeting at any studio is Richard Arlen's "Hi-ar-yuh!" Those deserted Real-Art studios mimic a haunted house. Once they beehived with the activities of Betty Compson, May McAvoy, Bebe Daniels, Lila Lee and Wanda Hawley.

Wonder if Lilyan Tashman always spelled her name that way? Guards bristling at two gateways maintain Mali-

bu's privacy, and without special permission visitors are stopped five hundred yards from the beach-proper.

Frank Craven and Randolph Scott were golfing together, when Randy discovered a queer bug on one of the greens.

"This is a Japanese beetle," the blond actor explained. "These bugs ruin a golf club."

"Yeah? Then our club has several of them as members," Craven responded.

JACK OAKIE was telling Fredric March about a picture in which he (Jack) and Stuart Erwin shared comic honors.

"I saw that picture," scoffed March. "But I didn't see you."

"I was in every scene with Erwin," expostulated Oakie.

"That explains everything," chuckled March. "I was so busy watching Stu's stuff that I didn't see you."

And did Oakie burn!

WHEN "Ann Vickers" appears, keep an eye out for Estelle Brody in Irene Dunne's supporting cast. Miss Brody has been a big-time star in English plays and pictures for a number of years, and makes her Hollywood debut with this picture. Though her advent is comparatively unheralded, there is plenty of reason for believing that she is going to click.



New! Exclusive! SCREENLAND shows you, hot from the studio, the first pictures of Joan Crawford in her new and revolutionary character as a dancing girl. Brisk, peppy, and scantily clad, you'll find a new and unsuspected Joan when "Dancing Lady" appears!



Where is the Joan of yesteryear? You'll scarcely recognize your favorite emotional actress in this gay, jaunty little show girl!

SELDOM has the loss of a screen actress occasioned more widespread sorrow than when Louise Closser Hale's sudden death brought grief to her fellow-members of the film colony as well as to the millions who had enjoyed her many amusing impersonations on the screen. Truly a "Grand Old Lady" of the cinema, Mrs. Hale contributed many fine performances to motion pictures, and in earlier days was also a noted stage actress both in New York and in London. An added note of poignancy is lent her departure by the fact that one of her finest screen characterizations, that of the mother in "Another Language," is currently appearing on theatre screens throughout the country.

WHEN Henry Garat, French film and stage star, arrived in Hollywood, his wife was warned against the city's beautiful women.

"I don't mind what they do to my husband," Mrs. Garat, (pronounce it *Gah-ray*, emphasis on second syllable), answered, "but they must remember that he belongs to me!"

The measure of YOUR BEAUTY is the **COLOR** IN YOUR CHEEKS

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical,
Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought... to give color first place over features... as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how true it is. And how comforting. For while your features may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking... through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the usual rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. *It must seem color coming from within the skin.* It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but *absolutely natural.*

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious... many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is *DUO-TONE*. The *only Duo-Tone* rouge... and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew.*

Duo-Tone, then. What is this magical secret? It means that Princess Pat rouge (every shade) is composed of *two* distinct tones, perfectly blended into one. There is a mysterious undertone. It matches your skin tone... perfectly. There is a fascinating overtone. It gives forth the wondrous, vibrant, glowing color that seems not rouge at all, but actually color that is your very own!

Duo-Tone Ends "One Shade" Choice. The Duo-Tone secret makes an entirely new art of *choosing* rouge. Any one of the eight Princess Pat shades will perfectly harmonize with your type, *no matter what that type is.* Do you realize what this means... that you may perfectly follow the fashion of using the correct rouge shade to harmonize with your costume. Or you may *look* as you desire to *feel.* If for *any* reason you desire to possess brilliant, sparkling

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. It does what no other lip rouge has ever done; colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible, permanent. You'll love it!



beauty, use one of the more *intense* Princess Pat shades. If you wish subtle, demure effects, choose the quieter colors. It is so simple to choose. Beginning with VIVID, Princess Pat shades are named as follows: Vivid, New Vivid, Squaw, Theatre, English Tint, Gold, Medium, Tan. The special, perfect shade for evening is NITE.

Measure Your Beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought... and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features *less* than perfect... enhance with utterly new beauty when features *are* perfect. Then... with Princess Pat rouge... be beautiful today *as you never were before.*

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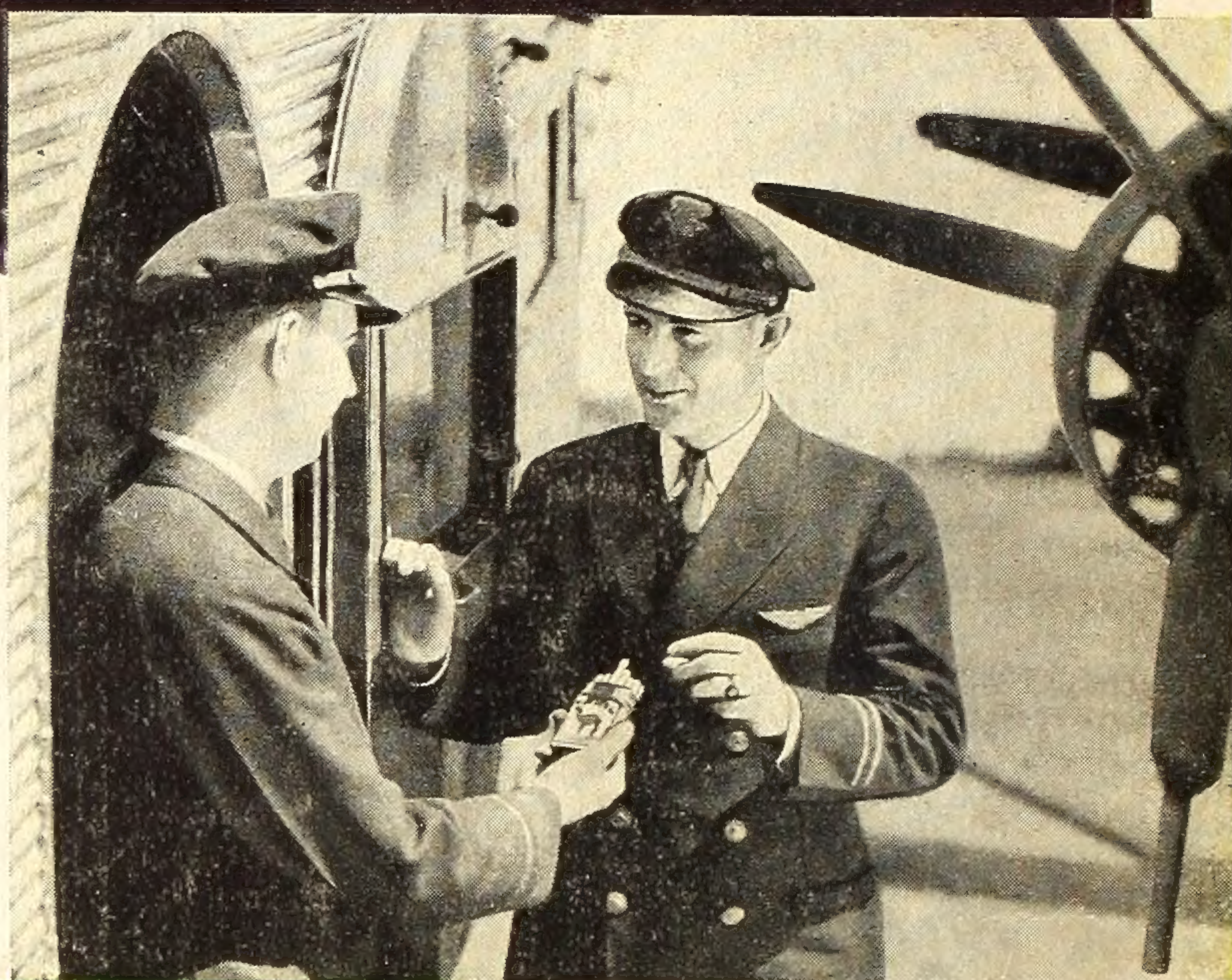
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IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES TO FLY THE MAIL AT NIGHT

● ABOVE—A. M. WILKINS, air-mail pilot for Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc., has flown the night air mail over 150,000 miles. It takes healthy nerves to hang up a record like that!

● RIGHT—AT THE END of his night run A. M. Wilkins joins a fellow pilot, W. Niedernhofer, at Newark Airport, the Eastern Terminal of TWA, for a chat and a smoke. "Camels never ruffle or jangle my nerves," Wilkins says.



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Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

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NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE